

THE  
**Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette,**  
AND  
**CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.**

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PUBLISHED ORIGINALLY ON MANUSCRIPT FORMS, KINDLY FURNISHED BY  
CAPTAIN W. D. MARSH, R. . DURING THE VOYAGE, FROM  
GPAVESEND TO VANCOUVER ISLAND,  
OF THE  
DETACHMENT OF ROYAL ENGINEERS SELECTED  
FOR SERVICE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA,

Between the 10th November, 1858, and the 12th April, 1859.

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EDITED BY SECOND-CORPORAL CHARLES SINNETT, R. E.,  
ASSISTED BY LIEUT. H. S. PALMER, R. E.



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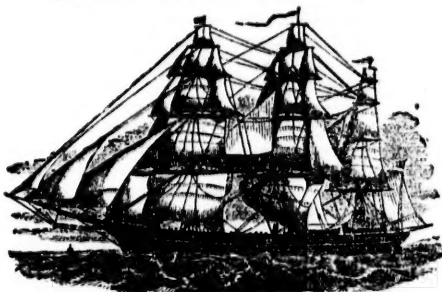
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# THE EMIGRANT

## Soldiers' Gazette,



### AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 1.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH, 1858.

[PRICE 3d.]

#### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," NOVEMBER 6th, 1858.

LAT. 20.58 N. LON. 20.11 W. NEW MOON, Nov.  
5th, at 4H. 48M. P. M.

WE have started on a long voyage for a distant land, with no prospect for several months of any fresh faces to be seen, or any fresh beef to be eaten, unless our tender hearted Captain, mindful of our infirmities, can be prevailed upon to put in at some pleasant and productive port by the way. A life at sea must of necessity be always to a great extent monotonous, and we shall no doubt often find the time slipping lazily by, with a faint breeze, and at the rate of not more than a knot or two an hour, notwithstanding the glorious days of sunshine we look forward to in the tropics, and the clear starlight nights of the southern hemisphere. But we know, all of us, that, of our duties to one another, the chief is at all times, and never more so in our own cases than now, a constant feeling of brotherly love and kindness, a resolution to avoid offence, a desire to please and be pleased, and a readiness to contribute, each in his ability, to the common fund of content and cheerfulness. Shakespeare says that "A merry heart goes all the day," and we trust that in this respect ours may be found at the end of the voyage to have kept time as truly as the Captain's chronometer. As one means towards this desired end, a thoughtful friend on shore, whose name should be held in honor among us, has provided us with the means of establishing a small Newspaper, to be kept up by our own contributions. Let us set about it with good will and heartiness. Some little amusement and instruction will be sure to follow. Any trifling matter recorded now it will be a pleasure to refer to hereafter as a memorial of the peaceful and happy days of our voyage, contrasted with the turmoil and excitement that await us in the Colony of British Columbia.

THE present year has been a very remarkable one. The youngest as well as the oldest of our readers will always look back with feelings of astonishment and satisfaction at the number of events, social, political, and otherwise that have crowded on one another in quick succession during the portion of year 1858 that has already elapsed. The launch of the Leviathan, the relief of Lucknow and Cawnpore and the suppression of the Indian mutiny, the Princess Royal's marriage, the completion of the Persian and Chinese wars, the extension of our Telegraphic communication, the appearance of the Comet, the visit of the Queen to Cherbourg, the extraordinary vintage, the discovery of gold in abundance in British Columbia leading to its improved colonization, are all confirmatory of our opening sentence, and possess the additional charm to Englishmen that nearly all of them have ended in increasing their power and strengthening their resources. But on this 6th day of November an event has occurred which far outstrips in importance those previously mentioned, and adds the as yet crowning gem to the wonders of this wonderful year. We allude to the birth of the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE & CAPE HORN CHRONICLE. Our readers have doubtless often read in English newspapers short paragraphs headed "Death of a contemporary," in which in a few but pithy words are described the birth, rise, decline, and ultimate death of the contemporary in question, and it is a singular fact that in no instance do Editors allude to the birth of a contemporary until it has ceased altogether to exist. If however our Office were in England instead of in Lat. 21 N., Long. 20 W., so remarkable an event as the birth of the E. S. G. and C. H. C. could not fail to call forth remarks from all sides, although only a "birth." True the remarks would be various. Those on the one hand from superior Editors, quaking though the latter would necessarily be at the prospect of rivalry from such an array of talent, would, written in an apparently generous spirit, give us encouragement and congratulate the world and ourselves on the event, while on the other hand the inferior class of Editors would give vent to their feelings in petty and malicious spite. As however we are now beyond the reach of either encouragement or discouragement, we will proceed at once to congratulate our friends on the completion of arrangements



## THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE.

which place in their hands a weekly periodical unrivalled for the soundness of its political views, the discretion and unbiassed opinion shown in all its criticisms on public events, and its keen and accurate taste for literature and the arts. In conclusion, we earnestly appeal to all interested in our success to give their hearty support to this interesting publication, and feel sure that provided each does his best, the production of the rare talent hitherto lying dormant on board the *Thames City* cannot fail to ensure a long life and glorious success to the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE and CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

The study of Nature is one which ought to interest the most listless of observers at all times, but if there is one time more calculated than another to inspire man with reflections on the wonders and beauties of the world we live in, and fill his mind with feelings of gratitude towards the Architect of the Universe for his bountiful goodness in arranging all things for the good of his creatures, it is when, like ourselves, he is on a long voyage traversing the vast and boundless ocean, where at times nothing is discernible around him but the wide circumference of water and the vast canopy of Heaven apparently meeting the waters at the boundary commonly known as the horizon. With the exception of the ship beneath our feet, we are entirely surrounded by natural objects. We have beneath and around us the briny deep, calm, smooth, and unruffled at one moment, boisterous, fuming, and angry at another; we have over our heads the spacious firmament, at times presenting one beautiful rich blue even curtain, and at others displaying the most dismal looking black clouds, forewarning us of heavy rains, furious winds and tempestuous seas. Then again we cannot help feeling interested in the animated creatures which constantly present themselves to our view. Scarcely a day passes without our attention being called to some poor little wandering bird whose appearance is as unexpected as it is mysterious, or to some one of the numerous finny tribes which frequently follow vessels for several hours at a time in the hope of picking up scraps of food for their subsistence, and which in the clear waters of the southern seas are visible many feet below the ship's keel. Now though we all of us more or less see and observe these objects, still how few there are who think of enquiring into their nature and habits, and who ask themselves why and wherefore the winds blow, the waves rise, the clouds form, the rain falls, &c. The object of our paper being to afford us all amusement, instruction, and useful information during the voyage, I propose contributing such information as will tend to illustrate the nature and habits of such fish and birds as may happen to come across us during the week, and the causes and effects of the various natural phenomena which will constantly present themselves in the course of our voyage, constituting in fact a "Journal of the Natural History of the Voyage."

Since the 17th of October last, the day on which

we left the Downs, we have sailed nearly 1700 miles in a Southerly direction, viz: towards the Equator, and have experienced great varieties of wind and weather. We are in a totally different climate from that in which we were the day we sailed, and the further we progress in our course, the more we are made sensible of our approach to the hottest regions of the globe. On Thursday, the 3rd inst., about 4 p. m., we passed into the 23rd degree of north latitude, and may fairly be said to have entered the tropics. It is within these regions, viz: the space included between 23½ degrees north, and 23½ degrees south of the equator, that the trade winds (a somewhat narrow belt of calms prevailing near the line) prevail. These winds generally blow with regularity from one direction, viz: from the north-east above, and the south-east below the line, although their strength varies according to the locality and season of the year. They are called trade winds on account of the facility they afford to commerce. Were it not for these winds, vessels might be for months and months becalmed without making progress, and losing valuable and irrecoverable time. Let us now enquire into the causes of these winds. In the tropical regions the sun is almost vertical, that is, he pours his rays in an almost perpendicular direction on the surface of that portion of the globe included in those regions, rendering the air in these parts of extreme tenuity, and lighter than the air in colder latitudes. Now we all know that if we light a fire in a grate and open the door or window of the room, a thorough draft is produced. The air which is heated by coming in contact with the fire becomes lighter and rushes up the chimney, and cold air takes its place, which likewise gets heated and disappears in the same manner. Thus a constant stream of fresh air passes from the window into the grate, and this is kept up as long as the fire remains alight, and the chimney is kept free from any obstacle which might hinder its escape. It is precisely on this principle that a draft is produced on the surface of the globe. The heated air in the regions of the equator may represent the air that passes through the grate, which being extremely light rises upwards, and the cold air from the north and south poles which rushes towards these regions to supply its place, constituting the trade wind, may represent the air which enters the room through the door or window. If the earth were a fixed object, the direction of the trade winds would be due south and due north, but we all know that the earth revolves on an axis from west to east, and let us observe how this revolution changes the direction of the current of air. As the air on the surface of the globe is free and moveable, it does not acquire the same velocity as the solid parts of the earth, and it is consequently left behind: the effect of this is, that an apparent motion in a contrary direction (i. e. from east to west) is given to it, which, combining with the one already possessed by the polar current, makes the direction of the northern trade north-east, and that of the southern one south-east. The two currents thus formed merge into one which takes an easterly direction. The dividing line however is not exactly at the equator, but a little to the north of it. Much more might be said on

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## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

the subject, but it is hoped that the foregoing remarks may suffice to explain that wonderful provision of nature, which we may look forward to as a source of progression for several days to come.

NATURALIST.

### THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

It is an old and a very true saying that "Time and Tide wait for no man."

Years roll on and anniversaries come round in regular succession, with no possibility of their progress being stayed by any human effort. The 5th of November has just passed, a day which we cannot refrain from briefly noticing, famous as it is for the miraculous preservation of a King, Court, and Parliament from destruction by a gang of desperate conspirators, in the year 1605. In all countries, and in none more so than our own, the various events of which anniversaries are celebrated are brought vividly to our remembrance by the observance of old forms and customs. Yesterday for instance, in England, in every town or village capable of producing a few dozen small boys, might have been seen grotesque figures, supposed to represent the conspirator, Guy Fawkes, carried about triumphantly, hatless, bootless, coatless, or otherwise, according to the peculiar tastes of the boys in question. Whether the image represents the pope, a cardinal, a soldier, a sailor, an old clothes-man, or even Calcraft himself, it is all the same to the boys provided the Guy (we cannot call him Guy Fawkes) looks as horrible a miscreant as possible, their great end and object being, after carrying him about all the morning, subject during the exhibition to be kicked, cuffed, pelted, and sometimes even decapitated, in a manner that defies description, to bear him off, and make a final end of him the same night in a large bonfire, yelling and screaming with exultation at the just punishment inflicted on so atrocious a conspirator. So much for Guy Fawkes. Since the year 1854, however, we have other great cause to remember this anniversary, for it was on the 5th of November in that year, that England's heroes fought so manfully and successfully in the valley of Inkerman, to support the honor and glory of their country. Let the memory of the brave fellows who fell on that day be honored among us, and may we ever continue to respect, honor, and value those who remain, and at all times let us keep in mind that if we have cause to remember with thankfulness the preservation of King James I. and his parliament on the 5th of November, 1605, we have equal cause for thankfulness to that Providence which gave success to our arms, and for gratitude and respect to the brave heroes who fought and bled in their country's cause at Inkerman, on the 5th of November, 1854.

### Correspondence.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I find in a work on the early events of creation that the date of the birth of Adam and Eve is 4004 B. C., that Cain slew his brother Abel in 4000

B. C., and that the city of Enoch was built in the same year. As Cain could not have been more than four years of age and Abel still younger, by whom could the above city have been built? I wonder what duration of time composed the year? If you can give me any information on the subject through your *Chronicle*, I shall feel greatly obliged.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ENQUIRER.

### Naval and Military Intelligence.

The last detachment of Royal Engineers for service in British Columbia sailed finally from the Downs at 10 p. m., on Sunday, the 17th ult., on board the clipper ship *Thames City*, 557 tons, commanded by Captain Glover. The detachment consisted of 2 Officers, 1 Staff Assistant Surgeon, 118 Non-commissioned Officers and Men, 31 Women, and 34 Children, the whole under the command of Captain H. R. LEARD, R. E. The vessel left Gravesend on Sunday, the 10th ult., but was detained wind-bound in the Downs from the 12th to the 17th.

### ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

During the past week.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Oct. 31st	36° 10' N.	20° 20' W.	8,200 W. 65 m.
Nov. 1st	28° 22' N.	21° 10' W.	8,100 W. 114 m.
" 2nd	26° 50' N.	26° 30' W.	8,350 E. 120 m.
" 3rd	25° 58' N.	19° 24' W.	8,310 E. 62 m.
" 4th	25° 40' N.	17° 28' W.	8,280 E. 169 m.
" 5th	25° 18' N.	18° 32' W.	8,340 W. 105 m.
" 6th	26° 58' N.	20° 11' W.	8,480 W. 124 m.

Course and distance to Antonio, (Cape de Verd Island) S. 51 W., 357 m.

To day at noon we have completed a distance of 1890 miles, counting from the Lizard light, in Cornwall, in a straight line for our destination.

### VESSELS SPOKEN WITH.

Oct. 28th. The English Barque *British Empire*, in lat. 36. 00 N., Long. 19.30 W., from London for Vancouver Island.

Nov. 1st. The English Ship *Corrie Mulzie*, in lat. 28.00 N., long. 21.10 W., from Liverpool, for Batavia, 15 days out.

Nov. 2nd. The English Ship *Blenheim*, in lat. 27.00 N., long. 20.10 W., from London, bound for Bombay with troops, 22 days out.

Nov. 5th. The English Barque *Eleanor Dixon*, in lat. 22.14 N. long. 18.38 W., from Liverpool, bound for Arica, (Peru) 21 days out.

### Birth.

On the 26th ultimo, the wife of Acting Quarter Master Sergeant D. S. Osment, R. E., of a daughter.

### To Correspondents.

1. In future, contributors of Leading Articles on any subject are requested to send them in to the Editor by noon every Thursday, and all other contributions should be sent in by 8 o'clock the same evening, to give ample time for publishing the paper.
2. Any person willing to answer letters addressed 'To the Editor,' are invited to do so, addressing their answers in the same manner.
3. The answers to Charades and Conundrums will be published the Saturday after they appear, and any person guessing an answer, may learn on application to the Editor or Sub-Editor if he is right or wrong. But it is hoped correct guessers will keep their secret.

# THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE.

## Songs and Poetry.

### HURRA' FOR COLUMBIA.

(Air "Bonny Dundee.")

- 1 We are bound for the land where the swift rapids flow,  
Where the mountains soar high, and are crested with snow,  
Where the buff'lo roams free, in the soft sunny shade,  
And the bold forest stretches o'er valley and glade.

CHORUS.

Then hurra' for Columbia, Columbia the fair,  
For the pear, and the plum, and the apple are there;  
And who shall dare say that we'll ever repine,  
As we laugh, dance, and sing o'er the juice of the vine.

- 2 We are bound for the land where all nature roams free,  
By the Fraser's bold flood rolling down to the sea;  
Where the red savage yells his "war-whoop" o'er the plain,  
In his mantle of skin, of the brute he has slain.

Then hurra' for Columbia, &c.

- 3 We are bound for the land where the cataracts roar,  
Where we'll spear the sweet salmon as upward they soar;  
When the bright glancing sunbeams awaken the morn,  
We'll bring down with our rifle the Elk and Bighorn.

Then hurra' for Columbia, &c.

- 4 Though my muse sings of comforts and joys that are there,  
There are dangers, but none we're not willing to dare;  
And though perils surround us as upward we go,  
Still upward we'll climb to those regions of snow.

Then hurra' for Columbia, &c.

- 5 We'll teach the red savage the use of the spade,  
And his plough-share shall turn the rich soil of the glade;  
And his anvil shall ring, tho' his v. sage looks grave,  
As we tell of old England, the free and the brave.

Then hurra' for Columbia, &c.

## POETRY.

A friend of mine, who has an universal contempt for poetry and poets in general, was engaged one day in an animated argument with me on this subject, and after putting down the whole race of poets as thorough humbugs, and ridiculing the slight deviations in grammatical construction, order, &c., which we all know necessarily exist in poetry, gave me the following lines composed by himself, as illustrative of his idea of the sort of humbug produced by poets in general. Whether they are humbug or not, I leave my readers to decide:—

"As I have seen on Alps recumbent height,  
The storm-fell lion pulverise the light  
So have I seen an enigmistic bat,  
Fly through the zenith in a slipshod hat.

Down where wild mountains roll th' imperial barge,  
Gave to great Hancock's men peculiar charge;  
To drive full tilt against subjunctive moor,  
And fatten padlocks on antarctic food."

## Charades.

### I.

"Whom Pagans rank with Gods above,  
Whom wisest mortals only love;  
Which high in air now pours its song,  
Now sinks the ocean's depths among,  
Follows a wedding from the door,  
Goes to the grave a corpse before;  
Touch it and like magic still,  
Up starts an agent to your will,  
But, if you try to make it speak,  
It thrusts its tongue between its cheek.  
Adam and Eve had one between them,  
But we in every house have seen them.  
First in the church its warning voice to raise,  
First at a ball to lead the circling maze,  
Full of brief facts, though brief its age,  
Its life unfolds a sporting page;  
Each dame the title claims, though each  
Would just as soon be called a witch."

(One monosyllabic word answers the whole of the above lines.)

### II.

"My first although 'tis very bright,  
Oh may my second never see,  
For if my character then you write,  
My third the initial letter 'd be.

Then if to these my fourth you add,  
A time it is when man 'd be mad  
Not to seek and see are the four  
Of him who crushed my first of yore.

An hyphen here! my fifth has wings,  
Five and six a child oft sings;  
Five to seven girls wear, I think,  
My last the drunkard hates to drink.

But for my whole, oh and the fate  
Of many a person now alive!  
A compound word with letters eight,  
With hyphen joined 'twixt four and five."

## Conundrums.

- I. Why is the visitor we expect at the Equator like a man looking for the philosopher's stone?
- II. When is a sermon like a kiss?
- III. Which is the most unequal battle, in point of numbers, that has ever been fought?

## Jokes, &c.

In taking a walk one afternoon when it happened to be raining, I saw a man fishing under a bridge. On enquiring of him why he fished there, his reply was, "Oh! sure yer honor, and would 'nt the fish be after getting out of the wet as well as yourself?"

An Englishman and a Welshman were disputing one day in whose country was the best living. "There is such noble home-keeping in Wales," said Tuffy, "that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Ay," answered John Bull, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese!"

A Professor at the Woolwich Academy was lecturing a year or two since on the properties of dog-wood. He began by stating that he "did not know what the word derived its name from, or why it should be called dog-wood." One of the young gentlemen remarked that it might perhaps be on account of its "bark."

THE LEARNED SCOTCHMAN.—A lady once asked a very silly Scotch nobleman how it happened that the Scotch who left their own country were, generally speaking, men of greater ability than those who remained at home. "Oh madam," said he, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that, for the honor of the country, no one may be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding." "Then," said the lady, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled out."

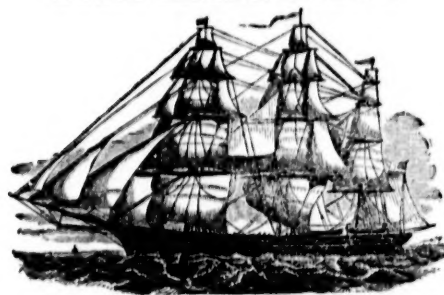
PRODIGY AT SEA.—On the night of the 1st inst., on board the troopship *Thames City*, bound for British Columbia, a colored lady gave birth to no less than twelve children at the one time. No precise information respecting the paternity in this case has been given, but the infants when born were all of a mottled hue, being black about the face and ears, with light spots on different parts of the body. To herald the approach of this phenomenon, a star of rare beauty and great magnitude is said to have appeared for several successive nights in the western heavens.

P. S.—The children are, with their mother, doing as well as can reasonably be expected.

A Frenchman who dabbled a little in literature and politics, but who was not particularly distinguished in either department, came over to England with a swarm of other ragamuffins on the outbreak of the last revolution. An evening or two after he arrived he found himself in company at an evening party with Douglas Jerrold, to whom he repeatedly expressed his anxiety respecting the fate of M. Guizot, "I wish," quoth he, "I could be certain that Guizot was safe. I would take a great interest in him. We are in the same boat sir, we are in the same boat," which he kept repeating so often that Jerrold told him at last that it was possible enough they might be in the same Boat, but that they certainly had not got the same Skulls.

The publication of the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced yesterday at 6 p. m., and was completed at 4 p. m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

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### AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 2.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH, 1858.

[PRICE 3D.]

#### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," NOVEMBER 13TH, 1858.

LAT. 9.34 N. LON. 23.00 W. MOON'S FIRST QUARTER, NOV. 13TH, AT 8H. 43M. P. M.

THERE is a great tendency observable in most of the districts of England to do away with, or treat lightly, the holiday customs of good old times, but we believe that this is by no means so much the case at sea; for although the festive occasions proper to that element are far from numerous, yet, such as they are, they seem to become, like the peculiarities of a seaman's language, a part of his profession, and to keep their hold upon his mind with a tenacity equal to that of limpets and barnacles. A question bearing directly on this subject is on the eve of presenting itself to the consideration and judgment of the high authorities on board. We allude to the nature of the reception to be given to the great monarch of the deep, who in a few days may be expected to come and visit us, riding in his carriage of state, with his wife on one side and his trident on the other, his august person decorated in the most approved style of ancient mariners since the days when Noah first became a sailor; that is to say, with a beard as venerable as Theodore's or a polar bear's, and with a pair of trowsers and a waistcoat of the same pattern and dimensions as those worn in the Downs by our friend the Deal Boatman. His Majesty is coming to welcome us to his ancient dominions, and, as his custom has been since his kingdom has been acknowledged by all sea-going vessels, he will no doubt demand a tribute from every one who has not before passed his frontier line. From the great pillar of the Church downwards, we trust that no one will be found recreant enough to hang back on this solemn occasion, but that one and all, like men, will bring forward without a murmur the month's accumulation of hair upon their chins, rendering unto Neptune the red, black, and grizzly beards, which are his lawful perquisites. The Scotch nobleman alluded to in last week's paper, (who at the time of reading attracted the attention of one of his distinguished country-

men) contrived, as the story goes, to cross the English border by a species of successful smuggling, but nothing of the same kind it is hoped will be attempted in the present case. It is hoped also that the state razors to be employed during the ceremony will be of a fine temper and not too deeply notched, and that plenty of salt water (and a little grog) will be provided for the entertainment, with an ample supply of lather, manufactured from marine soap, tar, a few trilline collections from the sheep pen, and other maritime perfumes.

As we are now fairly within the Tropics, where habits of cleanliness are of the greatest importance, we have thought it advisable to offer a few remarks on the sanitary condition of the "City." In doing so we are happy to bear testimony to the energetic and praiseworthy exertions of our worthy Chief Commissioner of Health, Captain GLOVER. Our present object is to call the attention of our readers to the filthy condition of the locality known as Long-boat Square, where, notwithstanding the personal exertions of the Chief Commissioner, the inhabitants cannot be prevailed upon to keep themselves respectable. We beg to inform our readers that it was at No. 1, Long-boat Square that the prodigy took place, an account of which appeared in our last number. But it is more to Nos. 2 & 3 that our remarks apply. It is very curious, though no less a fact, that the "Cackles" living in No. 2, ground floor, seem quite grateful at first for the bountiful supply of clean water with which the Commissioner's men freely deluge them, but soon their inherent love for dirt returns, and they express themselves quite disgusted with the cleansing operation. Mrs. Swine and family, living in No. 3, ground floor, excel in filth the whole street, and are in fact a disgrace to the neighbourhood; their quarrelling and fighting, more especially at their meals, calls for the constant interference of the "Watch" or Police of the "City." It is a curious fact that not one of this numerous family has ever been known to die a natural death, and they have been transported by tens and twenties from under the same roof. Some maiden ladies of the name of Bleat occupy the upper story of Nos. 2 & 3, but to them our remarks do not apply, for though they are rather dirty, and very lazy and



sleepy, yet when we take into consideration that they are old maids, and very likely disappointed in life, we are bound to say they live a very quiet inoffensive life. A certain Mrs. Nanny G., a lady from Wales, also lives with them. We have been told that she is a very old resident in the "City," at present separated from her husband and under the protection of a gentleman of color. Early on the morning of Wednesday the 10th instant she gave birth to twins, who with their mother are doing as well as can be expected. On the present eventful occasion Mrs. G. is extremely unfortunate in the absence of her husband, to whom she is denied the joy of presenting this double pledge of her affection. A curly headed young gentleman of the name of Barker has been observed peeping out of the window, but we must cast no reflections on him. In conclusion we hope our brother citizens will vigorously assist our worthy Chief Commissioner in keeping Long-boat Square in as cleanly a condition as the dirty disposition of the inhabitants will permit.

#### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

In our last number the trade winds formed the subject of our remarks. During the past week we have accomplished 886 miles, and it is to the prevalence of these winds that we owe our rapid progress towards our final destination. I would now beg to draw your attention to the consideration of a beautiful phenomenon which none of us can have failed to have observed, and which has exhibited itself in great splendour since our entry into the tropical seas. I allude to that peculiar luminosity of the water known as the "Phosphorescence of the Sea." This appearance is common to all seas, being observable in the frozen ocean of either pole, and under the burning Line, in the Atlantic, and in the Pacific: still there seem to be greater intensity and brilliancy in the appearance of the phenomenon in the tropical seas than in colder climates. No sooner has night descended, than on every portion of the surface of the ocean we have ocular demonstration of the existence of light. Whether we look over the stern, and observe the beautiful line of yellow light that marks our wake, consisting of innumerable sparks of varying form, size, intensity, and duration, or whether we mark the broad flashes of light from the surface of the waves, appearing and disappearing with the rapidity of lightning, either gives us certain proof of the universal existence of the luminosity of the ocean. Let us now enquire into the cause of this extraordinary and beautiful phenomenon. Many very interesting observations have been made on these luminous appearances, and there seems to be no doubt that to a very large extent they are produced by minute living animals, amongst which larger and more brilliant species may be seen swimming in splendour, some like balls of living fire, others like waving bands of flame. Numerous experiments have been made at different times and on different seas by various Naturalists, on the origin of the light. "Dr. Baird drew a bucketful of water and allowed it to remain quiet for some time, when, upon looking into it in a dark place, the animals could be distinctly seen emit-

ting a bright speck of light. Sometimes this was like a sudden flash, at others appearing like an oblong or round luminous point, which continued bright for a short time, like a lamp lit beneath the water and moving through it, still possessing its defined shape, and then suddenly disappearing. When the bucket was sharply struck on the outside, there would appear a great number of these luminous bodies, which retained their brilliant appearance for a few seconds, and then all was dark again. They evidently appeared to have it under their control, giving out their light frequently at various depths in the water, without any agitation being given to the bucket." M. Ehrenburg, a very eminent Naturalist, has made some interesting observations on the origin of the phosphorescence of the sea, and has mentioned several minute animals as luminous. The Medusa, commonly known as the "sea blubber," is luminous, and gives rise to the bright globes of living fire previously described. On making experiments, it was found that several minute medusae of various species gave out light, which seemed to be more vivid on any extraordinary excitement of the animals. A drop of sulphuric acid being put into a glass of water several bright flashes of light were seen. One of the little animals was taken up in a drop of water on the point of a pen, when, a drop of acid being added, it gave out a momentary spark and instantly died. In the British seas a great deal of the light is owing to the presence of an exceedingly minute animal, which does not exceed the one-thousandth part of an inch in diameter. There can be no doubt therefore that the main source of oceanic effulgence is to be found in the countless millions of minute animals that throng the sea, but which are invisible without the aid of high microscopic powers; and truly, when, from a lofty station on board our ship, we survey a space of many square miles, and see every portion of its surface gleaming and flashing in living light; or mark the pathway of the vessel ploughing up from fathoms deep her radiant furrow, so filled with luminous points that, like the milky way in the heavens, all individuality is lost in the general blaze, and reflect that, wherever on the broad sea that furrow happened to be traced, the result would be the same, we can scarcely conceive a more magnificent idea of the grandeur and the unimaginable immensity of the creation of God.

NATURALIST.

#### ALLEGED MURDER AND MUTILATION OF THE BODY.

On Monday last, considerable excitement prevailed in the vicinity of Long-boat Alley, in consequence of the discovery of the body of a middle-aged gentleman suspended by the heels with his throat cut from ear to ear. An inquest was immediately held on the body. It was at first thought that the unfortunate gentleman had committed jimmycide, and, but for the position of the body, such doubtless would have been the verdict. One of the witnesses, (a respectable townsman of ours, formerly a butcher, but who, finding business not sufficiently remunerative, wisely retired) said in his evidence that the ruffian or ruffians had endeavored to sever the jugular vein, but, not succeeding in their horrid purpose, had tried to find its whereabouts by inserting a finger into the wound, and had actually poked the vein in question out of the way, thereby causing several unsuccessful attempts at decapitation by more formidable instruments. Three knives

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## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

were found near the body; one, that doubtless by which the first cut was inflicted, answered the description of a glazier's putty knife (great sensation); the second bore evident marks of having lately been used to cut up salt junk; the last was a horrible looking weapon measuring three feet six inches and one-eighth in the blade. The name of the deceased is at present unknown. One of the witnesses said that he had formerly been known by the name of lamb, and was about to pass as mutton. A voice in court bawled out that he had not the slightest claim to the latter. The jury retired but could not arrive at a verdict of wilful murder, inasmuch as our before-mentioned townsman (being one of them) said that the deceased had been for some time in indigent circumstances, had parted with some of his clothing, and was in a very bad state of health; in fact, he believed the wounds he had received had only accelerated his death. It is believed he has relatives at or near Rio Janeiro, also parties at the same place by the name of Steer, who, if they cannot give information respecting his family, can at least give some satisfaction to the yearning howls of those amongst whom he latterly resided. Should any vessel be proceeding that way, we would strongly advise the Captain to put into that or some adjacent port for humanity's sake. A would-be wag, seeing the crowd, asked what was the matter, and on being told that it was a dead body, exclaimed, "Why of course any one can see it is diseased."

### Correspondence.

To the Editor.

Sir,—For the information of "Enquirer," it may be observed in reference to the chronology of events recorded in the sacred Scriptures, that there is some obscurity, and hence some diversity of opinion upon the subject. The most generally received chronology is that of Archbishop Usher, which may be found in Oxford and Cambridge Bibles, with marginal references. According to Usher, the creation of Adam took place 4004 B. C., and the death of Abel 3875 B. C., the building of Enoch having the same date. The data from which scripture chronology is determined consist of notices of the ages of Patriarchs at the birth of their eldest sons, (vide Gen. V.) allusions to periods of time interspersed throughout the sacred volume, and certain historical events, the dates of which may be accurately determined from profane history: where these sources fail, recourse is had to Jewish traditional writings. Allow me to hint that either "Enquirer" must have made a mistake when consulting his book, or else the book is erroneous, probably the latter.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,  
FIDES.

### Fashionable Intelligence.

On Thursday evening last, a grand ball was given in the "City," which was very numerously attended. Amongst the company we noticed the General Commanding-in-Chief, with his two Aides-de-Camp, Sir George Can't, the Inspector of Infantry, and lady, the Gold Sticks in waiting to the Commander-in-Chief and his Aides-de-Camp, with their ladies, and many other distinguished personages. The Chief Commissioner of Scales, Weights and Measures officiated as Master of the Ceremonies. The star of the evening, however, was Miss Matilda Wide-a-Wake, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of old Wide-a-Wake, commonly known as the King of the Cannibal Islands. We believe a matrimonial alliance between this distinguished heiress and Sir John Woodbine, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Machinery, is in contemplation. Amongst those who had the honor of being invited, but were unable from various causes to attend, were the Admiral Commanding-in-Chief and his lady, the Archbishop of our "City" and his lady, the Inspector General of Hospitals, Her Majesty's Collector of Customs for the Colony of British Columbia, and the Chief Commissioner of Stores

and Clothing with his lady. The band of the Royal Engineers, which was in attendance, played the most favorite selections in their usual masterly style, and the entertainment was protracted to an early hour.

### Naval and Military Intelligence.

#### ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

During the past week.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Nov. 7th	19° 18' N.	22° 19' W.	S.W. 156 m.
" 8th	17° 43' N.	24° 39' W.	S.W. 163 m.
" 9th	15° 50' N.	25° 58' W.	S.W. 128 m.
" 10th	14° 28' N.	25° 55' W.	S. 91 m.
" 11th	12° 50' N.	25° 40' W.	S. 83 m.
" 12th	11° 9' N.	25° 30' W.	S.E. 168 m.
" 13th	9° 44' N.	25° 0' W.	S.E. 80 m.

To-day at noon we were 612 miles in a S. b. E. & Easterly direction from the point at which it is proposed to cross the Equator.

### Conundrums.

- IV. What were Jonah's sensations when the whale was in the act of swallowing him?
- V. Why are Clergymen like ladies?
- VI. Why is crinoline like a passionate man?

ANSWERS TO

- I. Because he is a sea king (seeking) what never was.
- II. When it has two heads and a practical application.
- III. That in which forty thousand Russians fought a(t)inker-man.

### To Correspondents.

1. Any person guessing answers to *Chardes* or *Conundrums* are requested to send them to the Editor's Office that they may be published for the edification of the community at large.
2. We beg to remind contributors of the last paragraph of the notice originally circulated, in which "It is hoped that contributors of songs will also sing them for the better appreciation of their merit." N. B. One week allowed for preparation.
3. It is hoped that those of *Neptune's* children who have not already passed his boundary will make a point of not shaving during the present week.

### Market Intelligence.

PRESERVED MEATS & SOUPS—Very scarce and in great demand. On account of the arrival of Suet last week, there is no scarcity of that article in the market.  
TEA, COCOA, SUGAR, RICE, RAISINS, & FLOUR—Plentiful at present.  
BEEF & PORK—Plentiful.  
MUTTON—Scarce.  
PORTER—Is in great demand, but, on account of the monopoly, there is little chance of a supply being obtained.  
WINES—Sherry was in great demand during the last week, but on the 9th instant it went off in a very mysterious manner.

### Advertisements.

#### Theatre Royal, "Thames City."

THE MANAGER of the above Theatre begs to announce to the public of this city and the neighborhood that he has completed arrangements for a series of performances of a highly interesting nature, and ventures to hope that, being supported by a company of performers of rare and well known abilities, he will be able to give universal satisfaction. The performances will commence shortly, and on the first occasion will be presented the Farce, in two Acts, entitled

"CROSSING THE LINE!"

BY GEORGE ALMAR.

Further particulars will be given in the small bills.

ALFRED R. HOWSE, Manager.

Songs and Poetry.

(POEM.) MATILDA.

- 1 Who wraps our wounds and heals our sores,  
On pain the balm of comfort pours,  
And kneads up boluses by scores?  
MATILDA.
- 2 Who opens that mysterious trunk,  
And bears a draught to every bunk,  
Still quite resign'dly nibbles junk?  
MATILDA.
- 3 Who trips along the slippery deck,  
With outstretched arms and lengthened neck,  
And goes to number one for peck?  
MATILDA.
- 4 See how the little babe she dances,  
And casts on 't enclosing glances,  
I say she walks! don't say she prances,  
MATILDA.
- 5 See the sweet babe upon her lap,  
She plaits its hair and sets its cap,  
She gives it everything but pop,  
MATILDA.
- 6 Forgive me, sweet, for what I've said,  
My muse sings fun, by her I'm led,  
Tho' married twice, you'll die a maid,  
MATILDA.
- 7 Your kindness to each heart has sank,  
Of old and young of every rank,  
Your cup of physic all have drank,  
MATILDA.
- 8 Now if you should oblige me,  
Keep up the fun and write on me,  
I'll bear the joke right pleasantly,  
MATILDA.

(SONG.) THE RHYME OF AN ANCIENT MARINER.

- 1 'Twas in the Atlantic ocean, in the Equinoctial gales,  
That a man he did fell overboard, among the sharks and whales,  
His ghost appeared unto me, saying "Weep no more for me,  
For I'm married to a mermaid, at the bottom of the sea."  
(CHORUS.) Rule Britannia, &c.
- 2 The dangers of the spacious deep, which unto me befel,  
'Tis utterly impossible for language far to tell,  
But now from debt and drinking, and narvish fear I'm free,  
Since I'm married to a mermaid at the bottom of the sea.  
Rule Britannia, &c.
- 3 Surprise I will be my comrades, and the friends I know'd on shore,  
And my poor parents, whom alas I'll never see no more,  
To hear that I've been summoned away so suddenly,  
And married to a mermaid at the bottom of the sea.  
Rule Britannia, &c.
- 4 'Tis true for to refresh myself, no baccy now I get,  
But of course, as with respect to that myself I never frets,  
For all your earthly joys are unmaterial to me,  
Since I'm married to a mermaid at the bottom of the sea.  
Rule Britannia, &c.

(The spirits of the marinere here waxeth pathetic.)

- 5 A broken sixpence in my chest, likewise a lock of hair,  
To rally, I solictize that you will safely bear,  
And you'll tell to my true lover as how it was necessity,  
As me to a marry this 'ere mermaid at the bottom of the sea."  
Rule Britannia, &c.

I said and I heard the drrrrr-ownded man, and my flints with terror  
I asked him questions, 'twas since the words my lips forsook, [shook,  
But immediately, as weddelt, and he said no more to me,  
But he dives back to his mermaid at the bottom of the sea,  
Singing Rule Britannia, &c.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Charades.

III.

My first and last two Islands on the sea express.  
My second sounds the word without my first at all,  
My third is saved from Nature's own most lovely dress,  
Fourth the initial of what A-ian caused by fell,  
Fifth stands for that which it and the remainder spells,  
Sixth much quicker made if sol the gloom dispels,  
Seventh in song bold sailors loudly bawl,  
First and last are one, so I pray you tell me all.

IV.

Cut off my head and singular I act,  
Cut off my tail and plural I appear,  
Cut off my head and tail, I'm nought intact,  
My whole a fish to epicures most dear.

Jokes, &c.

**BON-MOT.**—A barrister was married lately in London to a lady of the name of Rodd. A facetious friend who had been to the ceremony, taking leave of the bridegroom, who was about to start for the wedding tour, remarked to him that if he "spared the rod" it was just possible that he might "spoil the child."

**A RUNAWAY WIFE.**—An Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded from him, cautioned the public against trusting her in these words, "My wife has eloped from me with a rhyme or reason, and I desire that no one will trust her on my account, for I'm not married to her."

**HABITUAL THIRST.**—A soldier on trial for habitual drunkenness was thus addressed by the President, "Prisoner you have heard the prosecution for habitual drunkenness, what have you to say in defence?" "Nothing please yer honor but habitual thirst."

**ADVANTAGE OF POLITENESS.**—An Irish Officer happened one day to be making a bow at the moment a cannon ball passed over his head and took off that of a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "a man never loses by politeness."

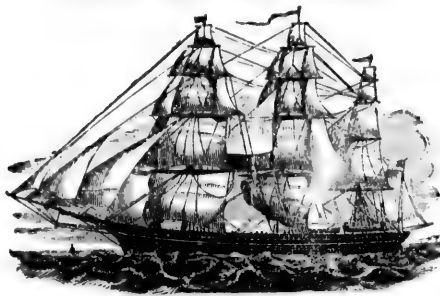
**A LETTER WRITTEN DURING THE REBELLION, AND SENT BY AN IRISH M. P. TO HIS FRIEND.**—My dear Sir, having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these bloodthirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess, can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey, and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this letter I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other; I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet; at present there are such goings on that everything is at a stand. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning; indeed hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed; no longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town, the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Tuesday notice was given that a band of rebels was advancing here under the French Standard, but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near for us to think of retreating. Death was in every face, but to it we went, and by the time half our little party were killed we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes, and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog, and in a very short time there was nothing to be heard but silence; their uniforms were all of different colors, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of a camp they left behind them; all we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles filled with water, and a number of blank commissions filled up with Irishmen's names. Troops are now stationed everywhere around the country. I have only leisure to add that I am in great haste. Yours truly, &c.

P. S.—If you don't receive this in course it must have miscarried, therefore I beg you will immediately write and let me know.

A gentleman, who was rather fond of his port wine after dinner, found at last a small colony of pimples were beginning to settle at the extremity of his nose. He was very much annoyed at this, and, in speaking about it to a friend, told him he thought he must have been stung upon the nose by a bee. His friend replied that perhaps the "bees-wing" had more to do with the matter than the bee itself.

The publication of the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE and CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced yesterday at 10 a.m., and was completed at 4 p.m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

# THE EMIGRANT



## Soldiers'

## Gazette,

### AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 3.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 1858.

[PRICE 3d.

#### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," NOVEMBER 20th, 1858.

LAT. 2.54 N. LON. 23.38 W. FULL MOON, NOV. 21st, AT 2H. 35M. A. M.

As all hands on board, with the exception of the ship's company, belong to and form the main body of the expedition to British Columbia, a few remarks on the causes which led to its organization and the circumstances attending the same may, we trust, not be out of place, and we hope our readers will bear with us, and not think us too egotistical, if we make a few remarks suggestive of the importance of the expedition, and the honor conferred upon us, conducive as their detail must be to our all making firm and steady resolve to acquit ourselves in a manner that shall show us to be not unworthy of this honour. "British Columbia" or, as it was formerly called, "New Caledonia" had, until the recent discovery of gold, been uncolonized and over-run by Indians. The Hudson's Bay Company carried on an extensive trade in furs with these Indians, and for this purpose had large fortified stations or depots at various intervals in those districts where the trade was carried on. Last year, however, Mr. Douglas, the Governor of Vancouver Island, represented to the English Government that, in consequence of the discovery of gold in large quantities in New Caledonia, it would be advisable to empower Her Majesty to appoint a Governor, in case of a sudden rush of diggers to the new gold fields. His advice was accordingly acted on, and on the news being received in August last that, owing to the verification of the fact of the discovery of gold, the rush of diggers from San Francisco was daily increasing, Her Majesty was pleased to appoint Mr. Douglas Governor of the new Colony of British Columbia, as it was now for the first time called. It being also necessary that the Governor should be supported by a proper military force, it became incumbent on the Colonial Minister to select and send out a body of men on

whom proper trust and reliance could be placed. It at once occurred to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the Colonial Minister, that great advantage would accrue to the Colony, could a body of men be sent out possessed at once of military and scientific acquirements, inasmuch as, while in their military capacity they could give all the necessary support to Governor Douglas, their mechanical and scientific labors would contribute in a most important degree to the improvement and colonization of the country. For such a body he turned to the Corps of Royal Engineers, where the call for volunteers was speedily responded to, and the *Times* shortly afterwards, speaking of the corps with reference to the present expedition, said in a leading article on the subject, "Whenever Her Majesty's Government want a body of skilful, intelligent, and industrious mechanics to perform any task requiring peculiar judgment, energy and accuracy, such as the arrangement of a Great Exhibition, the execution of an accurate National Survey, and so on, or even the construction of houses, roads and bridges, in a new Colony, they have only to turn to the Corps of Royal Engineers, and they find all the material they want." The first detachment of the expedition sailed from Southampton on the 2nd September in the Steamer *La Plata*. On this occasion Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton went on board the steamer when she was off Cowes, and addressed the party under the command of Captain Parsons, R. E. at some length, impressing on them the interest he felt in their welfare, and how much the ultimate success of the new Colony depended on the exertions of themselves and their comrades. Considering, therefore, the circumstances attendant on the despatch of the expedition, there appears no doubt that we have been selected for a duty of trust and importance, and that on our exertions much depends. The Corps looks to us, Her Majesty's Government looks to us, and the Country looks to us, and all expect great things from us. Let us not disappoint these expectations, but show ourselves sensible of the honor conferred upon us, and endeavor to prove ourselves worthy of the same. Let us each in our various capacities do our best to aid this work, and let us fulfil cheerfully and contentedly the duties we may be called upon to perform, and above all things remember and stick to the words of the old motto, "*Ubique quo fas et gloria ducunt.*"



## THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE,

It is a proverbial and no less certain fact that, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Now Jack is a name that under all circumstances, and nowhere more particularly so than on board ship, belongs as exclusively to the sailor as do the beads to Neptune which will shortly, we hope, be rendered up to him their rightful owner, those pills which all will be so eager to swallow, and that lather to receive which each successive votary will distend his chin with such eager avidity. In the present instance, however, we ought all of us to assume this as a temporary appellation, and agree that a few kind friends have done their utmost to give the accumulation of "Jacks" on board the *Thames City*, as much play as possible, by the introduction of sundry sources of recreation and amusement, contributing thereby to alleviate to a great extent the monotony which is a necessary ingredient of life on board ship. We have had occasion in a former instance to bear testimony to the efforts made in this direction by the kind friend in England, who suggested the method and furnished the materials for establishing our Newspaper. But on this occasion, as a second instance of the kind interest shown in our behalf, we cannot refrain from eulogizing the thoughtful kindness of our Commanding Officer, who, as a means of contributing to our amusements, has, amongst other things, not forgotten to provide us with the means of establishing a series of theatrical entertainments. The consequence of this kind forethought is that we were enabled to publish in our last number a communication from the distinguished manager of the new theatrical company, in which, after announcing his plans, "he hopes that, supported as he is by a company of performers of rare and well known abilities, he will be able to give universal satisfaction, &c." Let us hope that such will be the case. We heartily wish him and his company success, and can assure him of our warmest support. A great portion of the pleasure, on occasions like these, consists in looking forward to them, and when, in addition to this pleasure (one by no means to be sneered at on board ship), we are, as we feel sure we shall be, delighted and gratified at the performances, the thing is complete, and the object of the kind originator successfully gained. A few words in conclusion about the coming performance. We would venture to suggest that it might contribute to the amusements of the evening if any aspiring musical geni, desirous of distinguishing themselves, would favor us with their performances. Let none on this occasion be bashful or shy, but come forward like men. On Saturday last, a gentleman, who made it quite evident that "by studying economy he lived like a lord," gave great promise on this his first appearance before us, and we look forward to future indications of his talent. Let us hope then that there are many such amongst us, and that they will follow the example thus given them. Lastly, it must be obvious to our readers that on board ship, where there is not even a "Hairdresser's" or a "Milliner and Corset Maker's" shop, considerable obstacles must necessarily exist in the way of stage management. If therefore the oysters "Pomona" carries on her back should not be genuine "natives," or if "Estelle's" crinoline should happen to be elliptical instead of circular, or even her petticoats rather short, let us not be too critical, as after all she is probably just as nice a girl as ever in spite of her crinoline. Let us all make up our minds to be pleased and there is but little doubt we shall be, and let us hope that the performance of Wednesday next will only be the first of a series to be continued long after our arrival in the Colony.

### COMETS.

A few days before I left England, whilst waiting in a Railway Station for the arrival of the train, I heard the following conversation between three laborers:

1st Laborer to 2nd Laborer, "I say Bill" (pointing to the Comet) "what's that?"  
2nd Laborer, "That's a Comet."  
1st Laborer, "Comet!"  
3rd Laborer, "Comet! What's a Comet?"  
2nd Laborer, "Why a Comet!"  
1st Laborer, "Comet!"

3rd Laborer, "Comet!"

My friends seemed quite staggered, and immediately dropped the conversation. The question however is really one to which nobody could give a decided answer, all the researches of Astronomers having as yet failed to establish any fixed theory or law to account satisfactorily for the peculiar and eccentric motions of these mysterious bodies, varying as their nature and circumstances must necessarily be, and sweeping as they do round the sun in every possible direction and with every possible velocity. I propose, however, for the information of my readers to enunciate some of the theories that observations have led Astronomers to support during the last two centuries.

Comets may be divided into three classes; firstly, those whose nuclei are of considerable density and opacity; secondly those which have nuclei, but of such tenuity that stars can be distinctly seen through them; thirdly, those which have no nuclei at all, and are of uniform density. The nucleus of a Comet is that bright portion which has the appearance of a star, forming as it were the head of the Comet. The revolving heavenly bodies with which we are familiar, i. e. the Planets and their satellites, move in curves called ellipses. The Ellipse is a curve of such a nature that, without its mathematical properties being interfered with, it may approach indefinitely near to a circle on the one hand, and to a curve called a parabola on the other. If a heavenly body moved in a parabola, it would recede into infinite space never to reappear. Comets revolve round the sun in every possible direction, with every possible velocity, and in periods of almost every possible duration. Some are supposed to move in parabolas never to reappear, but nearly all of them move in ellipses. These however so nearly approach parabolas, as to make some of their periods of vast duration, probably never to reappear to human vision. Comets are luminous bodies supposed to derive their light from the Sun. Their perihelion passage, i. e. that portion of their path nearest to the Sun, is performed by them with immense rapidity and in short periods of time. Comets have, when seen, a nebulous appearance, owing probably to vapors raised by their proximity to the Sun. They are accompanied by nebulous tails of immense length and extreme tenuity, the heads of the Comets being always nearest the sun, with the tails stretching out in a direction away from the sun. The tenuity of these tails is such, that while a very thin fog would obscure the brightest star from our vision, stars shine distinctly through tails of Comets thousands of miles thick. Some Astronomers assert that the nuclei of Comets are surrounded by nebulous matter, of which that portion opposite the sun is illuminated, forming the tails we see, but this theory is hardly reconcilable with the occasional appearance of curved and forked tails. Others argue that the nebulous matter composing the tail is actually whisked round with the nucleus, always preserving a position directly away from the sun. Sir John Herschel admits the idea of a repulsive power on the part of the sun, which repels the nebulous matter from the nucleus to enormous distances, forming the tail. A philosopher named Encke propounded the theory that Comets move in a resisting medium, and his theory is strongly supported in the present day. I have now briefly noticed the leading facts connected with these mysterious bodies, and although it may be remarked that nothing very decided has been stated, be it remembered that we are treading on unknown ground. Astronomy however is a rapidly advancing science, and though we must at present be satisfied with the opinions of those who are the best judges in the matter, let us hope that a time may come when the mysteries of these chaotic worlds shall be revealed, and all the circumstances connected with them be as familiar to us as those of the planets are at present. The study of nature in all its phases is wonderful and interesting, and whether on the one hand, we are led by the study of Natural History to contemplation on and admiration of the all-providing and ever-presiding power which regulates the phenomena of our globe, or on the other hand, we are led in the study of Astronomy to ideas of velocity and distance so vast as almost to defy imagination, all point to one great object, and lead us to look through nature up to Nature's God, thank-

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## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

ful on the one hand for his gracious goodness, and awestricken on the other at his vast Omnipotence. I may mention, as one of those ideas of infinity to which this study leads us, the following instance. Suppose a Comet to perform its perihelion passage at a distance of 1,000,000 miles from the sun, and to pass in 24 hours through a portion of the curve upwards of 3,000,000 miles long. If then the tail be 100,000,000 miles long, and it be true that the tail is whisked round with the nucleus, the extremity of this tail would move at the rate of upwards of 13,000,000 miles per hour. Let us now assume Encke's theory of a resisting medium to be true, and endeavour to form an idea of the extreme tenuity of a medium that will permit matter of such rarity that stars can be seen distinctly through 50,000 miles of it to move with but slight if any deflection at this immense rate, and I think the mind almost fails to grasp the idea, being led as near as it well could be to a conception of infinity. An article in our paper must be somewhat brief, but I trust enough has been said to explain the most generally entertained ideas on the subject and to enable my readers to venture their own explanations, should they ever be asked "What is a Comet?" COMES.

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

We pursue our researches into the Natural History of the Voyage by proceeding to examine the nature and habits of some of those creatures with whose visits we have been occasionally favored since we left England. Of ocean birds, one species only has yet been brought under our observation, viz: the Stormy Petrel, commonly known among sailors as Mother Carey's Chicken. The name applied to these interesting little creatures has a somewhat singular derivation. They have been said to run upon the surface of the waves with their wings closed, and this supposed faculty having been compared with St. Peter's miraculous walking upon the sea of Genesareth, a diminutive of the Apostle's name has been applied to the bird. Some authors assert that it is called "Pewetrel" from its cry. These birds belong peculiarly to the ocean, and never approach the shore, except for the purpose of breeding amongst the rocks. Flocks of them more or less numerous often accompany ships for many days successively, not, as has been asserted, to seek a refuge from the storm in their shelter, but to feed on the greasy particles which the cook now and then throws overboard, or the floating substances which the vessel's motion brings to the surface. They seem to have the power of dispensing with sleep, at least for very long intervals. Wilson, one of the most accurate observers, has recorded a fact illustrative of this; he writes as follows: "In firing at these birds a quill feather was broken in each wing of an individual, and hung fluttering in the wind, which rendered it so conspicuous amongst the rest as to be known by all on board. This bird, notwithstanding its inconvenience, continued with us for nearly a week, during which we sailed a distance of more than four hundred miles to the North." Of course if this individual had gone to sleep, the vessel would have sailed away, and we can hardly imagine that it would have again found her in her pathless course. It is a pity that so interesting a little creature as this should become an object of a meaningless superstition. The persuasion that they are in some mysterious manner connected with the creation of storms is so prevalent among seamen as to render them, innocent and confiding as they are, objects of general dislike and often even of hatred. If this unoffending little bird does afford any indication of a coming storm, discovered by its more accurate perceptions, which nevertheless are very much doubted, should not the navigator receive the warning of this harmless wanderer, whose manner informs him of the approach of the storm and thereby enables him to prepare for it, with feelings of gratitude rather than of disapprobation. The Stormy Petrel belongs to the same family of birds to which the huge Albatross belongs; of the true Petrels the largest is the Giant Petrel which inhabits the tempestuous seas south of Cape Horn, and which measures at about twenty-eight inches in length and fifty-six in expanse of wing, and which at a distance may be readily mistaken for the Al-

batross. On the 31st of October last our attention was drawn to a number of small fishes which followed in the wake of our vessel; these beautiful little creatures, about the size of a herring, the back striped transversely with broad alternate bands of brown and bright azure, are known by the name of Pilot Fish. This fish receives its name from its habit of accompanying ships for weeks together: the ancients even asserted that it pointed out the proper course to the mariner when he was at a loss how to proceed, leaving him when he arrived at the desired haven. It appears probable, however, that the Pilot Fish only attends the voyager for the sake of the numerous pieces of food which are constantly being thrown overboard: and a community of feeling in this respect may perhaps account for the frequent association of the Pilot Fish and the Shark. It is, however, a general opinion amongst navigators that the Pilot Fish really attends upon the Shark as a guide: and an instance has been related in which two of them led a Shark to a baited hook that had been thrown out for him. Another observer states that he repeatedly saw a Shark, which was inclined to swallow a bait put out for him, prevented from doing so by one or other of four Pilot Fishes which accompanied him; and that at length, when the Shark had swallowed the tempting morsel and was being hauled out of the water, one of his diminutive friends clung to his side for some little time. The Pilot Fish belongs to that family of fishes of which the common Mackerel is the type. Its flesh is said to be very good. In our next number we propose making a few remarks on the Flying Fish and Bonitos, shoals of both which fish have been frequently observed by us since we entered the tropics.

NATURALIST.

## Naval and Military Intelligence.

### ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

During the past week.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Nov. 14th	8° 21' N.	22° 55' W.	8.1 E. 54 m.
" 15th	7° 44' N.	23° 04' W.	8.1 E. 67 m.
" 16th	6° 11' N.	23° 04' W.	8.1 W. 92 m.
" 17th	4° 19' N.	23° 51' W.	8.8 W. 121 m.
" 18th	3° 39' N.	24° 20' W.	8. W. 58. 48 m.
" 19th	3° 35' N.	23° 38' W.	8.1 S. 82 m.
" 20th	2° 54' N.	23° 38' W.	8. 41 m.

To-day at noon we were 174 miles to the Northward of the Equator, the distance of the Lizard Light being 3636 miles in a N. N. Easterly direction, and Cape Horn bearing S. E. by S., 4200 miles.

## Jokes, &c.

Ben is a bundle of paradoxes. We go to it with reluctance yet we quit it with regret, and we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.

AN ABSENT MAN.—A friend of mine who was a wrangler at Cambridge and, like all great mathematicians, subject to occasional fits of absence of mind, was in the habit of doing the most eccentric things during these periods of mental abstraction. It was a common thing for him to call his wife "Sally," (her real name was Clementina) and to pour wine vacantly into his glass, until the tablecloth had the appearance of a map of the world on the Mercator's plan; and he thought nothing of giving a guest the greater portion of the crust of a tart without any fruit, or cutting up a cheese abstractedly and heaping it upon the plate before him until it represented a sort of miniature "Tower of Babel." On one occasion, before his marriage, when writing at the same time to his Clementina and the First Lord of the Admiralty, he unfortunately sent the letters off in the wrong envelopes, and the latter gentleman finding himself addressed the next morning as somebody's "own dearest Clementina," was, as may be imagined, highly indignant, the consequence to my friend being rather serious. Nor were the feelings of Clementina more pleasant or easy to be described, on finding herself addressed as "My Lord." At length this great philosopher managed to terminate the said Clementina's existence in a truly scientific manner. He went up to his bedroom one evening to put on his great coat, and, on leaving the bedroom, succeeded, after great exertion, in blowing the gas out, a proceeding which must have involved the expenditure of a large quantity of breath on his part; he took especial care, moreover, to leave the gas turned on. The unhappy Clementina, going up shortly afterwards with a lighted candle, suddenly disappeared in air, bedroom, candlestick, gas pipe and all. I will do my friend the justice to say that he deeply felt his loss and was effectually cured of his absence of mind, which had been the cause of his sudden bereavement. His taste for science still clings to him and, when I last heard of him, he was busily engaged in investigating the nature and properties of the curve that must have been described by his poor Clementina in her sudden and unnatural ascent. If, as I deem highly probable, he takes into consideration the retarding influence of crinoline, this curve will doubtless be possessed of extraordinary properties, and create a great excitement in the mathematical world.

# THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE.

## Songs and Poetry.

### LINES TO THE AUTHOR OF "MATILDA."

A would-be wag, we all know him,  
To Matilda wrote a silly poem,  
So wishing to keep up the parody,  
The so-called Matilda writes to Charley.  
Surely my task of making pills  
Is as good as yours in driving quills  
O'er carboard papers;  
Or sitting biting your finger nails,  
Looking through those window rails  
At other people's capers.  
You truly must have jolly times,  
Lounging in that cabin making rhymes,  
Exempt from all the watches;  
But to think you put me in a funk  
By writing verses on my TUCKER  
All hosh is.  
One day when I was on the deck and twiggling,  
I saw you, Charley, up in the rigging,  
Your face long as a FIDDLE;  
Perhaps you'd gone up there to wonder,  
I rather think you'd gone to plunder  
From that book another RIDDLE.  
You've wrote a song about DEER and FISHES,  
And GAVE to make us savory dishes;  
I hope you'll RAG 'em;  
Or if those Indians prove too rude,  
And on our LAYS and STORIES intrude,  
Pray be sure to gag 'em.  
Between ourselves, shant we be cosey,  
And won't our days be rich and rosy,  
Unless there's lots of GAMMON;  
For you have said, the time must come,  
When we shall behold the apple, pear, and plum,  
And go fishing for cock salmon.  
Your remarks about the baby's cap,  
The dandling on my knee—and PAP,  
Are very cruel;  
For, Charley, I can see no harm  
In trying LITTLE ones to charm,  
Or feeding them on CRUEL.  
The name you've given me is bad,  
And even as a joke, my lad,  
It might some folks bewilder.  
At any rate, when next you try  
My FAULTS or GOODNESS to decry,  
Don't address me as "Matilda."

### ELEGY ON THE WHITEY-BROWN CAT.

As all hands are doubtless acquainted with the particulars of the melancholy episode on which the following lines are written, I will venture no further explanation, but hope to carry the sympathy of the audience with me during the recital of her untimely end.

(Air "Pestal.")

1 Yes! you're gone at last,  
From hungry dreams they didn't wake thee,  
The pangs of death are past,  
The rats and mice and every dainty.  
(Air "Wait for the Waggon.")

2 Oh! 'twas on a Sunday morning,  
When from the poop I spied  
A lovely whitey-browny cat,  
Brought up just as she died.  
(CHORUS) Then why did they kill her, &c.  
And throw her down the side.

(Air "The Mistletoe Bough.")

3 Her legs hung low, though her tail was curled,  
Her ribs lapped over as round as she was twisted,  
Her eyes looked fishy, her whiskers crimp,  
As she shot o'er the side, whitey-browny and limp.  
(CHORUS) Oh the poor whitey-browny cat, &c.

(Air "Lord Lovel.")

4 Oh! where are you gone, pretty passy, I say,  
I never shan't see thee no more,  
But I'll think on your fate, how unconscious you lay,  
And gave up the ghost with a snore, -ore, -ore.  
(CHORUS) And gave up the ghost with a snore.

(Air "Thou art gone from my gaze.")

5 Yes! you're gone from my gaze in the deep heaving sea,  
And great Neptune's trident keeps watch over thee;  
Though the rats may rejoice, never fear love for me,  
For I'm high broken hearted and blubbing for thee.  
(CHORUS) For I'm high broken hearted, &c.

(Air "My Mary-Ann.")

6 The pride of all the cats so rare,  
That dwell in London town,  
May handsome be, but can't compare,  
In face or form with my whitey-brown,  
(CHORUS) Then fare thee well, my own whitey-brown,  
For ever fare thee well,  
For the ship is ready and the wind blows fair,  
And we are bound round the "Horn," whitey-brown.

## Charades.

V.

My whole pulls down, my whole doth rise,  
My whole comes sparkling from the skies,  
My first it speaks of things that be,  
My second's answer in our land,  
To what we do not understand,  
My third's the organ of a sense,  
My fourth you write when you write sense,  
My fifth a Scotchman calls my third,  
Now try if you can tell the word.

ANSWER TO I., Bell.—II., Life-boat.—III., Knapsack.—IV., Coal.

## Conundrums.

VII. What comes after raining cats and dogs in London?  
VIII. Why are old maids going to be married like troops going abroad?  
IX. If the "Old Gentleman" were to lose his tail, where would he go for a new one?

ANSWERS TO IV. Down in the mouth and going to blubber.

V. Because there is no living without them.

VI. Because it often stands out about trifles.

PUZZLE.—Fifteen young ladies at a boarding school went out for a walk daily for seven successive days and managed to arrange themselves in such a manner that no two young ladies walked next to one another more than once during the seven days. They walked in five rows of three each. Explain how the daily arrangement was effected.

## To Correspondents.

Correspondents are reminded, that, although contributions may be published anonymously, the Editor does not undertake to publish any communications that are not signed with the Author's name.

## Advertisements.

### Theatre Royal, "Thames City."

#### GREAT ATTRACTION!

THE MANAGER of the above Theatre has the honor to announce to the inhabitants of this "City" that he has, with considerable difficulty and immense expense, succeeded in securing the valuable services of the following histrionic artists, viz:

CHARLES SINNETT,	CHARLES DERHAM,	JAMES TURNBULL,
GEORGE EATON,	HENRY J. BENNEY,	JAMES H. ELLIOTT,
JOHN MEADE,	WILLIAM A. FRANKLIN,	JAMES DIBBY,
	JAMES B. LAUDERS.	

The Theatre has undergone considerable alterations, and every attention has been paid to the comfort and convenience of the audience. The Scenery, Dresses and Properties are entirely new, and of a first class description.

On Wednesday, the 24th inst., will be produced for the first time at this Theatre that laughable and interesting Farce by G. ALMAR, entitled,

"CROSSING THE LINE!"  
OR "CROWDED HOUSES."

Wouwerman Von Broom,	..... A Boat Builder,	..... C. Derham.
Wouter Von Broom,	..... A Pilot,	..... C. Sinnett.
Bluffenburg,	..... A Workman,	..... G. Eaton.
Caulkenburg,	..... A Sailor,	..... J. H. Elliott.
Von Brent,	..... A Lawyer,	..... J. Turnbull.
Estelle de Burgh,	..... Ward of Wouwerman,	..... H. J. Benney.
Pomona Vondertviller,	..... An Oyster Girl,	..... J. Meade.
Leader of the Orchestra,	.....	..... WILLIAM HAYNES.

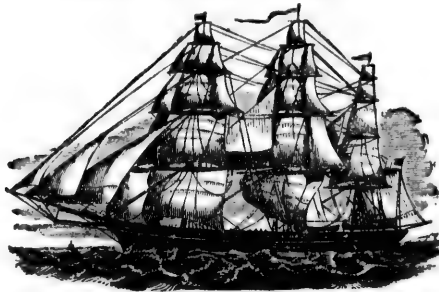
During the evening several Songs and Dances will be introduced.

Doors open at 6.30 p. m., performance to commence at 7 o'clock precisely.

ALFRED R. HOWSE, Manager.

The publication of the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE and CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced at 2 p. m., on the 18th, and was completed at 2 p. m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

# THE EMIGRANT



## Soldiers' Gazette,

AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 4.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27TH, 1858.

[PRICE 3d.

### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," NOVEMBER 27th, 1858.

LAT. 10.54 S. LON. 32.45 W. MOON'S LAST QUARTER THIS DAY AT 5H. 35M. A. M.

#### CROSSING THE LINE.

The great event has at length transpired which has been for so long a time the universal topic of conversation, looked forward to in an heroic manner by some about to suffer, dreaded and anathematized by others as a barbarous and shameful proceeding, and affording a prospect of malicious delight and satisfaction to all old salts, with somewhat the same feeling that a fellow has when he becomes a big boy at school and can bully the youngsters, and, revelling in the conscious superiority due to coat tails and stick-ups, talks about how he was treated when he was a boy, his age at the time being about seventeen. On Monday last, Neptune paid his accustomed visit to exact tribute from those of our inhabitants who had not before crossed his boundary (ladies, children and live stock excepted), and although the weather during the forenoon was such as to cause sundry knots of expectant sufferers to join in loud chorusses of "Cheer up my lively lads, we'll all get shaved together," as if they were determined not to be done by the rain, it cleared up sufficiently before 12 o'clock to enable Neptune to come on board radiant with glory, and do justice to the shouts of applause and welcome which greeted him from all sides. He was accompanied as usual by his wife, who, strange to say, always has a baby of the same age and size in her arms, from which extraordinary and unaccountable fact we must infer that either like the lady in Long-boat Square, she has a dozen or two at a time, or else she prigs them, probably the latter. He was accompanied also by his doctor and apothecary, barber, barber's mate and staff of constables, and, to be brief, we will borrow the words of the illustrious manager of our theatrics and state that the "Scenery, dresses and properties were perfectly new and of a first rate description," especially the collars. We must also bear testimony to the able manner in which all the salutes were con-

ducted, from that with which Neptune's secretary announced his arrival on Sunday night down to that with which the great monarch himself was pleased to greet a fair young member of the community previously to leaving the ship. Neptune's head was of such imposing and stupendous magnitude that we almost regretted that a certain gentleman omitted to serve him as he served Corporal Casey and fling his head in his face. On a declaration from the deity that, whilst coming along the deck, they had all been nearly choked by the smoke from the galley which continued to stick in their throats, the "main brace," which appears to have been broken in an unaccountable manner, was "spliced," and this repair having been effected, the party proceeded at once to business. To the sufferers and lookers on a description of the scenes that ensued would be superfluous, but to those who may have been prevented from seeing them we may as well say that the "doctoring, the "shaving" and the "ducking" were all conducted in a most correct and scientific manner, and that if they would like to form an idea of the extraordinary grimaces of the victims they had better come up to-morrow morning and see little Dodd in his shower bath. All who have witnessed the latter operation must have noticed that the little gentleman is, to begin with, in an horrible funk the whole time, that he would give the world to open his mouth and have a good bellow, but that, not approving of the taste of salt water, he is obliged to keep his mouth shut and content himself with making horrible faces, wriggling and writhing until he looks as if he were all legs and arms. Such were the faces of Neptune's victims who had similar objections to the taste of tar and grease, or even a nice little pill about the size of a pickled onion, the one great difference between them and little Dodd being that the younger gentleman always looks clean and nice after his ducking, while those who emerged from Neptune's bath looked equally dirty and disagreeable, especially about the chin. In conclusion, we are happy to state that nearly all who were called upon, from the Commanding Officer downwards, came to their fate like men, and we will be bound to say that they, although precious glad it is all over, are equally glad they have gone through the ordeal, and will take as much pleasure on some future occasion in serving others the same trick as did those who on

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J. Benny.  
J. J. Meade.  
AM HAYNES.  
duced.  
at 7 o'clock  
Manager.

CAPE HORN  
doted at 2 p.  
ront Cabin,

## THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE,

Monday last conducted so ably the operations that invariably takes place on the occasion of  
"CROSSING THE LINE."

A leading article which appeared in our columns a short time ago alluded to the want of cleanliness in certain parts of this City particularly, and the state of the sewerage in Longboat Square, since which we are happy to state that our zealous Commissioner of Public Works has in some degree rectified the same by carrying out an extensive system of sewers to the sea. In order to perfect this arrangement it will be necessary to introduce a better means of flushing these sewers. Though there is no want of water for the purpose, hoses and buckets are much required for conducting it, and we hope that this defect may be speedily remedied. The sanitary state of the City is much improved, but we cannot impress too much upon our readers that it depends not only upon the state of the City generally, but also on the cleanliness of themselves, both as regards their dress and persons, and we sincerely hope that all fathers and mothers will pay particular attention to their children on this head, and bear in mind that cleanliness is next to godliness.

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

We pursue our examination of the fish which have visited us during the voyage by calling your attention to a few remarks on the Natural History of the Bonito and the Flying Fish. About a fortnight ago we were surrounded by scores of small fish which some of us mistook at first for Dolphins. These were Bonitos, a class of fish belonging to the family to which the Tunny, so much prized for food in the Mediterranean, belongs. Notwithstanding the numerous lines thrown out to entice these creatures on to our baited hooks, not one seemed to take the least notice of the tempting morsels held out to them, and passed by as if in pursuit of some object very different from and more in accordance with their tastes than fat pork or regimental cloth. Soon after the appearance of these fish, we noticed large shoals of Flying Fish greatly agitated and moving rapidly in and out of the water as if hotly pursued by an enemy. Now this enemy was undoubtedly the Bonito, whose sole object in life seems to consist in pursuing and capturing these unfortunate little Flying Fish. It is very interesting to watch the aerial flights of these wonderful little creatures, who abound in the tropics, and are generally seen in shoals varying in number from a dozen to a hundred or more. One is apt at first sight of a flock, especially if it be unexpected, to mistake them for white birds flying by until they are seen to alight in the water. It must not be imagined however that these fish only make their appearance above the surface of the water in that seemingly unnatural manner when they are pursued by an enemy; from the number of shoals which we daily see around our vessel in these latitudes it seems but natural to conclude that they are in fact amusing themselves in sportive play, as the lamb skips upon the grass or the dog pursues its own evasive tail. It is astonishing to watch the bounds that these little fish make over the surface of the water. Some naturalists have remarked that they rise and sink alternately in the air so as to keep at the same distance from the undulations of the surface, instead of describing a uniform curve as they generally appear to do; and Humboldt, one of the most accurate of observers, positively declares to have seen them flap the air with their long fins. Indeed it would also seem almost impossible to imagine that so small a fish, not so large as a herring, should be able to propel itself to the height of twenty and to the distance of more than six hundred feet through the air. Generally, one takes his leap first, then the whole flock follow at once, shooting in nearly a straight line and skimming along a little above the surface, so little that they often strike the side of a rising wave and go under water. We have for some time been looking out for another visitant, who sometimes gives more of his company to ships than sailors exactly like. I allude to the Shark, who is probably the most terrific monster that cleaves the waves, certainly the most hated and at the same time the most feared

by the sailor. Sharks, however, are seldom seen when a ship is making any way through the water, and perhaps the fact of our not having encountered much calm weather accounts for our not having had the satisfaction of setting eyes on one of these most detestable of aquatic animals. We may perhaps come across one of these monsters in the course of the ensuing week, and if so we shall offer a few remarks on his nature and habits, which are very interesting to the naturalist, notwithstanding the bad repute in which the animal is held by mankind in general and by sailors in particular.

NATURALIST.

### THE STORY OF EVANGELINE.

The province of Nova Scotia, a part of our North American possessions, belonged before the year 1713 to France, and was known by the name of Acadia. In that year the Colony was made over by France to Great Britain, and the settlers in the villages throughout the district were called upon to take the oath of allegiance to their new masters, reserving to themselves the condition that they should never be required to take up arms against either the Indians or their own countrymen the French. As the war proceeded, however, the Acadians were charged with having supplied both French and English with intelligence, provisions and quarters, and it was further alleged that a small party of them were on one occasion found in arms against the English. Little or no enquiry was made into these rumours, but the Lieutenant Governor of the Province, after consulting with the Admiral on the Station, deemed it advisable to remove for ever from the Colony all the original settlers. His proposal appears to have been approved by the Government at home, and orders were issued that they should all be taken on board the ships of the squadron, and distributed, some in one part and some in another of the other provinces, known now as the United States. Their lands, their houses, their stores, their corn and their cattle were forfeited to the Crown, and they were only to be allowed to take with them their money, and such portions of their household goods as could be conveniently placed in the ships. These orders at the end of harvest, when the crops had been gathered in and could be seized upon by the troops, were remorselessly carried out, to the horror and consternation of the wretched people. One of the most beautiful of the villages was named Grand Pre, situated near the mouth of the river Gaspeau, in front of the Basin of Minas. The cottages were clustered together in a lovely valley, in the midst of rich meadows, broad pasture lands, gardens and orchards, fields of flax and fields of corn, surrounded and watched over on the outskirts by forests of grand and towering pines, whose tops stretching towards heaven seemed to announce that they had been owners of the soil since the creation of the world, and that the faces of the stars in the stillness of the night were of far closer acquaintance than the faces of the white people who, but fifty years before, had come to sojourn among them. The settlers appear chiefly to have come from Normandy, and they built their houses in the Norman fashion, with strong framework of oak and chestnut thatched roofs, fanciful windows and projecting gables; the women too imported the snow white picture and crested caps, as well as the gaily colored petticoats that delight to this day the hearts of the Norman peasant girls, and the spinning wheels of the old country hummed busily in their new homes. They brought with them also the observances of their ancient Catholic Religion, and a venerable Priest walked among them as a father among his children, blessing the young who paused in their play as he passed, and the grown people who rose to welcome his approach to the shady porches of their doorways or to their comfortable firesides. In one sense they were all poor, for luxuries were unknown to them, but in another sense all were rich, for luxuries were neither desired nor cared for, and necessary of all kinds flowed in upon them in great abundance. In this way like the children of one family, tearing God and loving one another, lived these simple and upright people, till destruction fell suddenly upon their homes, and banishment, like the last blow of the Angel of Death, fell upon themselves. Among all the emigrants settled in the

neighborhood, most of them named, and the names of the little more so, and kind to her light and common shiny part, ward to for bought with perity of the and goodness revert the Their and her poem, and the poem, and esting the pleasure in

As we are the above from an off hope interfere, it will I wrote to you hunt, so I H—, an off engaged the ject to me, out from sleighs to Indians who draw the "were carried was a Mic-signifying society as mother have most villi turned out capacity, principally horrible in particular ited. His a French whose nat Well, we s bogins, an walking in to six feet days with having be into the b ing them i is called " you rush tumbling ing your lasts some where the regards yo disincline you hear must ever snow; the put your



## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

neighborhood of Grand Pre, one of the wealthiest, one of the best, most looked up to and beloved was Benedict Bellfontaine, a man now well stricken in years, with one only daughter named Evangeline, who was just bursting into the ripeness of womanhood, being at the time the story commences a little more than 17 years of age; a girl so good and beautiful, so frank with her friends, so fond and dutiful to her father, so kind to her poor neighbors, so welcome from the fullness of her light and gladness to everybody, that she was called by common consent the "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie," (a fine sunshine part of the year, which the Acadian farmers looked forward to for ripening their corn, and for loading their apple boughs with rich blossoms and fruit); but neither the prosperity of the father, nor the daughter's beauty, nor the love and goodness which were as daily bread to them both could revert the ruthless fate that was in store for the poor Acadians. Their sad fortunes, especially those of Evangeline, her father and her lover, form the subject of Longfellow's celebrated poem, and if the same story, interspersed with passages from the poem, can be told in prose with any likelihood of interesting the present audience, the contributor will have great pleasure in continuing it in future numbers of the paper.

### Sporting Intelligence.

#### MOOSE HUNTING.

As we are going to a country in certain districts of which the above animal abounds, the following extract from a letter from an officer in Canada, descriptive of the sport, will we hope interest our readers. As it is too long to publish all at once, it will be continued in our next.—My dear Charlie, when I wrote to you last I was just preparing to start for a Moose hunt, so I will now give you an account of our excursion:—H—, an officer of the 3rd had planned the expedition and engaged the Indians, and afterwards, on speaking on the subject to me, I agreed to accompany him. Accordingly we set out from here on the 15th of February, and proceeded on sleighs to St. Francis by way of Quebec. Here we found our Indians who were to act as guides and find game and also draw the "tabogins" or Indian sleighs in which our provisions were carried. The man that H— had engaged for himself was a Mic-Mac with a regular unpronounceable Indian name, signifying "Dweller in the Woods," but known in civilized society as Jean Baptiste. My fellow was a half-breed, (his mother having been as he informed me a "Sauvagesse") the most villainous looking scoundrel I ever set eyes on, and, as it turned out, a most horrible impostor in regard of his hunting capacity. This gentleman's acquaintance with English was principally of a blasphemous nature, consisting of the most horrible imprecations in that tongue, consequently, as I am not particularly fluent in French, our conversation was rather limited. His name was Louis de Fini. Besides these, they had a French Canadian called Boniface, a very willing fellow, but whose naturally dirty habits quite unfitted him for society. Well, we started with these three birds, they drawing the tabogins, and we carrying our guns and axes, all of course walking in snow shoes, as the snow in the woods is from five to six feet deep. In this way we marched for eight or nine days without seeing a blessed thing of any sort, the ground having been hunted before, but afterwards, on getting deeper into the bush, we found plenty of moose. The mode of hunting them is this: you come on their track in the snow which is called "ravage," pronounced after the French fashion; then you rush frantically on, following this in all its windings, tumbling head-over-heels about every ten yards, and knocking your eyes out against branches of trees; this sort of thing lasts sometimes for eight or ten miles. At last you come to where the moose is feeding; sometimes he waits to see you and regards you with a sort of enquiring look; if, however, he is disinclined for society he muzzles as hard as he can split, and you hear him crashing through the branches in front, but you must eventually come up with him as he labors through the snow; then, as you get sight of him through the trees, you put your ball in two inches behind his shoulder. He dies

with christian resignation, invariably giving up the ghost without a murmur. I made my debut by killing three, a three year old bull with a travelling harem of two cows. They are enormous brutes, standing seven feet and a half at the shoulder. After killing them I felt particularly like a murderer, and swore I wouldn't kill any more, but I broke this vow soon afterwards, when we changed our camp and got short of provisions; altogether I killed eight myself. At the conclusion of the day's march the Indians would cut a couple of spades out of a tree, and dig a large square space about a yard deep in the snow, always by a stream if possible, make up a roaring fire across the middle, and build a shed at each end with fir branches something on the principle of Mrs. W—'s cow house. Then the ground was covered with more fir branches, "Sapins," the Canadians called them, and the cabin was complete, the three men occupying one side and we the other.

This morning a Flying Fish flew on board about 4 o'clock, a. m.; after considerable struggling he was eventually caught by the second officer on board and put into a bucket to keep fresh, but unfortunately he was nabbed by the cat by way of breakfast about 8 a. m.

### Naval and Military Intelligence.

#### ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

During the past week.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Nov. 21st	10° 25' N.	24° 30' W.	S.W. 68 1/2 S. 163 m.
" 22nd	09° 04' N.	23° 55' W.	S.W. 121 m.
" 23rd	10° 52' S.	27° 55' W.	S.W. 1/4 W. 162 m.
" 24th	30° 43' S.	29° 37' W.	S.W. 3/4 S. 151 m.
" 25th	65° 06' S.	30° 46' W.	S.S.W. 159 m.
" 26th	82° 23' S.	32° 28' W.	S.W. 3/4 S. 170 m.
" 27th	10° 54' S.	32° 45' W.	S. 1/2 W. 163 m.

To-day at noon Cape Horn bore S. W. by S. 3240 miles, and Rio Janeiro S. W. 1/2 S. 940 miles.

On the 23rd inst., we spoke the French Barque "Marie Louise," from Bordeaux bound to Monte Video, 26 days out.

#### Birth.

On the 24th inst., in Lat. 41° S., Long. 29° 30' W., the wife of Sapper John Linn, R. E., of a son and heir.

#### Death.

On the 25th inst., in Lat. 5° 40' S., Long. 30° 30' W., Richard, the only son of Sergeant Richard Bridgman, R. E.

### Market Intelligence.

FLOUR, RAISINS, TEA, SUGAR & PEPPER—Appear to be very plentiful and of good quality.  
MUSTARD & COCOA—Not of first rate quality; we have seen a much better article in the market and only fetching the same price.  
BEEF & POIK—Plentiful, and of first rate quality in general.  
MUTTON—Scarce.  
PORTER & WINES—In great demand still; a fresh cargo is expected shortly.  
LIME JUICE—Is eagerly sought after, but dealers in this article need not look for a further supply until the commencement of the ensuing week, and then only in limited quantities.

#### Conundrums.

- X. What is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness?
  - XI. Why have the ducks and fowls in the hen-coops on the poop no right to expect a state of future existence?
  - XII. What were the colors of the waves and winds in the last storm?
- ANSWER TO VII. Hailing cabs and omnibuses.  
" VIII. Because they go off in transpores.  
" IX. To a low public-house where bad spirits are re-tailed.

### Advertisements.

THE COMMANDING OFFICER having thought it advisable to postpone the Theatrical Performance this week, it will, if circumstances permit, take place on Monday Evening, the 29th inst., at the hour before specified.

FOR THE FUTURE this paper will be allowed to remain on the lower deck until Friday evening.

**Songs and Poetry.**

**VIVA VICTORIA.**

Rouse ye lovers of peace and of order,  
Of true freedom with glory united,  
Eally round the old banner of union,  
And its glory shall never be blighted.  
Not! its freedom shall never be blighted.  
There are bold hearts in Britain's dominions,  
Who dare all that freemen may dare,  
Let the Throne and the Queen be our watchword,  
And let foemen and traitors beware.  
(Chorus) Viva Victoria!  
Viva, viva Victoria!  
Strength to the Throne, health to the Queen,  
Viva Victoria!

We'll have peace, but it must be with honor,  
We have need of no new names in story,  
But if war sounds the tocsin, then Britain  
Still has heroes enough for her glory.  
Yes! Britain has heroes enough for her glory.  
Shame the brawlers who trade in sedition  
Maidens who traffic in lies,  
And beware lest these self-seeking martyrs  
Would be lions, prove wolves in disguise.  
(Chorus) Viva Victoria! &c.  
By the head or the hand, if he tolfeith,  
Can the honest man live by his labor,  
But the drone, who can work and who will not,  
Shall not rest on the strength of his neighbor.  
Not! he shall not rest on the strength of his neighbor.  
To the Throne as the safeguard of freedom  
By our birthright allegiance we swear,  
For the Queen as the monarch of freedom  
To the King of all kings be our prayer.  
(Chorus) Viva Victoria! &c.

**CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.**

Here's naughty Charley once again  
With gall full flowing from his pen,  
And like wild hawk at little wren,  
Still pecks sir;  
His paltry vengeance follows up  
That nasty rhyme about the pap,  
He thinks he's "no small cheese" that chap,  
Charley I mean sir.  
Thus he writes quite unforgiving:  
As if 'twere thus he got his living,  
Nor cares he aught for people's grieving,  
'Tis quickly seen sir;  
And dared you write on me last week,  
And call it song that puny squeak,  
And will you thus **REN** vengeance seek,  
A host o' it.  
Then shall we now have blow for blow,  
Till one or t'other's overthrow  
Allows the victor loud to crow,  
And boast o' it;  
When you last week your pen did grip,  
You thought you had me on the hip,  
Your doom's pronounced, so "now sir strip"  
And take it fairly.  
1 With "cat o' nine" eyes now I beat you,  
2 With fifty lashes thus I'll treat you,  
3 Whenever you "show fight" I'll meet you,  
4 Late or early.  
5 I will not call you by that name,  
6 That's earned for you a local fame,  
7 How odd that you should think with shame  
8 On such sweet christening.  
9 Come try and hit him somewhat hard,  
10 As yet you've scarcely touched the lard,  
11 Or is't wish fun satiric bard  
12 Your eye is glistening?  
13 I stopp'd but just to mend my pen,  
14 To fill it full of ink again,  
15 But now 'tis done, so to it again,  
16 And now I'll lay it on sir.  
17 Now when that upward squint you took,  
18 And thought me priggish from a book,  
19 If you had dar'd come up and look,  
20 You'd found your thought was wrong sir.  
21 Though salt pork fat and hard junk fails  
22 To nourish me like your "ox tails,"  
23 You never saw me "eat my nails,"  
24 As tit bits.  
25 Tho' I be sent to write on cardboard,  
26 Within that cabin window starboard,  
27 To say "I idle," that's a hard word,  
28 At least on most days.  
29 No doubt they work you very hard  
30 At making pile of grunter's lard,

31 Spreading dis'cum o'er a yard  
32 Of rag or such case.  
33 Because your job's to heal up scatches,  
34 On paltry wounds to plant your patches,  
35 You growl because I get "off watches"  
36 And such like.  
37 Now that Columbia song I wrote,  
38 Tho' as a song not worth a groat,  
39 'Twas meant to amuse us while afloat,  
40 And help to pass an hour sir.  
41 It ill suits you thus to abuse  
42 The prattling of my infant muse,  
43 She'll make you tremble in your shoes,  
44 If you don't give o'er sir.  
45 But that about the youngsters charming,  
46 By Jove the hit was quite alarming,  
47 But nowhere else was any harm in  
All that rhyme sir.  
48 But I suppose now tired you've grown,  
49 My rhyme has best him black and brown,  
50 So "printer's devil" take him down,  
And let him go with that much.

[The dose to be repeated at regular intervals until the "patient" is better.]

**Charades.**

ANSWER TO V. Raiso.

**THE RAPIDS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.**

The falls or rapids of the river Columbia are situated about 180 miles above the mouth of the river. The first is a perpendicular cascade of twenty feet, after which there is a swift descent for a mile between islands of hard black rock to another pitch of eight feet, divided by two rocks. About two and a half miles below this the river expands into a wide basin, seemingly dammed up by a perpendicular ridge of black rocks. A current however sets diagonally to the left of this rocky barrier, where there is a chasm of forty-five yards in width. Through this the whole body of the river roars along swelling and whirling and boiling for some distance in the wildest confusion. Boats are in great danger from the great surges and whirlpools existing here. At a distance of a mile and a half from this narrow channel is a rapid formed by two rocky islands, and two miles beyond is a second great fall over a ledge of rocks twenty feet high, extending nearly from shore to shore. The river is again compressed into a channel from fifty to a hundred feet wide, worn through a rough bed of hard black rock, along which it boils and roars with great fury for the distance of three miles. This is called the "Long Narrows." Here is the great fishing place of the Columbia. In the spring of the year, when the water is high, the salmon ascend the river in incredible numbers. As they pass through this narrow strait, the Indians, standing on the rocks or on the end of wooden stages projecting from the banks, scoop them up with small nets distended on hoops and attached to long handles, and cast them on the shore. They are then cured and packed in a peculiar manner. After having been disembowelled, they are exposed to the sun on scaffolds erected on the river banks. When sufficiently dry they are pounded fine between two stones, pressed into the smallest compass and packed in baskets or bales of grass matting about two feet long and one in diameter, lined with the cured skin of a salmon. The top is likewise covered with fish skins, secured by cords passing through holes in the edge of the basket. Packages are then made containing twelve of these bales, seven at bottom and five at top, pressed close to each other with the corded side upward, wrapped in mats and corded. These are placed in dry places and again covered with matting. Each of these packages contains from ninety to a hundred pounds of dried fish, which in this state will keep sound for several years. This process is given as furnished by the first explorers in these regions. It marks a practicable ingenuity in preparing articles of traffic for a market, seldom seen among the aboriginals.

(To be continued.)

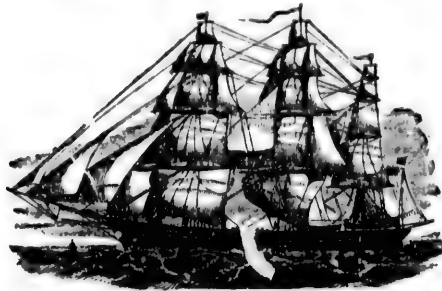
The publication of the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE and CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced at 2 p.m., on the 25th, and was completed at 2 p.m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

No. 5.]

LAT. 27.5

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# THE EMIGRANT



## Soldiers'

## Gazette,

### AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 5.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4TH, 1858.

[Price 3d.

#### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," DECEMBER 4th, 1858.

LAT. 27.30 S. LON. 38.5 W. NEW MOON, DEC. 5th  
AT 10H. 10M. A. M.

"All the world's a stage, the men and women merely players," and "play-goers," if one might venture to add a single word to anything written by the great Shakespeare, and, as some excuse for the liberty we have taken, we would beg to allude to the opening of the Theatrical season on Monday evening last, when the superb scenery and fine acting were only equalled by the gratification and approval loudly evinced by a delighted audience in all parts of the house. It is our glory and pride as Englishmen on all occasions to place the fair sex foremost, and we accordingly commence by noticing the two bright stars who have just risen in the theatrical firmament, Miss Bridget Meade, and Miss Mary Benney, both of whom, by their quiet ease and elegance on the stage, and by the propriety of their diction, gave great promise of future excellence. Their acting was admirable throughout, and the young ladies were dressed for their parts in perfect good taste. We cannot more especially help noticing the rich bands of their beautiful and luxuriant hair, clustered gracefully around their blooming cheeks, and we trust these fair damsels will long continue to delight a crowded audience as on the night of their last performance. Charms like theirs cannot fail to attract admirers, and we venture to predict that many a heart-ache is in store for the young nobility and gentry amongst the play-goers of the rising generation in these realms. Of the performance on the part of the gentlemen we will only express our cordial and entire approbation, merely adding that their parts appeared to have been carefully studied, and that ample justice was done to them. To the Manager the greatest praise and credit are due for the able manner in which, after struggling with considerable difficulties, he succeeded in producing on this occasion a stage effect which shewed that in the minutest particulars everything had been attended to with the greatest care, and that, even on board a ship in the middle of the South Atlantic Ocean, everything must give way to energy

and talent. He opened the performance by delivering a prologue written for the occasion, which is published in another part of our paper. Last, but by no means least, we come to the band of amateur dancers and singers, who, by the diversity of their talents and their comic powers, may almost be said to have rivalled the renowned Minstrels of Christy, though we must admit that there was a shade or two of difference in their complexions. Where all were so excellent, it seems almost invidious to particularize one or more, but, if this might for once be permitted, it would be something soothing and consolatory to our feelings to mention a young gentleman of a portly and a noble presence, who in the character of a Spanish Prince (admirably sustained) sang a roundelay that would have done credit to the Troubadours of old; another who, with the freedom and the gallant air that seemed a combination of the Seaman and the Soldier, sang amidst a burst of applause of a "land flowing with milk and honey" beyond the banks of the river "Jordan." Such a land, we trust, when we look around on the patient faces of the women and children before us, may be found ere long at no great distance from the banks of the river "Fraser." A Highland Fling gave universal pleasure, and in one direction the burst of feeling was quite uncontrolled. It led apparently to the introduction of a Scotch song and a pair of Scotch breeches, and, from the cheering at the conclusion, both these productions must have given intense satisfaction. Another gentleman, whose great object seemed to be to impress upon the audience that he was "Bobby Miles the charity Boy," and a very learned character into the bargain, had, we observed, a happy knack of occasionally, nay frequently edging off to the back of the stage with a sort of sideway motion, with what view we can scarcely tell, unless it were to imitate the eccentric motions of the great "Robson." The object, whatever it was, evidently succeeded, as these little journeys raised shouts of laughter. In conclusion we beg to congratulate all concerned on the success of this first effort to afford us amusement, and we have great pleasure in stating that the Manager intends to continue the series of performances, by introducing next week the farce entitled "A Thumping Legacy," all particulars of which are given at the end of our paper.



## NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

With the exception of a short visit from an interesting little bird known by the name of the Sea Swallow, which flew on the poop, evidently exhausted from long travelling, on Monday last, nothing new in the way of Natural History has come before us during the past week. This bird, about the size of a pigeon, belongs to the family of Gulls, and is classed among the Terns, sometimes met with on our coasts during the spring months. They have long beaks, webbed feet, and very long wings. They are endowed with great powers of flight, and live indeed almost entirely upon the wing. They feed upon small fish, which they catch whilst swimming over the surface of the water. They are very buoyant on the water, but swim little, and are incapable of diving. The bird we had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with on Monday last was a very fine specimen. Some hopes were entertained of our being able to keep him and tame him, but as all attempts to reconcile him to his new situation turned out of no avail, and as he had evidently made up his mind *not* to make himself at home amongst us, he was, after due deliberation, set free, and allowed to continue his journey in pursuit of his companions, who must have been wondering what could have become of him for so many hours. I now propose directing your attention to the consideration of some of the interesting facts in connection with the vast ocean we have been traversing for the last six weeks, and which offers such innumerable objects for our reflection. In the first place we are all of us aware of the fact that sea-water differs materially from rain water or river water, inasmuch as it is salt. We all know this, but have we asked ourselves what object the Creator of the Universe may have had in view when he established this difference between the waters that were under the firmament, and which he gathered together and called seas, and the waters that were above the firmament? In other words, have we considered for a moment why the sea is salt? Some persons believe that if the sea were not salt it would become stagnant and putrefy; but this reason does not appear to be the correct one, for large masses of fresh water, such as inland lakes, do not stagnate. Strictly speaking, pure water cannot putrefy. When water does become stagnant, as we often find it does in pools and small ponds, it is on account of the decomposition of vegetable or animal matters contained in it, and, if we liked to try the experiment, we should find that animal and vegetable matters decompose and become offensive in salt water as well as in fresh. Every one who has been in the habit of bathing knows how much easier it is to swim in the sea than it is in the river, and how much better he can float on the salt water than on the fresh. Now when we come to consider that this fluid bears on its bosom the commerce of the world, how clearly do we see what an important advantage is gained by its superior buoyancy; and is it not very probable that the Author of the Universe had in view the convenience and benefit of man when he ordained the sea to be salt? By the sea being salt its weight is increased without its bulk being in any way affected, and is it not reasonable to suppose that its present density was necessary also for the perfect accomplishment of those motions and revolutions of the earth, which would be materially altered, were the vast bulk of water comprising the ocean of less density and of less specific gravity? The ocean contains three parts in every hundred of

saline matter, consisting chiefly of "sulfate of soda" or common table salt, with small proportions of other salts. The amount of common salt in the ocean is estimated by Schaufhault at 3,651,342 cubic geographical miles, or about five times more than the mass of the Alps, and only one-third less than that of the Himalayas. Sulfate of soda equals 633,644.36 cubic miles, or is to the mass of the Alps; the chloride of magnesium 441, cubic miles; the lime salts 109,339.44 cubic miles. Admitting with Laplace that the mean depth of the ocean is from four to five miles, the mass of marine salt will be more than double the mass of the Himalayas. If we consider only the immense amount of evaporation which is daily going on from the sea, we might suppose that, like a vessel of the fluid exposed to the sun, it would diminish in volume, and increase in saltiness, until at length nothing would be left but a dry crust of salt upon the bottom; on the other hand, looking alone at the many millions of tons of fresh water which are every moment poured into its bosom from the rivers of the earth, we might apprehend a speedy overflow, and a second destruction by a flood. But these two are exactly balanced; the water taken up by evaporation is with scrupulous exactness restored again, either indirectly in rain, which falls on the sea, or circuitously in the rain and snow which, falling on the land, feed the mountain streams and rivers and hurry back to their source. This interesting calculation had been long ago observed by the wisest of men. "All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full: unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again" (Eccles. 1. 7). And a very beautiful and instructive instance it is of that unerring skill and wisdom with which the whole constitution of our earth is ordered and kept in order by Him who, with minute accuracy, "weigheth the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance." We shall continue the subject in our next number by making a few observations on the Depth and Pressure of the ocean, and the nature and character of the Waves.

NATURALIST.

## Jokes, &amp;c.

A Professor of Woolwich Academy, who had a painful habit of using his where they were not needed, was heard one day to remark to a Cadet whose exercise he was examining, that there were only two hens (n's) in Vienna. Another young gentleman of precocious talent immediately ejaculated "By Jove how hard up they must be for eggs!"

The effects of free living told heavily upon Sheridan, as all the world knows, towards the latter part of his life; but even acute bodily suffering failed to depress the brilliancy of wit for which he was so celebrated. On one occasion, when complaining of digestion, his Surgeon told him that the "coats" of his stomach were entirely destroyed. Sheridan replied that "if that was the case he did not know what was to become of him unless the stomach could contrive to digest in its waistcoat."

## Birth.

On the 30th ultimo, in Lat. 17° S., Long. 34° 50' W., the wife of Sergeant Richard Bridgman, R. E., of a daughter.

## Naval and Military Intelligence.

## ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Nov. 28th	13° 40' S.	33° 42' W.	S.W. 3/4 W. 170 m.
" 29th	16° 46' S.	34° 15' W.	S.W. 1/2 W. 130 m.
" 30th	17° 38' S.	35° 2' W.	S.W. 1/2 W. 121 m.
Dec. 1st	20° 15' S.	35° 41' W.	S.W. 1/2 W. 196 m.
" 2nd	23° 27' S.	36° 6' W.	S.W. 1/2 W. 160 m.
" 3rd	25° 53' S.	37° 40' W.	S.W. 1/2 S. 100 m.
" 4th	28° 30' S.	38° 55' W.	S.W. 1/2 S. 118 m.

To-day at noon Monte Video bore S.W. by W. 3/4 W. 995 miles, the Falkland Islands S.W. by S. 1740 miles, and Cape Horn S.W. 3/4 S. 2130 miles.

We have heard with sincere pleasure, and we believe on good authority, that the ancient punishment of the stocks has as a temporary measure been done away with in the army, by an order emanating from the Office of the Commander-in-Chief. It is rumored also that men appearing on parade on Sundays in hot weather are no longer to be required, as heretofore, to grin through a collar. We think his Royal Highness is greatly to be commended for the spirit he has shown in introducing these salutary reforms.

On the 28th ulto. we spoke the British ship "Northumberland," with depots of Indian Regiments, from Cork, bound to Bombay, 36 days out, with loss of main-top-gallant-mast and fore-top-mast.

About the poop the poop usually call he was rumored match be de doo d ing worl offered). "booby, de doo d a Sea H declared and stuff the sugg

My nigg would now tell some the devil. I ever tast row bone I nees are a knife and day in the never stop with roost would also ting of flou turer's Alh is was show ing for the talantes, I devoured, that he wa olle, would sionally st ing his dev ing to St. I squaw, I around mo cold somet were in th my nigger became aw ing on in stumbers "Mata-ho of Iceland as soon as ing quality Baptiste, sleep into infallibly to the bus other two "dunally call a cup in the side nearly stu you." In partridge, things I f shirt, dra Sundays, eating; I was in cap Yankee sp

SCI When a time, Pat "Pat M "Hollo "Can y "I can y "Well, "Oh, m of his ow "Is he "I'd be "Does "Well, man as he "Then "No, I "They en like a

## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

### Sporting Intelligence.

About 11.30 p. m. on Sunday the 28th ult., a bird flew on the poop, and, after sundry hops, bites, and kicks, was eventually captured by that sportsman of sportsmen Mr. Osborne. He was kept till morning in a bread basket, and, it being first rumored that he was one of Mother Carey's own chickens, a match between him and that well known game cock "Hoop de doo dem doo" was eagerly looked forward to by the sporting world. Betting five to four on the game cock (taken and offered). On the hint being thrown out that he was a "booby," the betting immediately rose to 10 to 1 on "Hoop de doo dem doo," and, when it turned out at last that he was a Sea Swallow, and rather out of condition, the match was declared off. Some voted for keeping him, some for killing and stuffing him, but humanity at length prevailed, and at the suggestion of the ladies he was eventually let go.

### MOOSE HUNTING.

(Continued.)

My nigger, Mr. da Fini, whose sole talents were of a culinary description, would now produce his frying pan and fill it with moose meat and onions, boil some rice, and in a few minutes we would be hard at work eating like the devil. A slice cut from the haunch of a young moose is the best meat I ever tasted, not excepting the primest sirloin of English beef. The marrow bone is the grandest thing of the sort you can conceive, and the kidneys are also very fine eating. You know I'm not at all a bad hand at the knife and fork, but I was nothing to the niggers. If we ever spent a whole day in the camp, as we sometimes did when it snowed much, they would never stop eating; the intervals between the regular meals were filled up with roasting bits of meat on sticks and eating it half raw. Then they would also make an abomination they called a "gallette" or cake, consisting of flour and water kneaded together until the marks of the manufacturer's filthy thumb were pretty equally distributed over the surface, when it was shoved into the ashes, in which they had probably been expectorating for the last forty-eight hours, and, after remaining there about five minutes, it was pronounced to be cooked, drawn forth all over smut, and devoured. Previously to retiring to rest, da Fini, who, notwithstanding that he was as horrible a blackguard as ever existed, was an excellent Catholic, would kneel down to say his prayers with his pipe in his mouth, occasionally stopping to swear most frightfully at the dogs, and then continuing his devotions. This bird offered me his wife for two dollars, on returning to St. Francis, a courtesy which, seeing that she was rather a dirty squaw, I did not think fit to accept. At night I used to roll my blankets around me and lie down with my knapsack for a pillow. It was desperately cold sometimes, and my spirit flask would freeze at my head while my toes were in the fire. I was generally woken two or three times in the night by my nigger poking me up across the fire with a stick, and on sitting up, became aware of the pleasing fact that there was a small conflagration going on in my moccasins, blanket, or some other article of apparel. My slumbers were also frequently broken by one of the Indian dogs called "Mata-hontas" or the "devil," a regular specimen of the prick-eared cur of Ireland, who used to make a point of sitting on my chest or head as soon as I was asleep, and producing temporary night-mare. The hunting qualities of this creature were held in great esteem by his proprietor Baptiste, in consequence, as I discovered, of his having once converted sheep into mutton, a qualification which in any civilized community would infallibly have procured him a halter. We took three gallons of brandy into the bush in a keg and drank it all. Baptiste was a teetotaler, but the other two gentlemen were seized with periodical fits of sickness which obstinately refused to yield to any other remedy than brandy. We used to call a cup of brandy and water a horn. One night the keg, which was stuck in the side of the cabin in the snow, tumbled down on Baptiste's head and nearly stunned him. "Ah!" quoth our red friend, "your horn stick to you." In this way we spent thirty days in the bush. I killed a hare and partridge, both with ball, which, besides the moose I killed were the only things I fired at. My attire all the time consisted of a flannel waistcoat and shirt, drawers, trousers, and a blanket coat. We never washed except on Sundays, a day which we devoted to cleanliness, and our companions to eating; I came out of the woods with a white moustache, and a red face. I was in capital health the whole time. I find our exploits are figuring in a Yankee sporting paper as "a tall moose hunt."

### SCENE IN A DUBLIN THEATRE 50 YEARS AGO.

When a new Lord and Lady Lieutenant visited the Theatre for the first time, Pat's peculiarities became most diverting.  
"Pat Mooney," shouts a voice in the gallery.  
"Hollo," answers Pat from the following side.  
"Can you see them Pat?" (meaning the Lord and Lady Lieutenant.)  
"I can."  
"Well, what's he like?"  
"Oh, mighty like a grazier or a middleman; any way he's got a long nose of his own." (loud laughter in which his lordship joins.)  
"Is he clever then you?"  
"I'd be sorry to make him since keeper," (laughter again).  
"Does he look good natured?"  
"Well, he does, and enjoys a joke to, Heaven bless him! like a gentleman as he is."  
"Then we'll not have to send him back?"  
"No, I don't think we shall; we might get a worse." (roars of laughter.)  
"They say he's mighty generous, and means to spend his money amongst us like a prince."

Gallery—"Bravo! bravo! we'll keep him then, we'll keep him then. Three cheers boys for the Lord Lieutenant!" (cheers and laughter.)  
"Well what's she like Pat?"  
"Oh nothing particular, she'd not frighten a horse," (roars; her Ladyship joins.)  
"Is she tall?"  
"Wait till she stands up."  
"Maybe she's stout Pat?"  
"Faix! you may say that, it is 'at the likes of her lives on buttermilk."  
"Do you think she's good natured?"  
"Oh I'll engage she is, she has the real blood in her and there's plenty of it," (roars of "Bravo" from the gallery.)  
Many voices—"She'll do then Pat."  
"Och! she will, she will, I'll engage for her Ladyship."  
"We may keep her then may we?"  
"Och! the longer the better, the longer the better," (roars) it's her Ladyship that'll speak the good word for the man that's in trouble, and never let the decent woman want that's in the straw, God bless her."  
Gallery—"Bravo! bravo! three cheers for her Ladyship! three cheers for the Lady Lieutenant," (cheers and laughter.)  
Pat Mooney—(seeing the Lord Mayor) "My soul to ye! Dan Finnigan is that you?"  
Gallery—"Ah! ah! is that you Dan Finnigan? is that you?" (hisses and laughter.)  
Pat Mooney—"Faix! it's good for the likes of us to see you down among the gentry there, Dan Finnigan!" (a loud laugh, at which his Lordship does not seem particularly well pleased.) "Och! you need not look up so sour at us. Many's the good time you've sat up here yourself; you know it is ye could vinegar bottle." (roars.)  
"Sure the world's gone well wid you, any way Dan Finnigan. Ye had 'nt them white kid gloves?"  
Pat Mooney—"No nor that grand cocked hat there."  
Gallery—"No, nor that white wand, ye cormorant! When you kept the chandler's shop, and cheated Mike Kelly out of a farden's worth of pipes. Who cheated Mike Kelly? Who cheated Mike Kelly?" (great confusion during which the orchestra strikes up.)

### Conundrums.

XIII. Why is Blind-man's-buff like sympathy?  
XIV. Why did the accession of Queen Victoria throw a greater damp over England than the death of King William?  
XV. What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover?  
ANSWERS TO X. One is the "sale of effects" and the other the "effects of a sale."  
"XI. Because they are sure to get their next word (necks twirl) ed) in this."  
"XII. The waves rose and the winds blew (blue.)"  
LOVE LETTER.—A young gentleman wrote the following lines to a young lady with whom he was deeply in love:  
Read see that me; n' not my got.  
down will I love if me love for  
and you love you t t love for be  
up and you if you should you must  
To which the young lady replied:  
Down and girl just love for mine's the  
and you the to your me that same  
up will I'm your if is find to  
Read find that mind; and true you'll you.

### Advertisements.

#### Theatre Royal, "Thames City." IMMENSE ATTRACTION!

THE MANAGER, having succeeded in securing the addition to his Company of the services of those distinguished artists, "Herr Wolfenden" and "Miss Matilda Hazel," has the pleasure to announce to the public that, on Wednesday evening the 8th inst., will be presented the farce in one Act by John Maddison Morton, entitled,  
"A THUMPING LEGACY."

Filippo Ceronimo, (an Innkeeper).....CHARLES DERRAN.  
Jerry Orinow, (his Nephew).....CHARLES SINNETT.  
Bambogatti.....JAMES B. LAUNDERS.  
Leon.....JAMES TURNBULL.  
Brigadier of Carbineers.....RICHARD WOLFENDEN.  
First Carbineer.....JOHN MEADE.  
Second Carbineer.....GEORGE EATON.  
Rosetta, (daughter of Filippo).....MISS MATILDA HAZEL.  
Leader of the Orchestra.....WILLIAM HATNES.  
Comic, and other songs will be introduced during the evening.  
Reserved seats for Ladies only.  
ALFRED R. HOWSE, Manager.

### LOST.

IMMEDIATELY in front of the residence of Mrs. Swine, No. 1, Longbast Square, a REGIMENTAL CLASP KNIFE. Whoever will bring the same to the Editor will receive ample reward.

### LOST.

AT or near Laundry Lane, a WHITE-HANDLED PENKNIFE, on which is engraved the name of the owner. Whoever has found the same, and will return it to the owner, will be rewarded, if not in this world certainly in the next.

## Market Intelligence.

**BEEF.**—Very good and in great demand.  
**MUTTON.**—There has been a small supply during the past week of this article, but of such an inferior quality, that there was little or no demand made.  
**PORK.**—Not being of such a superior quality as in general, the demands have been moderate.  
**FLOUR.**—A good consignment of flour at full rate. There are still complaints about the POTATOES.  
**COFFEE.**—Was in great request during the past week, but either owing to a scarcity of the article in market, or the desire of monopolists to keep up their prices, no business was effected.

## Songs and Poetry.

### A PILL FOR CHARLEY.

- 1 Had my answer to your first challenge been a fiction,  
 I could have borne your petty contradiction;  
 Your meanness, sir, has raised my ire,  
 My barrel's full and thus again I fire.
- 2 You fairly deserve a sound good thrashing,  
 Not allegorical, as was my lashing,  
 For denying shamefully, as you do  
 The truthful attack I made on you.  
 I'll see your neck tight in a noose  
 Before I tremble in my shoes;  
 Retreat I can't, I won't be dumb;  
 If you don't bite your nails, you suck your thumb.
- 3 You say I growl because from watches you're exempt,  
 I treat this false assertion, sir, with gross contempt;  
 I neither growl, nor snarl, nor bite,  
 I only hit you hard when o'er I write.  
 You dare taunt me with feeding on ox-tails,  
 But even here your base assertion fails,  
 The cabin folks (gentlemen excuse a slinger)  
 Don't always get ox-tails to eat for dinner.
- 4 You contradict yourself, for in a former pun  
 You said I "nibbled junk at number one;"  
 Allow me to ask sir, without any jesting,  
 Why your head upon your hand is often resting;  
 The matter's plain, and there is no delusion;  
 By me you're licked, completely in confusion;  
 Your senses seem gone, as every particle  
 Judging from your last wishy-washy article.
- 5 Write something good, if 'tis within your scope,  
 Don't look so cross, there's no offence I hope,  
 Why call the lines I wrote a "puny squeak?"  
 At any rate they quickly make you speak,  
 In passion too, you're far too rash,  
 Take it coolly, man, as I do your trash.  
 We each defend ourselves as if prize writers,  
 We're hardly big enough to be prize fighters.
- 6 I did not wish to take a look  
 Into that very pretty book,  
 But if from it you do not steal,  
 Why does my allusion make you squeal?  
 Was it a Survey lesson or on chain jobbing,  
 "Jack the Giant Killer," or Cock Robin?"  
 Perhaps a fable "The Shadow and the Dog,"  
 Or else that one about the Bull and Frog.
- 7 The silly frog who swelled himself so full,  
 He thought in size to be a noble bull,  
 Analogies are often pleasing,  
 And as I have a knack of teasing,  
 I'll carry on this funny tale,  
 The simile should make you quail;  
 Of bounce you seem so very full,  
 I'll call you the frog, myself the bull.
- 8 The bull's vengeance did not thirst,  
 But let the frog go on until he burst;  
 Such is your case I'll willingly engage,  
 You're bursting now, if not with grease, with rage.  
 The noble bull on the frog took pity,  
 I treat you the same, also your ditty.
- 9 You've styled yourself a hawk, and me a little wren,  
 And, by the alteration of a single word,  
 You have had a mighty pecking from a little bird.  
 Come, come, confess at once (don't look, alack)  
 That the wren has laid the hawk upon his back.  
 You are plainly beat and in a pretty fixure,  
 But hold again, I've got another picture.
- 10 Of birds you seem quite fond, and now my wish is  
 To introduce a line or two about fishes.  
 Of course I do but wish to hit my mark  
 So consider yourself a trout, and me a shark.  
 Along the stream you have been closely followed,  
 Alas, poor trout you're in shark's jaws, and swallowed!
- 11 I must say a word about my healing scratches,  
 On horrid wounds, sir, I have laid the patches;  
 In soothing others' pains I take great pleasure,  
 And try my very best to prove a little treasure.  
 By such duties I fulfil my mission,  
 Therefore cast no slur on my position,  
 To serve you all I'll be constant, firm and steady,  
 Morn, noon and night, I'm always willing, ready.

12 Another word before I say adieu,  
 As you lash me, sir, as shall I lash you,  
 Repeat your dose you'll do no harm I know,  
 My motto is that "while I live I'll crow!"

### THE ILL FATED PORPOISE.

See on our stately ship's lee quarter  
 A herd of sea-hogs is descried,  
 On they rush through air and water  
 Steering for the vessel's side.  
 In greedy haste,  
 The practice'd tar his weapon takes,  
 And he hurries to his post,  
 He for the Dolphin-striker makes  
 For there is no time to be lost,  
 They now are near.  
 With well-nerved arm and steady hand  
 The deadly shaft he poises,  
 The running line is ably manned,  
 And here come the Porpoises,  
 Dashing and splashing.  
 They brist and plunge beneath the bow,  
 Now have a care you lubber,  
 One moment more he has him now,  
 With nine bars in his blubber,  
 Some inches deep.  
 In vain he wrestles to get free,  
 He finds he's been too bold,  
 He struggles hard for liberty,  
 And breaks from treacherous hold,  
 In lashing rage.  
 The ponderous fish has bent the grain,  
 Now madly off he rushes,  
 The path he takes his life blood stains,  
 As from his wounds it gushes,  
 In copious stream.  
 With lightning speed the herd he reaches  
 And they scent the vital stream,  
 They fix their snouts on him like leeches,  
 How greedy now of gore, they seem!  
 To know not sympathy.  
 His fears increase, improved his speed,  
 Resolved, they keep his track,  
 Once more from him they wrest the lead,  
 And fix on his gory back,  
 Without remorse.  
 In pain he leaps high in the air,  
 And with him he fain would fly,  
 Then deep he dives in wild despair,  
 He is spent and soon must die!  
 How sad his fate!  
 Once more his sides appear to view,  
 Soon death will close his eyes,  
 See, with a plunge he bids adieu,  
 He flaps his tail, and dies,  
 By kin unpitied.

J. D. L.

### PROLOGUE TO "CROSSING THE LINE."

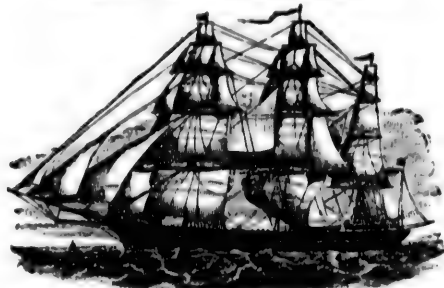
There is not one of us who does not love  
 At night to search the clear calm skies above,  
 To watch the light clouds drifting o'er the moon,  
 And wait for stars we know are coming soon.  
 And is there one of us who does not cast  
 Across the magic line we have just passed,  
 In the deep night when lights are bugled out,  
 A thought on England's fogs and "London Stout,"  
 The shrimps, the prawns, the winkles of the shores  
 Of that dear land an Englishman adores!  
 And don't we now and then besides remember  
 The plays that we have gone to in November,  
 The little stalls that decorate our streets,  
 Containing oysters, petticoats, and sweets?  
 And these delights, are they forever o'er?  
 Shall crowds no longer throng the play-house door?  
 Yes; be it known we've entered on the line  
 Theatrical, great talents here combine  
 To reproduce the play of Monday morning,  
 When Neptune, after Sunday-evening's warning,  
 Called with his wife and officers of state,  
 Whose shirts had collars of the latest date,  
 Collars so sharply that they well might be  
 The envy of that swell Lieutenant P—  
 Then all men bent in awe at Neptune's rule,  
 Save some brought forward like great boys to school,  
 And Hughey Price, who kept his legs below,  
 And trembled at his "Saddler's" overthrow.  
 At last perhaps our curtain we may raise,  
 And, when it drops, we hope for some small praise;  
 Meanwhile we make no promises but these,  
 That we will do our very best to please,  
 And trust to frighten no one by our story,  
 As Neptune did by kissing Fanny Moroy.

W. H.

The publication of THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE and CAPE HORN  
 CIRCULARS was commenced at 2 p. m. on the 2nd inst., and finished at 2 p.  
 m. this day. Published at the office, Starboard Front Cabin, Thames City.

# THE EMIGRANT

## Soldiers'



## Gazette,

### AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 6.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11TH, 1858.

[PRICE 3D.

#### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," DECEMBER 11th, 1858.

LAT. 39.24 S. LONG. 49.44 W. MOON'S FIRST QUARTER, DEC. 13TH, AT 3H. 29M. P. M.

PROBABLY most of our readers are anxiously looking forward to the day when the "Thames City" will be safely anchored in Port William at the Falkland Islands. We trust that their expectations may be soon realized, and that the few days we may remain there, will be a pleasant break in our long voyage. The Falkland Islands form a group or cluster of nearly ninety in number; they were first seen in the year 1592 by Captain Davis, when there was no appearance of their ever having been inhabited. Several attempts at settling in these Islands were made by the French, English, Spanish and Germans in succession, between 1763 and 1834, none of which appear to have succeeded. At the latter date Lieut. Smith, R. N., was appointed Governor, and arrived there with a small party as the nucleus of a future Colony. Col. Moody, R. E., under whose command we shall be in British Columbia, was also Governor of these Islands for some years. In one point of view the Falkland Islands present to the English a most important feature, as the Eastern island possesses a beautiful harbor of easy access, where excellent water, fine beef and good vegetables can be procured at moderate prices. It is also in the direct track of every ship doubling Cape Horn. The climate is temperate, but the weather generally unsettled; some parts of the Islands are mountainous, and few if any trees are to be seen. Herds of wild horned cattle exist, wild horses are also found of small size and very hardy. Game is extremely common, especially wild geese and ducks. Fish abound in all the bays and inlets, particularly in the spring; their flavor is excellent, and when salted are considered by some to be superior to cod. We hope that no time will be lost when we get into harbor by the Commissariat Department in obtaining a good supply of fresh beef, mutton and other necessities of life for the use of all on board. We also think that this opportunity should not be lost by the Chief Commissioner of Public Works for obtaining a good assort-

ment of lamps, brooms, mops, buckets, hose, &c., sufficient to last for the remainder of the voyage.

We are aware that it is not usual for troops on a voyage to be allowed to land until they get to their destination, but should our Commanding Officer, taking into consideration the nature of the expedition, and the high character borne by the Detachment, grant this indulgence, we are sure that every one would consider it a matter of honor as well as duty not to abuse it.

It is very pleasant and delightful of a fine clear night to be on deck and watch the stars or planets as they make their first appearance above the horizon, suddenly bursting upon our view with a cheerful little twinkle and throw their subdued rays across the intervening waters. There is no ceremony or grandeur attending their appearance, but they suddenly shine forth bright and happy looking, in a hitherto gloomy portion of the horizon, and pursue their silent path through the deep vault of heaven. If however we stay till morning, and see the sun rise, a much grander and more magnificent spectacle awaits us. He sends his light before him to herald as it were his approach, and soon we see the first bright speck, gradually increasing from speck to segment, from segment to semicircle and from semicircle to circle, when finally the whole of the magnificent orb shines forth in stately splendor, and pursues his daily path, giving forth that light and heat so essential to our globe and all mankind, while the simple star-rise is almost forgotten in the solemn and stately splendor which accompanies the rising of the greater orb. Ideas of this nature must evidently have actuated the manager of our theatricals in arranging the programmes of his entertainments, as, although it is far from our intention or wish to speak lightly of the performance of Monday week, which was in every respect excellent and amusing, it must be confessed that the successive portions of the entertainment of Wednesday evening last, which drew forth bursts of applause from an audience more delighted and more crowded it possible than before, as far outshone and eclipsed those of the former occasion as does the grand and stately appearance of the sun-rise overwhelm in magnificence the quiet and simple beauty which attends the first appearance of a star. We have often observed that our nautical friends on board evince to a great extent, and more especially when hauling on the ropes, the existence in their noddles of the bump of "destructiveness," as, no matter what they are pulling at, they invariably ejaculate "down his house, heigh ho!" In this instance however we may safely predict that, whether their efforts are directed against "Howse the Manager" or the "House Theatrical," either house, to judge from the grandeur of their first successes, will effectually withstand all attempts at its destruction. In connection with the play itself, we beg to congratulate all concerned on the addition to the Company of that beautiful and accomplished actress, Miss Matilda Hazel, who, in the

## THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE,

character of Rosetta, combining becoming modesty with charming naivete and frankness, acted most admirably, and delighted the whole audience with the exquisite modulations of her voice. The excellent acting of the gentlemen must have been obvious to all, but, as critics, we would beg more especially to notice that of Messrs. Sinnett and Derham, the former of whom as "Jerry Ominous," and the latter as his uncle "Geronimo," evinced great talent and a careful preparation of their respective parts. After the play a collection of comic and other songs, such as probably have never before been heard on board ship, and rarely, if ever, on shore, produced loud bursts of applause. First came the Christy's Minstrels, (for we can call them by no other name) a band of negro performers of such rare ability and color, and with instruments of so fine a tone and construction that, while at one moment their entreaties to a certain "Susanna" not to indulge in tears on their account, would all but affect the audience to indulgence in the same weakness themselves, their jokes and antics the next moment would make all laugh to an extent that threatened immediate explosion, and cause them to think of their own ribs in connection with some bones played by an old friend of ours in his favorite corner at the back of the stage. Another gentleman appeared rather bilious, in consequence, as he informed us, of his having detected in certain mutton pies the flavor, not of pepper, potatoes, onions, or salt, but of a patriarchal dog, in indigent circumstances, commonly called Tray, whose existence had been suddenly terminated by a dose of prussic acid. "Bobby Miles," who, by the by, imitates Robson as much as ever, told us a good deal, but not quite all about a trip to Gravesend with his wife, and the consequences. Since his marriage he has indulged in a new suit of clothes, and has given further proof of his scientific capabilities by the invention of a complication of machinery which imparts to his head, while music is playing, a curious kind of reciprocating motion, that produces a pleasing and soothing effect on the audience.

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

During the past week we have had the opportunity of observing a most remarkable species of ocean bird. Last Monday the 6th inst., two Albatrosses first made their appearance following our vessel, together with several Cape Hens and Stormy Petrels, who accompanied us the whole day in a most persevering manner, pouncing upon everything that was thrown overboard as if they had been weeks without food. The following day, the 7th, scarcely one of this large party was visible. The fact was we were almost becalmed, and, curious to say, these ocean birds seldom accompany a vessel except in rough weather. The next day the weather was very unsettled, and we again found ourselves in the company of the two Albatrosses and their large retinue of Cape Hens and Stormy Petrels. We cannot positively state whether they were the identical birds who had followed us on Monday, but in all probability they were the same. The Albatross generally frequents the vast expanse of ocean which lies to the south of the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn, and seldom or ever approaches the tropics. These birds, provided with enormous wings, which sometimes measure as much as fifteen feet in extent, follow and attend ships for many thousands of miles, and even from one ocean to another. They are exceedingly voracious, and it is said they will even attack sailors who may happen to fall overboard, in places where they abound, if not immediately rescued by their comrades. It was long supposed that the Albatross was peculiar to the Southern Hemisphere, but a species has been found in considerable numbers in the North Pacific Ocean about Behring's Straits, in pursuit of the vast shoals of fish which occur in these regions. On the morning of the 8th, attention was drawn to a most curious appearance which the water presented. Streaks of a gelatinous looking substance of a reddish brown color were observed floating and extending for several feet in a zig-zag direction along the sides of our vessel. This extraordinary looking substance was supposed to be the spawn of some large fish, but, on examining a tumbler of water drawn from the dark brown surface, some curious transparent look-

ing creatures of an oblong shape, varying in length from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch, were visible. The head of one of these creatures presented a most interesting subject for reflection on the wonders of Nature. The mouth was surrounded by a delicate fringe covered with very minute red specks, which under the microscope would have presented the appearance of transparent cylinders, furnished with suckers capable of being thrust out, and adapted for seizing and holding their minute prey. On each side of the mouth was a long tentacle or feeder, whose office appears to have been to attract the particles of food and conduct them to the animal's mouth. After careful examination and close observation, we came to the conclusion that these interesting little creatures were small medusae, a species of living animal we had occasion to mention in the second number of our paper as contributing largely to the production of that beautiful phenomenon the "phosphorescence of the sea." Anxious to witness this curious luminous property, I kept a few of these medusae in a tumbler of water until night, and, on agitating the water in the dark, I had the satisfaction of observing bright specks of light proceeding from the bottom of the glass where the creatures were lying: some of the sparks were very vivid, while others were faint and scarcely perceptible. After a few minutes the emission of light ceased, but again appeared on stirring the water after having been allowed to rest for a short while. The act of stirring the liquid however soon caused the destruction of the medusae, and life being extinct they ceased to emit any more luminosity. The discoloration of vast extents of the water by these hosts of small animals is not an uncommon occurrence in the Atlantic, but it is more noticeable in the Arctic seas, where the water is most extensively colored of a grass-green or an olive-green hue, owing to the presence of millions of medusae of microscopic minuteness. The "green water," as it is called, though liable to slight shifting from the force of currents, is pretty constant in its position, occupying about one-fourth of the whole of the Greenland Sea. Mr. Scoresby an eminent naturalist computes that within the compass of two square miles, supposing these animals to extend to the depth of two hundred and fifty fathoms, there would be congregated a number which 80,000 persons counting incessantly from the creation until now would not have enumerated though they worked at the rate of a million per week. And when we consider that the area occupied by this green water in the Greenland Sea is not less than 20,000 miles, what a vast idea does it give us of the profusion of animal life, and of the beneficence of Him who "openeth His hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

NATURALIST.

### THE RAPIDS OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

(Continued.)

It is surprising to see with what fearless unconcern the savages about here venture in their light barks upon the roughest and most tempestuous seas. They seem to ride upon the waves like sea-fowl. In managing their canoes they kneel two and two along the bottom, sitting on their heels, and wielding paddles from four to five feet long, while one sits on the stern and steers with a paddle of the same kind. The women are equally expert with the men in managing the canoe, and generally take the helm. Should a surge throw the canoe on its side and endanger its overturn, those to the windward lean over the upper gunwale, thrust their paddles deep into the wave, apparently catch the water and force it under the canoe, and by this action not merely gain their equilibrium but give their bark a vigorous impulse forward. The effect of different modes of life upon the human frame and human character is strikingly instanced in the contrast between the hunting Indians of the prairies and the piscatory Indians of the Sea Coast. The former, continually on horse-back scouring the plains, gaining their food by hardy exercise, and subsisting chiefly on flesh, are generally tall, sinewy, meagre, but well formed, and of bold and fierce deportment; the latter, lounging about the river banks, or squatting and curved up in their canoes, are generally low in stature, ill shaped, with crooked legs, thick ancles and broad flat feet. They are in-

ferior to the fish-kind of "oolach" at the mouth of the river and so by the solid feet, and end of great principal art them on river side ways by use the record in per end attached and built wards n found he but little the prim towards dle of A titles, e water. gust to of teeth. it has re generally for wint

As we few wor of some them. gradually is termed matter t angibila tions mu that the the air a ample e in bulk, decks an weather visible c phere; i lower; t they ris visible. same or the vap evident of lakes cool'd. The attr or other fog, or in the h invisible istence into a b bottle w gning to d ing the ter. In ture on ature of



## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

ferior also in muscular power and activity. Towards spring the fishing season commences, the season of plenty on the Columbia river. About the beginning of February a small kind of fish, about six inches long, called by the natives the "oolachan," and resembling the smelt, makes its appearance at the mouth of the river. It is said to be of delicious flavor, and so fat as to burn like a candle, for which it is often used by the natives. It enters the river in immense shoals, like solid columns, often extending to the depth of four or five feet, and is scooped up by the natives with small nets at the end of poles. In this way they soon fill a canoe, or form a great heap on the river banks. These fish constitute a principal article of their food, the women drying them and stringing them on cords. The "sturgeon" makes its appearance in the river shortly after the "oolachan," and is taken in different ways by the natives; sometimes they spear it, but often they use the hook and line, and the net. Occasionally they sink a cord in the river with a heavy weight with a buoy at the upper end to keep it floating. To this cord several hooks are attached by short lines, a few feet distant from each other, and baited with small fish. This apparatus is often set towards night, and by the morning several sturgeon will be found hooked by it, for though a large and strong fish it makes but little resistance when ensnared. The salmon, which are the prime fish of the Columbia, do not enter the river until towards the latter part of May, from which time until the middle of August they abound, and are now taken in vast quantities, either with the spear or seine, and mostly in shallow water. An inferior species succeeds and continues from August to December. It is remarkable for having a double row of teeth, half an inch long and extremely sharp, from whence it has received the name of the dog-toothed salmon. It is generally killed with the spear in small rivulets and smoked for winter provisions.

### ON RAIN.

As we have lately had an abundance of the above article, a few words on its nature and origin may I trust be possessed of some interest to such as are not already acquainted with them. Water poured into an open vessel is found to diminish gradually, and eventually disappear altogether. This process is termed Evaporation, but as it is an essential property of matter that the particles composing any substance cannot be annihilated, and although decomposed in infinitesimal portions must continue to exist in some form or other, we know that the water has only changed its form and ascended into the air as vapor. Evaporation is favored by heat, as we have ample evidence to show. Warm water for instance decreases in bulk, as is well known, more quickly than cold, and wet decks and puddles dry up more quickly in warm than in cold weather. Whether however the process of evaporation be visible or not, depends on the state of the surrounding atmosphere; i. e. if the surrounding atmosphere have a somewhat lower temperature than the evaporating body, the vapors as they rise become cool and are condensed, being thus rendered visible. If however the surrounding atmosphere have the same or nearly the same temperature as the evaporating body, the vapors are not condensed, and remain invisible. This is evident from the fogs and mists which appear on the surfaces of lakes and marshes after the sun has set and the atmosphere cooled, but which are not visible by day when the sun is up. The atmosphere always contains watery vapor in some form or other, whether it exists in a visible state in the form of mist, fog, or clouds, (the only difference in these three consisting in the height to which they rise,) or whether it exists in an invisible state as it does in clear weather. A proof of its existence in the above state may be given by pouring cold water into a bottle on a warm day, when the exterior surface of the bottle will be soon covered with moisture, sometimes amounting to drops caused by the condensation of the air surrounding the bottle, owing to the diminished temperature of the latter. In a similar manner dew is simply a deposition of moisture on the earth's surface, caused by the diminished temperature of the lower strata of the atmosphere. Let us now

extend this principle to the upper strata of the atmosphere, and it will be readily understood, that if a cool stratum come into contact with a warm one, condensation of the watery vapor takes place, and it descends to the earth in the form of rain.

AQUARIUS.

## Foreign Intelligence.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 1st.—Since I last wrote to you nothing new of a political nature has transpired, so I will send you an extract from the Patent Office report as a gratifying index of the general inventive industry of the country. In Prof. Rennick's examiner's report we hear of the invention of a harpoon which makes the whale kill himself. The more he pulls the line the deeper goes the harpoon. Examiner Lane's report describes various new electrical inventions. Among those is an electric whaling apparatus, by which the whale is literally "shocked to death." Another is an electro-magnetic alarm which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire or burglars. Another is an electric clock, which wakes you up, tells you what time it is and lights a lamp for you, at any hour you please. There is a sound-gatherer, a sort of huge ectr trumpet, to be placed in front of a locomotive, bringing to the engineer's ear all the noises ahead perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the rattle of the train. There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them all round with their heads up and sticks them in papers in regular rows. Another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in tobacco leaves and turning out the perfect article.

One machine cuts cheese; another scours knives and forks; another blacks boots; another rocks the cradle; and seven or eight take in washing and ironing.

There is a parlor chair patented that cannot be tipped back on two legs, and a railway chair that can be tipped back into any position without any legs at all.

Another patent is for a machine that counts the passengers in an omnibus and takes their fares. When a very fat man gets in it counts two and charges double.

There are a variety of guns patented that load themselves; a fish line that adjusts its own bait; and a rat-trap that throws away the rat, and then baits and sets itself, and stands in the corner for another.

There is a machine also by which a man prints instead of writing his thoughts; it is played on like a piano. And speaking of pianos, it is estimated that nine thousand are made every day in the United States, giving constant employment to one thousand nine hundred hands, and costing over two millions of dollars.

## Naval and Military Intelligence.

### ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

During the past week.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Dec. 5th . . .	29° 52' S.	40° 04' W.	S.W. 154 m.
" 6th . . .	32° 03' S.	42° 40' W.	S.W. 188 m.
" 7th . . .	33° 48' S.	44° 24' W.	S.W. 138 m.
" 8th . . .	35° 15' S.	46° 35' W.	S.W. 138 m.
" 9th . . .	37° 19' S.	47° 23' W.	S.W. 131 m.
" 10th . . .	39° 09' S.	49° 00' W.	S.W. 137 m.
" 11th . . .	39° 24' S.	49° 44' W.	S.W. 133 m.

To-day at noon Fort William bore S.S.W.  $\frac{1}{4}$  W. 808 miles.

### Jokes, &c.

A gentleman who had an Irish servant sent him one day to the farrier's to get his horse shod. John, the servant, foolishly took up one of the shoes while hot and burnt his hand. On waiting at dinner the same day his master asked him what he had done, and, on being told, he said to John "You should always spit upon a thing if you want to find out whether it is hot, and if it goes this whizz you may be sure it is hot." A few days afterwards the gentleman had a few friends to dinner, and on taking a spoonful of soup he burnt his throat and called out, "John how hot the soup is." John turning round said, "well, sir, I am sure it ain't for want of spitting in it, for if I spat in it once I spat in it a dozen times, and it never went this whizz all the time."

## Songs and Poetry.

### "HOT WATER BELOW!"

So fair one you have again taken pluck,  
And obliged us to listen to more of your muck,  
About giants, and Jacks, and shadows, and dogs,  
About noble bulls and slimy frogs.  
So you're not 'the chap wot sings' and fights,  
You call yourself 'the chap wot writes,'  
You style yourself a noble bull, hai hai!  
Run and tell such stuff to your mamma;  
Once more catch hold of her apron strings,  
And tell her of 'Charley,' the chap wot stings,  
You think your sheepish poem smashes  
Because you underline it well with dashes,  
You perty say 'come take it coolly,'  
Now my lines set you frantic—quite unruly.  
You know they did; we all remember  
Your frenzied rage, thirteenth November,  
When you went stamping o'er the deck;  
Oh! you'd liked to have twisted some one's neck!  
I dare say we'll hear of you throttling a hen,  
Endeavoring to think its 'hawk,' miss 'wren'!  
So my 'noble bull' you the 'frog' have pitted,  
Yet still you say the frog eat till he splitted.  
What sickly nonsense to send to the paper!  
Why I'd scarcely use it to light a taper!  
You say great big deeds have been done by 'wee' men,  
Mean you spreading a plaster or handling a pen?  
At rolling up pills I'll allow you're a stunner,  
But don't talk of 'firing,' you're an infernal bad gunner.  
You forswear 'ox-tail soup'—you deny you're a 'nobbler,'  
Yet you say you're a shark, and of course a great gobbler.  
Take my advice, be a shark no more,  
It's an infernal bad character at sea or ashore.  
When next you write—write shorter, hit harder,  
And between ourselves no more of the LARDER.  
He's an ill-fed bull it's clearly shown,  
Who can boast of nought but skin and bone;  
'Tho' 'the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat,'  
I think 'noble bull' you'd be no great treat.  
Oh! thou skinny bull pray 'go to grass,'  
For at present by Jove you are more like an ass.  
You talk of being ready and always willing,  
In the mighty mission that you're fulfilling,  
You seem much more like a 'peeler' to me,  
Who may always be found where he ought not to be.  
The next time you send me a 'pill,' 'draught,' or 'julep,'  
Let it be 'short and sweet, like a donkey's gallop.'  
Methinks my BLISTER has made you sore,  
Do you want HOT WATER? 'ANY MORE!'

### THE CAPTURED PORPOISE.

Again the cry of "porpoises" is heard,  
(As yet we've neither caught a fish or bird)  
This time our worthy 'tar,' a knowing coon,  
Intends to make sure work with his harpoon.  
Again he takes his post as heretofore,  
We wish him better luck than he'd before,  
We watch with interest his every chance,  
As off the sea-swine glides beneath his lance.  
His reputation being now at stake,  
The first that offers on the hop he'll take;  
At length one bolder than the rest advances,  
He's struck, but from his side the weapon glances,  
Off on his side he goes, and seems to say,  
'I'll have no more of this, there's some foul play.'  
But yet again he comes beneath the bow,  
As though he wished we'd take his trunk in tow;  
His body now is by the lance transfix'd,  
And with the ocean now his blood is mixed.  
His comrades horror-stricken leave his wreck,  
We with a lusty cheer haul him on deck.

J. B. L.

### THE PATH BEFORE US.

Now onwards push united comrades,  
Unto our battle field of life,  
We'll ne'er repine tho' storms surround us,  
But press on cheerful 'mid the strife.  
'Tis true our path is strewn with dangers,  
The thundering billows round us roar,  
Yet golden nuggets shall repay us,  
When we reach Columbian shore.  
We'll build ourselves some pretty dwellings,  
By Fraser's river fair to view;  
We'll civilize the squaw and savage,  
The Gospel Truths we'll teach them too.  
We'll yield not there, tho' hosts surround us,  
But firmly duty's path pursue;  
For all who gild the page of story  
Know these brave words—'Dare and Do.'  
We'll chase the deer on the woodland mountain,  
The Bear and Elk we ne'er shall miss,  
Shot shall echo thro' glen and forest,  
Our spear shall bring us dainty fish.

So forward then with bright eyes beaming,  
Try not lose the conqueror's crown,  
With lifted arms let's seize our toll-right,  
We'll take it, wear it, 'tis our own.  
By our country we've been highly honored,  
Who selected us the chosen few,  
Let no one therefore waste his talents,  
But each resolve his best to do.  
Then when retired and freed from labor,  
Triumphantly we'll tread the plain,  
Then Fortune's pencil shall be waiting  
To write our names in book of fame.

## Correspondence.

### To the Editor.

SIR,—Last Saturday morning a vast amount of light penetrated the great saloon in the "City." Many conjectures were set afloat as to the cause of so extraordinary a phenomenon, till at length the curiosity of every one was satisfied by the discovery that the skylights were undergoing the purifying and cleansing process recently invented and patented by our zealous Chief Commissioner of Public Works. This invention having met with such decided success, I venture to suggest that its general adoption would meet with the approbation of all the inhabitants of the "City," and might be easily applied in cleansing the interior of Long-bow Crescent, Duck Lane and Fowl Alley, where a large amount of vegetable and animal matter has been known to accumulate. Should it also answer for cleansing paint and man ropes, the vicinity of Poop Square and Fire Bucket Arcade offer plenty of scope to the talent and energy of the patentee, who, though he may not realize a large fortune by his invention, will at least receive the thanks of those who benefit by it.

OBSERVER.

## Conundrums.

- XVI. Why may the English be considered the worst judges of cattle in the world?  
XVII. Why are men happier with two wives than with one?  
XVIII. Why does a donkey prefer thistles to grass?  
ANSWER TO XIII. Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.  
" XIV. Because the King was (missed) mist while the Queen was (reigning) raining.  
" XV. One kisses his missis and the other misses his kisses.

### ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S LOVE LETTER:

- 1 Read down and up and you will see  
That I love you if you love me,  
And if that you should love me not  
My love for you must be forgot.
- 2 Read up and down and you will find  
That I'm the girl just to your mind  
And if your love to me is true  
You'll find that mine's the same to you.

MATILDA.

## Advertisements.

### Theatre Royal, "Thames City."

THE MANAGER has the honor to announce to his fellow citizens, that Capt. Leard, Lieut. Palmer, R. E., and Dr. Seddall have kindly consented to appear, on Wednesday next the 15th inst., in that celebrated and laughable Farce, entitled,

### BOX AND COX.

BOX,.....CAPT. LEARD.  
COX,.....LIEUT. PALMER.  
MRS. BOUNCER,.....DR. SEDDALL.

After which there will be a variety of Sentimental and Comic Songs, and during the evening the far famed CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS will have the honor of appearing.

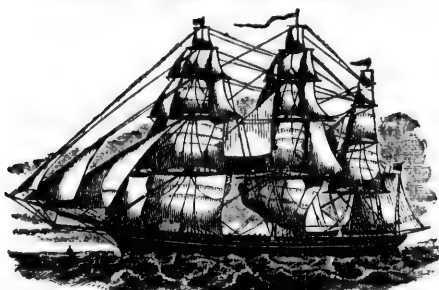
Doors open at 6.30 p. m., performance to commence at 7 o'clock precisely.

Reserved seats for Ladies only.

The encouragement which the Theatrical Company have hitherto met with in their endeavors to afford some amusement to their companions during their long and tedious passage has induced them to establish it as a permanent affair, and to carry out on shore that which has been so successfully commenced on board ship. To do this it would be necessary to raise a fund sufficient to enable the Company to purchase suitable scenery and appointments. If therefore such an undertaking should meet the approval of their companions and they are willing to contribute a trifling sum towards its accomplishment, they are requested to signify their assent to it by entering their names and subscriptions in a book which will be opened for that purpose by the Manager on Monday next. Proper arrangements will be made for appointing a committee to carry out the design, and to purchase a few necessary articles if possible at the Falkland Islands.

The publication of the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced at 2 p. m., on the 9th, and was completed at 2 p. m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

# THE EMIGRANT



## Soldiers' Gazette,

### AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 7.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, 1858.

[PRICE 3D.

#### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," DECEMBER 18th, 1858.

LAT. 49.33 S. LONG. 50.08 W. FULL MOON, DEC. 20TH, AT 1H. 6M. P. M.

WELL! we have not anchored in Port William harbor yet, though, from the many eager faces that awaited the arrival at the main hatchway of the "abstract of progress" on Wednesday last, and the excitement in the betting on the probable distance of the ship from port on that day, we feel sure that the moment is anxiously looked forward to by all hands, when the chain will once more rattle through the hawse-hole as it did for the last time on our own shores on the 17th October last. Many of us, and especially the fair sex, will also rejoice when the "Thames City" lies with furled sails as quiet as a duck in a pond, and no longer gives her inhabitants cause to roam about the deck in a wild sort of manner, and with all the appearance of semi, if not total intoxication, embracing ropes, blocks, sails, or even one another in a most endearing manner, and finally settling down into the lee-scuppers on top of a plate-basket, or some other convenient article, with probably two or three other stout persons on top of them to make the heap complete. During the past week the slightest allusion to boats, oars, or rollocks seems to have produced an instantaneous effect on the hearers, causing them to prick up their ears, as they think on the prospect of their very soon hearing the splash of oars which they hope will ere long bear them to land, and producing a watery sensation in their mouths, as the connection of ideas is carried on, and visions of fresh meat, vegetables, bottled beer, soft tommy and pickles float o'er their brain, and last, but by no means least, the prospect of a good run on shore. Our voyage since leaving Gravesend has been so protracted, that, although it was expected that we should spend our Christmas Day very near Cape Horn, there appears to be every probability, from the quantity of ballast and water that it will be necessary to procure in order to enable us to proceed on our journey, that we shall at that time be anchored in Port William harbor. Should such be the case, we hope all will spend a merry and happy Christmas Day. There will be something more congenial to our feelings in being on such an anniversary, if not on land, at least in harbor, where we may hear a bell summoning all people to morning church, and although, after service is over, we shall not, amid the rustling of silks and the buzz and cackle about the sermon, see small boys issuing from public houses with pots of foaming beer, and people of all sizes carrying along dishes of roasted meat and baked potatoes, which smell so savory in the cold frosty air that one almost feels inclined to beg a morsel, we at least hope that all hands will have a jolly good dinner somewhere or other, and an equally pleasant evening afterwards. Circumstances do not permit

our sitting round a good fire in the evening and roasting chestnuts on the hob, (unless we could manage to borrow the stove from the bedroom of Messrs. Box and Cox) nor indeed does the climate require it, and brandy does not wander about in search of an owner to an extent that warrants any expectation of snap-dragon, but at the same time there is nothing to prevent us all enjoying ourselves, and looking forward to the day, far distant though it may be, when we shall spend another Christmas Day in old England. We have heard it confidently averred by a Scotch gentleman on board that his wife (and she is by no means light) will trip up the gang way ladder after her trip on shore as light as a feather, and that on this occasion no chains or tackles will be required; let us all follow her example, and when the gang way ladder is finally hauled up pursue our voyage with light hearts. Little discomforts are a necessary ingredient of life on board ship, and cannot therefore be avoided, but at the same time while putting up with these, let all grumbling be smothered in the consciousness that with our two weekly entertainments as much relief is given to the monotony of the voyage as has been the case with any ship that ever left her port, and above everything, let one and all be thankful to Providence who has been graciously pleased to conduct us in safety and with such freedom from danger and accidents thus far on our tedious voyage.

THAT "perseverance conquers" is a maxim the oftener tried the better proved. With respect to our theatricals the truth of this is weekly illustrated. What seem insurmountable difficulties are here treated as "trifles light as air," and the consequence is that we have a stage machinery complete in every particular, at least as far as can possibly be obtained by untiring energy and perseverance in spite of great want of material. Great credit is due to the manager and his assistants for the complete and able manner in which they so arranged matters last Wednesday night, as to enable Box to go to bed and Cox to fry his chop, and to empower either individual to wreak his vengeance on the other by throwing his breakfast out of a window. With reference to the players in that inimitable farce of Box and Cox on Wednesday evening, we have but to say that their debut was in every way admirable and interesting, that the moustache, &c., of the gentleman who played the part of Mrs. Bouncer was caused to disappear as if by magic, that his portly and noble proportions admirably characterized the venerable female he personated, and, combined with admirable acting, charmed and delighted all who had the opportunity of hearing and seeing him. The characters of Box and Cox were ably personated by Captain Luard and Lieut. Palmer, who by their excellent acting gave universal satisfaction, more particularly in those parts of the farce where Box deplores the untimely consumption of his coals and candle, and the discovery that even his lucifer are not sacred from the supposed pilfering of the innocent Bouncer, and also where Cox discovers that some mysterious hand has abstracted his chop, used his last lucifer, and even invaded



## THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE,

ed the sanctity of his gridiron. We were glad to see that the merry faces in every part of the house showed the interest all felt, and the amusement they derived from the excellent acting of these gentlemen, who kept up the interest and fun in an able manner to the conclusion. Before concluding our critique, we must beg to say that sincere thanks are due to our Captain and Officers for the lively and personal interest they take in endeavoring to lessen the monotony of our dreary voyage. The Christy's Minstrels were, as before, highly amusing. The description of a dinner that was eaten by their leader, resembled much more a description of the probable lading of our provision boat at the Falkland Islands than a meal (cod-liver oil excepted). We regret to say that the individual who is so desirous of getting back to "Ole Varginnny" is not likely to have his wishes gratified, and we sincerely hope that the gentlemen who requested the ladies to marry are not imbibing the pernicious doctrines of the Mormon persuasion, as we strongly suspect that they have already succeeded in persuading a fair one, each of them, to come on "Oother side of Jordan." The rapturous encore accorded to Serj. Major Cann on his first appearance needs no eulogium from us. But to those who were denied the pleasure of hearing him we have but to say that our worthy S. M. was in full tune, that his black eye was all perfection, and that the lovely episode in the life of a broom-seller was most musically narrated to a pleased and gratified audience. We cannot conclude our somewhat lengthy critique without mentioning Sapper Hughes, whose well tuned voice and harmony in the beautiful song of the "Trysting Tree," called forth the hearty applause of all, especially the ladies, whose tender hearts are always touched by the recital of such scenes and associations.

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

We continue our remarks on the interesting facts connected with the Natural History of the Ocean by making a few observations on its depth. Within the last few years numerous experiments have been made at different localities, and by different individuals, with a view of ascertaining the extreme depth of the Ocean, but latterly our conclusions have been formed more from inference than from direct evidence. The bed of the Oceanic waters presents irregularities and roughnesses, hills and valleys, plains and slopes, similar to those which mark the surface of the dry land. Off a low, level and sandy shore, the sea is in general shallow for a considerable distance; but close to bold, towering rocky cliffs it is generally very deep. A very simple experiment will give us some idea of the depth of the ocean. If we were to place a thick coating of wax over the bottom of a dish, taking care to make a very irregular surface with cavities and prominences of all forms and sizes, we should probably have a fair idea of the solid surface of the globe. Let us then pour water upon it until the surface of the water should equal that part which is exposed, and it is clear the average depth of the one will be equal to the average height of the other. But we know that the proportion of the water of the globe to the land is as 3 to 1; if therefore we increase the quantity of water until the proportion is as 3 to 1 it is evident that the depth will have increased in the same ratio. We may therefore with high probability conclude that, as the greatest height of the land is about 5 miles, the greatest depth of the water does not much exceed 12 or 13 miles, while the average depth may be about 2 or 3. Captain Sir James Ross, in his voyage to the south, made some enormous soundings at sea, one of which, 300 miles off St. Helena, extended to the depth of 5000 fathoms, or 30,000 feet, or nearly 5½ miles; the weight employed amounting to 450 lbs. Another, made in Lat. 33° 4' S. and Long. 9° W., about 300 miles west of the Cape of Good Hope, occupied 49½ minutes, in which time 2226 fathoms were sounded. These facts are thought to disprove the common opinion that soundings could not be obtained at very great depths. Captain Denham sounded in the South Atlantic, between Rio Janeiro and the Cape of Good Hope, 7,706 fathoms, or 46,236 feet, something more than 7 geographical miles. Now the highest summits of the Himalayas are little more than 28,000 feet. The sea-bottom has therefore depths greatly exceeding

the elevation of the highest pinnacle above its surface. The mean depth of the sea is, according to Laplace, from four to five miles. If the existing waters were increased only by one-fourth it would drown the earth, with the exception of some high mountains. Professor Maury has made some interesting observations on the depth of the Atlantic. He says, "The basin of the Atlantic Ocean is a long trough, separating the old world from the new, and extending probably from pole to pole." The Ocean furrow was probably scored into the solid crust of our planet by the Almighty hand, that there the waters which he called, the seas might be gathered together, so as to let dry land appear, and fit the earth for the habitation of man. From the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by the plummet in the Northern Atlantic, the distance in a vertical line is nine miles. Could the waters of the Atlantic be drawn off so as to expose to view the great sea-gash which separates continents and extends from the Arctic to the Antarctic, it would present a scene the most rugged, grand and imposing. The very ribs of the solid earth with the foundations of the sea would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, a thousand fearful wrecks, with that horrid array of dead men's skulls, great anchors, heaps of pearl, and inestimable stores, which, in the poet's eye, lie scattered in the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death. The deepest part of the Atlantic is probably somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico are held in a basin about a mile deep in the deepest part, and there is at the bottom of the sea between Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland, and Valencia Bay, in Ireland, a remarkable steppe or plateau, on which the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, that wonderful achievement of science and art, has been recently laid. Such are a few of the marvellous facts which the vast ocean presents for our investigation, and let us remember, whilst we reflect on the nature of the water of the ocean, on its vast expanse and immeasurable depths, and on the countless variety of animated creatures with which it abounds, that we are marking the footsteps of Him whose "way is in the sea and His path in the great waters."

NATURALIST.

### Correspondence.

To the Editor.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The circumstance of a man's rushing frantically round the deck about a fortnight ago in search of a shaving tuck with which he might shave a sheepskin, in order to convert it into a bunjo-head, coupled with the consideration that we are going to a country expected to be abundant with wild animals of every description, and where we hope, in the language of our poet laureate, to "bring down with our rifle the elk and bighorn," has induced me to offer the following remarks relative to the curing and dressing of skins. From the persud and simple practical application of them I trust some of our party may be enabled to turn to good account for clothing, coverings, &c., the skin of such animals as they may be fortunate enough to "bag." There are doubtless many of your readers who are already well skilled in these matters, and who may very readily feel disposed to advise me to "teach my grandmother to suck eggs," but even by them may some of these hints be found serviceable at no very distant period, equally as by him who was obliged to have recourse to the razor and soap in the instance above referred to, as we shall not be surprised if, ere long, the former article ceases to form part of the Regimental Kit, and consequently even these means be no longer at his disposal.

1. Dressed skins are so essential to a traveller in an uncivilized country, since they make his packing straps, his bags, his clothes, shoes, mules and strings, that no hide should be wasted. After a hide is flayed from a beast, if it is not intended to dress it, it should be laid out in the sun. If simply sun-dried it will keep. If rubbed over with wood ashes and also sun-dried it will keep better. If with salt, better still. Smothering hides over a smouldering fire has a strong preservative effect, especially against the effects of water.

2. In dressing skins there is no clever secret, it is hard work that they want; either continued crumpling and stretching out with the hands, or working or tramping about with the feet. A goat-skin takes one person a whole day, an ox-hide takes two persons a day and a half or even two days hard labor. It is the simplest plan to begin upon the skin half an hour after it has been flayed; if once allowed to dry it must be softened again by damping, not with water in any case, for that makes it dry and hard, but with whatever the natives generally employ: thus clotted milk and linsed meal is used in Abyssinia, cow-dung by the Caffres and Bushmen. When a skin is put aside for the night it must be rolled up, lest it should become dry by the morning. Some grouse is usually required by the time that the skin is half dressed to make it thoroughly supple.

3. The greater part of skins, however, go through still another operation afterwards (besides dressing), which gives them a greater value, and ren-

dors them a small hole which will several small drawn and skin is wa edges to se are placed, the heated dians, and other, which enables them they were try, and think, chie And now of my, or your reader graphs of t am sure th some litt hope on fu useful, and time I can

Dec. 12th  
" 13th  
" 14th  
" 15th  
" 16th  
" 17th  
" 18th

To-day  
We were had at long that we ar parades. for many a that, like him to all South Atin

A SKE  
A long w quarter of in the Am He had be fered so m venience, have been ased of it was ever le charge of dressed hid were in fu small town suited the master. T with an oi world. H hotel coo wig and a worsted st ed his cust which had grotesque he was alv word was s stock kno with their welfare, a and good f people tre Bill be co and "Lor from bush bagonet, very great time but thorly th any kind, quietly an Many s England, and a squ he was no soldier in dashing cl the crown actor, and

surface. The from four to only by one- tion of some e says, "The eparating the y from pole t there the wa- d together, so- he habitation the bottom reached by nte in a ver- the Atlantic be- a-gash which to the Antic- and, grand and h the founda- and we should e cradle of the orrid array of l. and inesti- in the bot- of ugly death. omewhere be- The waters of a mile deep in the sea between Atlantic, in Ireland, Atlantic Tele- and art, the marvellous tigation, and e of the water arable depths, rishes with which of him whose s." NATURALIST.

And now, Mr. Editor, you will be thinking that I have come to the end of my rope, or I might more appropriately say your tether. I only hope that your readers have been able to follow me with interest through the paragraphs of this article, which is I must confess a somewhat dry one, but am sure that any who may now make notes from it will hereafter derive some little benefit. Another week I propose continuing this article, and hope on future occasions to put them up to a few more dodges equally as useful, and perhaps more interesting than preserving skins. In the meantime I cannot do better than subscribe myself as your obedient servant,

## Naval and Military Intelligence.

**During the past week,**

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Dec. 12th	40° 38' S.	47° 59' W.	8. E. 109 m.
" 13th	42° 15' S.	47° 47' W.	8.1/2 E. 88 m.
" 14th	44° 28' S.	48° 35' W.	8.3 1/2 W. 130 m.
" 15th	45° 11' S.	48° 55' W.	8.5 1/2 W. 46 m.
" 16th	46° 27' S.	49° 40' W.	8.8 W. 82 m.
" 17th	47° 57' S.	50° 03' W.	8.5 W. 91 m.
" 18th	49° 33' S.	50° 08' W.	8.1 W. 96 m.

To-day at noon Port William bore S.S.W. 332 miles.

We were happy to hear yesterday morning that the Commanding Officer had at length issued an order that of late has been much wished for, viz.: that we are not for the present to be required to show feet at the morning parades. The certainty that our as yet tender "understandings" would for many a day have to be exposed to a somewhat uncongenial climate, and that, like young bears, all our troubles are before us, has no doubt induced him to allow us to preserve our extremities from the frosty blasts of the South Atlantic.

A long way back on the avenue of my life, perhaps rather more than a quarter of a century ago, I can remember a poor old soldier who had been in the American War, and had fought at the battle of "Bunker's Hill." He had been frost-bitten and crippled in a winter's campaign, and had suffered so much that he was unable to walk, or even to stand without inconvenience. Through some pity, he was given a horse, on which he could sit, and he was given money for the purpose, he had become possessed of a donkey, on which he seemed literally to pass his life. No one was ever known to have seen them apart except an old woman who took charge of him, that is to say, who cooked his meals, put him to bed, and dressed him and patched his clothes when necessary. He and the donkey were in fact as one animal, and they wandered up and down the streets of a small town in an out-of-the-way district of England, in the most unobtrusive and unassuming manner, and then they sought guidance from his master. The cold which had smitten his limbs had also settled on his face with an air of frostiness, and he looked almost as if he belonged to another world. He retained as a fragment of his military service an old three-cornered cocked hat, which he always wore perched on the top of an old Welsh wig and a flannel nightcap. A dingy coat with velvet breeches, thick worsted stockings, and shoes ornamented with broad brass buckles completed his costume. He was a good deal taller than you would expect the hands of such a long benighted fellow as Brown Bess; altogether it was a very grotesque figure, but it bred no feeling of insult or ridicule; on the contrary he was always regarded with a sort of good natured respect, and a kind word was always ready for him as he passed. Gossip folk of the good old stock knew well that nothing of their dignity is lost by frequent intercourse with their poorer neighbors. On the contrary, by taking an interest in their welfare, and showing them the opposite of the little coldness and reserve which sometimes makes the rich and the well-to-do, they are more loved and more respected than if they were altogether indifferent. Only upstarts and bad bred people treat the poor with slights and scorn. Of the battle of Bunker's Hill he could tell but little, there was a great "war!" and a great smoke, and "Lord bless ye, my dear, the Amer cans hoped about like squirrels from bush to bush, so that a fellow couldn't get a poke at them with his bayonet," but as a traveller his pretensions in that sequestered place were very great, and few wild animals, and the reason for this was, he had no authority that he had seen them all alive in America. He had no relatives of any kind, and when nature grew tired of the contest for life he dropped quietly and unnoticed from the donkey to the grave.

Many years later in life, I was visiting one day an old village Church in England, accompanied by the sexton, who was a little old man with a stoop and a quint; about the Church he knew little, and seemed to care less, but he was not long before he found an opportunity to say that he had been a soldier in the 9th regiment in the Peninsular War, and had shared "the" dashing charge which swept the French from the height of Busaco. But the crowning glory of his life was an adventure in which he was a single actor, and of the prowess he had then shown any man might have been

pred. His story was that he was on an out-picket, and had gone to a neighboring fountain for water; he had placed his musket against a stone and was stooping to drink when he heard a noise behind him: turning round he saw three French "Chasseurs" gallop at him from behind a clump of trees. He seized his piece in an instant, fired, and the foremost man and the second man fell dead, disabled and disabled him with a bayonet wound in the thigh. The third "Chasseur," seeing the fate of his comrades, took to flight at once. I am afraid he must have seen something like a look of incredulity about my face as his story was going on, for he took out, when he had finished, from his bosom a bit of paper, dirty and almost falling to pieces from old age and constant folding and unfolding. It was a piece of parchment, and on it were written in French the names of the English and the French soldiers who were killed. The names of the English soldiers' greatest braves are told about, stating that the bearer on a certain day had brought in two wounded prisoners and a horse, and that a second horse was found lying dead at a short distance from the picket-house. So his story was corroborated, and it was no doubt true; the bit of paper he carried always in his bosom; it was the patent of his nobility among brave men, and the bit of ribbon on which the greatest in the nobility are named, as it had been worn by the Knight of the Cross, has not yet gone down with him into the grave, and is now mouldering away alongside of his brave old soldier's heart in the quiet dust.

The melancholy episode to which the following dialogue has reference is believed to have occurred once upon a time on board a ship in the South Atlantic Ocean, at no great distance from the Falkland Islands.

in the boat, at no great distance from the Falkland Islands. Two solemn but steady looking animals in an advanced stage of ageing, the one called 'Sammy' the other 'Jimmy'. Jimmy—'I say Sammy! do you believe in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls?' Sammy—'Well, not exactly. Why do you ask?' Jimmy—'Because I have a dim recollection of being once a sheep, but I'm blessed if I'm anything but a parcel of skin, bones and ticks now.' Sammy—'Well you're not far out there; but I say Jimmy, do you think they are meditating murdering us deliberately?' Jimmy—'No, no, Sammy, I wish they would murder us, but its my firm opinion that they are not.' Jimmy—'I wish they would hang us.' Jimmy—'I wish they would feel so faint! I say Jimmy did you ever hear the story of the man who made his horse wear green spectacles and got him to live upon shavings and fancy they were grass?' Jimmy—No, but I wish they would give us the same chance; even shavings would be better than nothing. By the bye Sammy I dare say they could get us some green spectacles at the Falkland Islands.' Sammy—'We are spectacles enough already. I shall never see the Falkland Islands. Oh Jimmy, isn't it horrible! I feel sure I'm going to give up the ghost! oh! oh! oh! Jimmy—'Don't take on so, Sammy, you will still be here when I'm gone.' Jimmy—'I'm going to hang fast. Good by Jimmy. Give my love to my family. Going—going—going—guzzle.' (Enter butcher, who puts an end to the conversation, and cuts Sammy's throat to save his life.)

PAT'S IDEA. — "Why don't you go on making the pudding Judy?" "Arrah, bad! Dees to you Pat, how can I without the shuet?" "But where's the shuet?" "Divil a one o' me knows; it's eat't to be found any way." "Be the powers but it's that it divils clip of a cat that's . . . his ould work again. I'll bet a brass farlien." "Well sweet bad luck to you Pat, but you've a dirty tongue in yer head when you like, to be thyring to make an innocent base answer for yer sins in that way." "Och! Judy, but thy yerself and yer growlin' that's aqueen the life out o' me; can't ye whilst an I'll thyr an find the shuet to-morrow." "Well, why I nivit him, and I nivit him, but that man's killing me." "Talk of dees, but ye shuet juist whin I don't want it, an ye shud nothen to take a dry rib of 'Goteen' the ould sow." "Huroo! Judy darlin, I have an idea!" "Tell us it then Pat, for be the holy it's the first one ivor ye had." "Just cut up some small pieces of fat pork, an put them in the puddin; I mind now we had to do that same wanst on board-ship, somewhere about the Atlantic seas; I think the shuet got somewhere far into the hold or the ship, among the rats, and there wasn't a man or cat could enough to fetch it out." "Is it cut up the hold, or sow the hold, or the hold, but what was it?" "The rats, but I nivit he had another one bey the wish." "Thry it any way sushly." "I couldn't do it Pat, for it wint to me heart's core to see ye puttin a knife in that poor withered ould sow, that was like a mother to us." "But sure I don't want any ill feelin bewes, so I'll thry the ideaah, if me feelins 'll let me."

The Prince of Pleasures among gentlemen was the Rev. Sidney Smith, who, from all accounts that have been published respecting him seems to have lived in a perpetual atmosphere of pleasantries from the time he entered the breakfast room of his parsonage house in the morning (when the servant, instead of being told to draw back the curtains, was desired to glorify the room) till he went to bed at night. His funny sayings are known all the district, and are the cause of them with their repetition. He was taking leave of the first bishop appointed to New Zealand at a time when the aborigines in that Colony were very numerous, and by no means pleasant to come in contact with, on account of their inclination towards cannibalism. He told the bishop by way of a finish to his adieux, that he hoped he would not disagree with the man that ate him. He then recommended him to be a good man, and a bishop ought to be that, and if he kept to that rule, he would be safe towards the natives. He said that it might perhaps be considered a sort of compliment to them if he always kept a good clergyman on the sideboard by way of luncheon in the forenoon.

A neighboring vicar had a little girl who, in repeating her lesson in scripture history, persisted in calling the patriarchs "partridges"; when this was mentioned to Sidney Smith, he told the child that she must be a very naughty little girl to "make game" of the patriarchs.

Lord Brougham was passing him one day in London in his carriage; the carriage had Lord Brougham's initial letter B on the panel. Sidney Smith observed to his companion, "There he goes with a B(ee) outside and a wasp in."

# Songs and Poetry.

## A MUSTARD PLASTER.

A pretty duty now devolves on me  
To answer that chap's rubbish, No. three;  
To my motto I intend to stick;  
I'll crow and cor-ner too, old Hick.  
So the fable of the bull and frog  
Has made you snarl, you silly dog!  
Talking of dogs, is there any danger  
If I illustrate that one in the manger,  
That greedy cur, saug in the feeding box,  
Who could not eat the hay, nor give it to the ox?  
You are like that dog, you can't. Iain all the meat,  
And yet you seem unwilling to give me a share of credit;  
In "poem writing" I mean—now ain't you greedy?  
But damn me some of you's are precious sneaky;  
You talk of sne as such—this is not gentility;  
I write with elegance sir,—also ability.  
My dashing lines you call, sir, absurd;  
The same to yours,—upon my word!  
You call me an ass,—now I must say,  
You are the biggest ass, you first began to bray.  
As to the ark, it was never my wish or intention  
To possess that monster's hungry propension;  
Merely as an illustration did I wish  
You to understand me as that fish.  
In firing too you wish to take the shine,  
In one sense you do—with your carbine,  
To be a gunner MILITARY I don't presume,  
You'd beat me at PET-DE-JOIE, you can't at PET-DE-PLUME.  
I don't mean, sir, the PLUME in your Sunday hat;  
The PLUME's my PEN—please remember that.  
How many times am I to ask forsooth  
Why, when you write, you do not stick to truth?  
Tell me at once, I can't remember  
Putting myself in a passion last November;  
You're in a passion often—for you're defeated;  
Of course you won't confess it, you're so devilish conceited.  
You call my attention to your sting, ah! ah!  
For such a sting as yours I would't trouble my mamma;  
Such cheek as this is quite unbanded,—most ill-bred,  
Don't rouse the Bull too much, or Frog you'll be in dread,  
Of what? why a tossing your little croaker,  
Or perhaps a goring,—that's a choker!  
You call me a peeler—that joke you spoil,  
Where was I when you wanted castor oil?  
At my post, sir, and in glee quite full,  
To see the face you were about to pull.  
Oh! Gemini! the sight was so very pretty,  
I think I shall more about it in a future ditty.  
That thing you call a BLISTER is all bother,  
It wasn't strong enough—so spread another;  
You blister me! how I should like to know;  
Not by pouring such "hot water down below."  
I can bear such a scalding every day,  
I have no fear, so pour away.  
A pretty bauble you were spouting,  
The thing was lost but for the shouting  
Of Captain L—, whose lungs are sound,  
Judging from the way they heard him under ground.  
The effect was good, and we all rejoice  
That he possesses so strong a voice.  
On this head I have nothing more to follow,  
Beyond that he beats John McIowan hollow.  
When next you take your pen in hand,  
An explanation, sir, I must demand.  
What do you mean by SEINX, you lubber?  
I'm as fat as thou, but not so full of blubber.  
Now go to bed, I think you've found your master;  
I don't call this a BLISTER, but a MUSTARD PLASTER!  
Your blister, sir, will never rise or me,  
What mustard does on you—we'll wait and see!

## THE THAMES CITIZEN.

The citizens to rest have gone,  
The moon wanes on our lee,  
The fresh'ning breeze with cheerful tone,  
Sweeps o'er the dark blue sea.  
The dolphin leaps from wave to wave,  
In phosphorescence bright,  
The flying fish himself to save,  
Eludes his foe by flight.  
Our gallant ship with clipper stem,  
Ploughs through the moon-lit sea,  
But England still is loved by them  
Who now repose in thee.  
And though they travel o'er the main,  
Their thoughts revert to home,  
Take courage then my merry men,  
Wherever you may roam.  
Bold chanticleer with loud clear voice,  
Proclaims th' approaching dawn,  
The gold tinged clouds bid all rejoice,  
And hail the smiling morn,

Predicate of our future joys,  
In our far distant land,  
Arouse you then my merry boys  
And lend a helping hand.

We cross the Equinoctial line,  
Where Neptune reigns supreme,  
He boards us with his razors fine,  
His barbers and his crew,  
Made from the sea-king's own receipt,  
Nor rank nor grade escape,  
His pill and draught, new hands must meet,  
And wash after their scrape.  
Time heavy hangs, the day seems long,  
Yet jovial we can be,  
To-night we have our round of song,  
All join in harmony.

To-night we read our own gazette,  
When gathered in a ring,  
To-night on equal terms all meet,  
With heart and voice to sing.

We have no store nor aoid wealth,  
Though we may see the day,  
But social intercourse and health  
Will cheer us on our way.

As brethren let us still remain,  
And jovial will we be,  
Then let us all, my merry men,  
In unity agree.

## "POOR JACK."

When lonely and far on the wild ocean wave,  
How our warmest affections awaken;  
And mem'ry clings firmly to all whom the grave  
From among us so rudely hath taken.  
Though he was but a poor, poor "Jack" oft amused us,  
And his bark was a laugh as he galloped away;  
His paw after fighting he never refused us,  
And his clear eye shone bright as the sun's sparkling ray.  
How intently we gazed as we saw him afar  
In the waves mighty grasp nobly struggling for life,  
Had we seen it that clear eye had shone like a star,  
But alas! it's now dim, and he's given up the strife.  
Then farewell to thee "Jack!" thou wert faithful and true,  
Though but a poor dog we'll regret thee,  
May we ne'er want a friend we could liken to you,  
Be it never the day we forget thee.

C. S.

Notice.—To any man or woman desirous of making a fortune and benefiting their fellow creatures. A handsome reward is hereby offered to any person or persons who will invent a certain mode of promoting good feeling among women, and preventing them from fighting with, teasing, abusing and quarrelling with one another. The cure must be perfect and involve no bodily injury.

## Conundrums.

- XIX. Why does a duck put its head under water?  
XX. Why does a man who marries a widow do well?  
XXI. Why is a man who is restless at night like a lawyer?

ANSWER TO XVI. Because when the Pope sent them a bull they thought it a bore (hour).

XVII. Because with one he is delighted and with two transported.

XVIII. Because he's an ass.

## Advertisements.

### Theatre Royal, "Thames City."

THE MANAGER of the above Theatre begs to inform the gentry and public in general of this "City," that the celebrated Comedy, by Oliver Goldsmith, entitled

### "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER!"

is in preparation, and will be presented on Wednesday evening next, circumstances permitting, when the entire strength of his talented Company will have the honor of appearing.

He takes this opportunity of expressing his warmest thanks for the liberal support that has been given to the "Columbian Theatrical Fund," which at 3 o'clock this afternoon amounted to £12 18s 9½d. As it is necessary to close the list by Monday evening, persons desirous of subscribing are requested to apply to Rich. Wolfenden, Acting Secretary, No. 7, Port Side, Lower-deck Street.

(Signed)

ALFRED R. HOWSE, Manager.

The publication of THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced at 2 p.m., on the 10th, and was completed at 4 p.m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

## [PRICE 3D.]

The termination of one of the epochs of man's life called a year is an occasion, of all others, the most calculated to impress on us how stealthy, rapid, inexorable and irrevocable is the march of man's great enemy "Time." Ere our next publication is completed, the year 1858 will have ceased to be, and, on looking back on the various events which have served to distinguish it as a truly wonderful year, we cannot refrain from briefly noticing, as one of the most important of those events, the birth and early career of the "Emigrant Soldier's Gazette and Cape Horn Chronicle." This magnificent publication first saw the light at 7 p. m., on the 6th Nov. 1858.

Great fears were entertained for the infant's safety, but, thanks to a very fine evening, and the able support afforded to the doctor and his nurse on this trying occasion by a number of kind friends, it was ushered into the world under the most auspicious circumstances. Since its birth it has received every possible attention and kindness that its tender age could require, and its friends seem to have vied with each other as to who could best contribute to its welfare and prosperity. Amongst other little contributions, medical comforts have not been forgotten. A kind young lady sent us for the infant's use (Charley she called it) a "pill" and a "mustard plaster," both of which took great effect. One whipping has been already necessary, and a contribution of a jug of very hot water, coupled with the offer of more if required, proved of great service in these cold latitudes. Little inflections like these are, as all mothers know, conducive to preserving children in good health and spirits, and "training them up the way they should go." With regard to our young progeny, such, we are happy to say, has been the case; it is getting on as well as can reasonably be expected, and better than we ourselves ever dared to hope, and we feel sure that our friends will bear us out in the assertion that for its age (seven weeks to-day) so fine a child has never been seen, not even excepting Master Linn. In presenting therefore the final number of the "Emigrant Soldiers Gazette and Cape Horn Chronicle" for the year 1858, we beg to express our grateful acknowledgments for the patronage that it has received, and for the numerous testimonials of approbation that have reached us from all sides. We allude with pride and satisfaction to the success it has achieved, and the position it now occupies as the reading publication of the deep. Brightest in the constellation of the literary lights, the E. S. G. & C. H. C. is weekly rising higher and higher in position, and whilst it continues to sparkle as it does, there is not the least fear of any other star getting the ascendancy and taking the shine out of it. In conclusion, we beg to assure our readers that the eight weekly numbers for the latter portion of the present year will, when printed and bound, form one of the most magnificent and interesting publications in the world, and to call upon all who are interested in our success to join with us in wishing the E. S. G. & C. H. C. very many happy returns of this its first "Christmas day."

#### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

The next interesting subject which the ocean presents for our consideration is temperature. The surface of the ocean is warmest at the tropics and gets cooler and cooler as we go north and south, until we get to the poles, where we find water converted into solid ice. The surface of the water is generally cooler at mid-day than the atmosphere (noticed in the shade), but always warmer at mid-night. In the morning and evening the temperature of the surface of the ocean usually corresponds with that of the atmosphere. Banks diminish the temperature of the sea, so that it is always colder over them than where it is deeper; and the difference is greater, the greater the shallows. So much for the surface of the ocean; but the temperature of the ocean also differs according to its depth; as water is a very slow conductor of heat, the upper surface only is affected only by the influence of seasons and atmospheric changes, and observation has shown that, in the ocean the vicissitudes of season do not influence the temperature of the water beyond the depth of 300 feet. Throughout the whole of the deep ocean there is at a certain depth, varying with the latitude, a stratum of water which maintains invariably the temperature of about  $39^{\circ} 5'$ ; this stratum marks the influence of the sun's heat. In the equatorial seas the line of unvarying temperature is found at the depth of 7200 feet. From this depth at the equator the line gradually rises till it comes to the surface in Lat.  $56^{\circ} 26' N.$  &  $S.$ , and here the water has the same temperature  $39^{\circ} 5'$  at all depths. From the latitudes named to near the degree of  $70^{\circ}$  the line descends to the depth of 4200 feet, beneath which to the greatest depth the temperature is uniformly that of  $39^{\circ} 5'$ , while that of the surface is  $30^{\circ} 7'$ . Thus the temperature of the ocean decreases with the depth to a certain limit at the equator, and increases with the depth to a certain limit towards

the poles. Some interesting experiments have been made with a view of determining the depth to which light penetrates the water, and the conclusions arrived at are that the propagation of light through water is not carried far below the surface; that its influence at the depth of 300 feet is scarcely equal to the glimmer of twilight, and below about 700 feet there is perpetual darkness. Admitting this to be a fact, founded on the most accurate of calculation, do we not wonder how it is that the myriads of animals which inhabit the depth of the ocean are thus left without the benefit of light, but here again do we see the wonderful provision which the All-disposing hand of Providence makes for his creatures. We have had occasion to notice the light thrown out by countless numbers of organic beings which inhabit the ocean, giving rise to that magnificent and imposing spectacle the phosphorescence of the sea, and might we not venture to suppose that the light thus produced in the extreme depths of the ocean contributes in a great measure to supply the place of the sun's rays, which do not penetrate beyond 700 feet. One important fact has suggested this notion, and it is this: we have every reason to believe that Algae or sea-plants, which constitute the food of large fish and afford shelter to small ones, grow in great abundance in the extensive depths of the ocean; now experiments have proved that plants cannot grow and flourish without light, in fact that light is essential to the growth of plants, and, as the light of the sun does not reach very deep sea-plants, is it not natural to suppose that the light constituting the phosphorescence of the sea answers the purpose equally as well, especially as we are aware that plants of a low organization like sea-weed do not require the influence of so strong a light as those of a higher organization?

There is yet one more subject in connection with the Natural History of the Ocean which merits our consideration, and that is the formation of waves. Were it not for winds the surface of the sea would ever present an unbroken and glassy smoothness. The playful ripples which break the moon's rays into a thousand sparkling diamonds, and the huge billows that rear their crested summits to the sky would be alike unknown. If the direction of the breeze were exactly horizontal, it is difficult to imagine how the surface could be ruffled at all, but doubtless the wind exerts an irregular pressure obliquely upon the water, a few particles of which are thus forced out of their level above the surrounding ones; these afford a surface, however slight, on which the air can act directly, and the effect now goes on increasing every moment, until, if the wind be of sufficient velocity, the mightiest waves are produced. The progressive motion of the undulation produced appears like an onward flow of the water, but a bird resting on the sea, or a boat adrift upon its surface is not carried forward by the waves. There is merely a rise and fall with them, except in the case of a strong continuous wind which occasions a superficial current. Notwithstanding the extremely agitated state of the surface of the ocean during furious tempests, at a comparatively small depth it is perfectly tranquil. By experiments in 1836 it was found that, in water 12 feet deep, waves 9 inches high and 4 or 5 feet long did not sensibly affect the water at the bottom. The effect of the strongest gales does not probably extend beyond the depth of 200 feet. The common saying of the waves running mountains high is a popular exaggeration. Viewed from the deck of a vessel the immense undulating surface causes them to appear much higher than they are, while the everchanging inclination of the vessel itself produces a deception of the senses which increases the exaggeration. Experienced practical men have however made some observations which show us their height. Taking their station in the shrouds, they have proceeded higher and higher until the summit of the loftiest billow no longer intercepts the view of the horizon. After watching for a sufficient length of time to verify the deductions they descended, and measured the height of the point of sight from the ship's water line; deducting half of this distance for the depression of the hollow below the level of the surface, the remainder gives the elevation of the highest wave. It is found that the waves do not usually exceed six feet in height, except when cross waves overrun each other. The highest rise noticed in the Mediterranean is only 16 feet, and

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## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

20 feet off Australia. The French ship 'Venus,' in a recent circum-navigation of the globe, met with no wave higher than 23 feet. Off the Cape of Good Hope 40 feet is considered the extreme height of the waves, or 20 feet above and below the general level of the ocean. Although the height of waves in a storm does not exceed 22 feet, the surf, half water and half spray, rises at times above the head of the Eddystone Lighthouse, which is 90 feet high, hooding the lantern in a watery shroud and sometimes extinguishing the lights. At the Bell-Rock Lighthouse the surf in a storm mounts to the lights, which are 100 feet above the ordinary level of the sea. At such time the column is felt to tremble when struck by the huge mass of the rolling waters. What a grand subject for contemplation is this? What is more eminently calculated to draw man's attention to the power and majesty of God than the consideration of a mighty tempest, and what can be greater claims on man's grateful love and praise than the wondrous deliverance He has so often wrought from its fury.

NATURALIST.

### Naval and Military Intelligence.

#### ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

During the past week.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Dec. 19th . . .	49° 51' S.	61° 35' W.	W.S.W. 60 m.
" 20th . . .	50° 56' S.	54° 46' W.	W.S.W. 124 m.
" 21st . . .	51° 10' S.	55° 35' W.	S.S.W. 70 m.
" 22nd . . .	51° 08' S.	55° 35' W.	N. 2 m.
" 23rd . . .	50° 58' S.	55° 53' W.	N.W. 1/2 W. 15 m.
" 24th . . .	51° 08' S.	55° 29' W.	S.E. 1/2 E. 23 m.
" 25th . . .	49° 40' S.	55° 58' W.	N.W. 1/2 W. 33 m.

To-day at noon Port William Lighthouse bore S.W. 1/2 W. 85 miles.

All old sayings have something good about them, something that ought not only to be remembered but also, if circumstances permit, to be acted on. One of the very oldest, for it has probably been repeated in one shape or another not less than eighteen hundred years, is that "Christmas comes but once a year and that when it comes it brings good cheer." The cheer with the greater part of us will not be such to-day or to-night as we could desire, but we hope to be pardoned for bringing forward for consideration the question of an additional glass of grog. We know that every arrangement for our comfort is in good hands, and we hope that in the little matter now hinted at we shall not be disappointed.

### Notes of the Week.

The weather during the early part of the week was windy, wet, cold and dismal, as the nose, throat and pocket-handkerchiefs of almost every one of us can bear witness, but on Friday the wind had lulled and the sun resumed a little of its warmth, comforting once more our backs and bosoms; and the poor old year 1858, (the bright and cheerful months of his youth, manhood and old age worn through) as if conscious that the last scene is approaching, seems preparing to depart in peace. How fondly we trusted ere this to have been at anchor snug and sheltered in Port William harbor, and to have had the satisfaction on this Christmas day to have walked round the mess tables laden with good fresh fat beef, plenty of vegetables and other things to correspond! Few sights we could think of at the present time could gladden us so much as this. In so small a community every trifling acquires importance, and we feel bound therefore to record the decease of the two little Kids, who in the storm of Wednesday morning, with the wind singing a dismal dirge around them, gave up the ghost at the feet of our reverend pastor and master. Several Albatrosses have been captured and paraded round the decks like the spoils of war at a Roman triumph. The victor in this case, at whose chariot wheels the prisoners were borne, being Sergeant Lindsay. Neither conqueror nor conquered could have shown a prouder or more defiant eye than did these haughty birds, with their bills strapped down in the Quarter Master Sergeant's hand. They seem so friendly to us, following us with their glossy wings waving in the wind like the ensign of a foreign vessel saluting us on our onward path, that, although their capture and their measurement from wing to wing is something to talk of hereafter, we confess to have felt a pleasure at seeing one of them sent back again in freedom to his native element. Some one on this occasion we are told hazarded an inquiry as to whether the birds would be ready to take the hook again if it came in his way. The most facetious of Hospital orderlies, with his usual promptitude and acuteness, replied that there was not much doubt about that, as he had already hooked it.

The usual theatrical performance of Wednesday evening was unavoidably postponed, owing, we regret to state, to the indisposition of some of the performers, but, to prevent disappointment being felt, Capt. Luard kindly came forward and read to us the most appropriate and beautiful tale (by Dickens) of the "Poor Traveller." Do we not owe Capt. Luard our hearty thanks for the gratification he afforded us? The story commences with the description of a heart-broken but high souled man, who, having quarrelled with a sweetheart and believing that the gates of the Paradise of his love were forever closed against him, in a fit of despair became a soldier. The estimation in which soldiers were held in those days was very different from that in which they are held now, when a soldier who does his duty and holds fast to a good reputation is respected and honored from one end of Britain to another. This poor soldier however, going fast to destruction, met in his downward path a guardian angel, who stopped and checked him and

showed him a glimpse of better things above. Did we not all feel glad to follow him step by step as he worked his way from one grade to another, by good conduct and constant bravery in action, to a high rank in his profession? Was it not a pleasure to think of that good officer who made the poor soldier his friend and pulled him up, in sheer love and kindness, on the ladder of life? It was a pleasure too we cannot help thinking to leave that good officer dying, as a brave man loves to die, on the field of battle and with the shouts of victory echoing in his ears, and lastly it was no small pleasure to have "Master Doubledick" himself living as a brave man loves to live, doing his duty always, his services acknowledged and advancement given him as he deserved, with that priceless treasure, the chosen wife of his bosom beside him.

### Correspondence.

To the Editor.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As the taste for dressing skins has, during the past week, not alone been confined to those of Albatrosses, but even been extended to those of the twin progeny of "Mrs. Nanny G.," I trust that the few hints I offered on this subject in your last number have created some interest. I do not hesitate in forwarding the enclosed according to my proposal, which contains a few instructions for the easy preparation of parchment, catgut, &c.

The same sort of substance as that which is called parchment when made from sheep or goat-skins, and vellum when from calves, kids or dead-born lambs, can be made also from any other skin. The raw hide is buried for one or two days, till the hair comes easily off, then it is taken out and well scraped. Next a skewer is run in and out along each of its four sides, and strings being made fast to these skewers, the skin is very tightly stretched out, as it lies on the stretch it is carefully scraped over, scraping out the water; and, lastly, the skin is ground with rough stones, as pumicestone, sandstone, &c. It is now allowed to dry, the skewers being tightened out from time to time. If used for writing the above will be found rather greasy, but ox-gall will probably remedy this. In the regular preparation of parchment, before taking off the hairs, the skin is soaked for a short time in a lime pit to take out the grease.

5. To make catgut. Steep the intestines of any animal in water for a day, then peel off the outer membrane, which comes off in long strips; these should be twisted up between the hands and hung out to dry; they form excellent sewing thread for skins, &c. The next step is to turn the gut inside out, scrape off the whole of its inner soft parts, what remains is a fine transparent tube, which being twisted up tightly and stretched to dry, forms catgut.

6. By boiling, or exposing to heat in hot sand, horns is made quite soft: it can be moulded in what shape you will, and when cold it will keep it. Not only this, but it can be welded by heating and pressing two edges together, which however must be clean and quite free from grease; even the touch of the hand taints them. Sheets of horn are a well known substitute for glass. Ox-horn is left to soak for a fortnight in a pond, then well washed to separate the pith, and boiled again for half an hour. After this it is sawn lengthwise and boiled continually until it is ready to split into sheets; this is done with a chisel. The sheets are again boiled, scraped of a uniform thickness and set in shape to dry.

Thus far have I got, when the quantity that I have written tells me that such is sufficient for the limited space in your valuable columns. I only hope that 12 months hence some few of your readers may have profited from these hints, and from the application of them have placed to the good accounts of their wardrobes skins in sufficient number to keep them warmer, perhaps I should say to make them look warmer than at the present time. I wish you and them all as merry a Christmas as is consistent with our present desolate position, and look forward to our spending the one in the "happy new year" before us in a more congenial clime. I have only to request that you will not be astonished if on some future occasion on another theme breaks out your obedient servant,

PETER SIMPLE.

#### A YANKEE DESCRIPTION OF THE "IRON HORSE."

When we got to the depot I went round to get a look at the iron horse. Thunder! it wasn't no more like a horse than a meatin'-house. If I was going to describe the animal I'd say it looked like—well, it looked like—darned if I know what it looked like, unless it was a devil, sportin' smoke all round, and pantin', and heavin', and swellin', and chawin' up red coals like they was good. A fellow stood in a house-like feedin' him all the time; but the more he got the more he wanted, and the more he snorted. After a spell the fellow caught him by the tail, and great derick! he set up a yell that split up the ground for more'n a mile and a half, and the next minit I felt my legs a waggin' and found myself at t'other end of the string of vehicles. I wasn't akeered, but I had three chills and a stroke of the palsy in less than five minits, and my face had a curious brownish-yellow-green-bluish color in it, which was perfectly unaccountable. "Well," says I, "comment is supper-fluous," and I took a seat in the nearest waggin', or car, as they called it—a consarned long steam-boat lookin' thing, with a string of pews down each side big enough to hold about a man and a half. Just as I set down the horse hollered twice and started off like a streak, pitchin' me head first at the stomach of a big Irish-woman, and she gave a tremendous grunt, and then catthed me by the head and crammed me under the seat; the cars was a jumpin' and a tearin' along at nigh on to forty thousand miles an hour, and everybody was bobbin' up and down like a mill-race, and every wench on 'em had his mouth wide open and looked like they was laffin', but I could not hear nothin', the cars kept up such a racket. Bimeby they stopped all at once, and such another luff busted out o' them passengers as I never hearn before. Ladn' at me too, that's what made me mad, and I was mad as thunder too. I ris up, and shakin' my fist at 'em, says I, "Ladies and gentlemen, look a here! I'm a peaceable stranger, and away the darn train went like small-pox was in town, jokin' me down to a seat with a whack like I'd been thrown from the moon, and the cussed mouths flapped open, and the fellows went to bobbin' up and down again. I put on an air of magnimous contempt like, and took no more notice of 'em, and very naturally went to bobbin' up and down myself.

## Songs and Poetry.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Of all the days throughout the year for being blithe and gay,  
There's none so great a festival as rare old Christmas day.  
Of all the places in the world where folks can happy be,  
There's none to Englishmen like home for mirth and jollity.  
There, spite the cold, the frost, the snow, that climate doth afford,  
All keep up harmony and love around the festive board,  
Good fellowship here reigns supreme, good cheer, old England's boast,  
And absent friends the constant theme, the earnest heart-felt toast.  
While all then think on their dear friends in our own native land,  
Let all give thanks to Providence, who, with Almighty hand,  
Hath guided us, from danger free, across the stormy sea,  
Who gave his Son, that he might us from Satan's thralldom free.  
As Britons, friends, and fellow men, to-day let's all combine  
To keep right well and merrily the good old Christmas time,  
Brown all thought of discomfort, nor disconcerted be,  
Remember we're in duty's path though tossed upon the sea;  
And though we're not at Falkland Isles, no doubt 'tis for the best,  
Put trust and confidence in God, to Him our prayers address,  
To Him let's look for guardianship throughout our future path,  
Protection seek from angry winds and fiery tempest's wrath.  
Meanwhile let's spend our Christmas just as they do at home,  
Let's have our dance, though wildly about the decks we roam,  
Let's drink to absent friends, and still we've one more word to say,  
May all enjoy both this and many another Christmas day.

## MATILDA'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

Well you've sent me a "pill" and a "mustard plaster,"  
You talk of beating me, of being my master;  
The plaster was made of pea-soup I should think,  
If 'twas on for month, puss, I should'n't blink,  
Or did you, miss, prig it by the way that it stunk;  
Now this too, I suppose, you will call "COGNATEL,"  
Such flimsy excuse I tramp under heel;  
Cannot you fight me fairly without quoting gentility,  
And is your breed to make up for such want of ability?  
I have yet, sir, to learn that you're aristocratic,  
But a week or two since your breed was aquatic,  
For a shark you have called yourself, if right I remember,  
And you did make a fuss on the 13th November,  
Don't imagine you conquer because I turn red,  
'Twas because, miss, you dared e'en to call me ill-bred.  
But, poor girl, I suppose you must make up a rhyme,  
Now don't talk of breed I'd advise you next time.  
Now, Matilda, you know I'm not going to be beat,  
And though my Christmas dinner has been no great treat,  
I've got strength enough left to lick you, you know,  
In spite of your motto that "while living you'll crow."  
There's a word, I, your last rhyme which I think I must mention,  
It's an awful "Jaw breaker" that rhymes to intention,  
John Walker ne'er penned such a word I'll be bound,  
As "propention"—nor will it in Johnson be found.  
Take a poor man's advice, no more paper spoil,  
'Bout the long face I pull when I'm taking your oil,  
For your own is as long as a pump in the morn,  
If your shoe fits so tight as to pinch your pet corn,  
Why your chin meets your knee if the wind's blowing keen,  
And on your long face longer wrinkles are seen;  
Wrinkles like ropes, and so very unceasing,  
That it's quite hard to say, miss, which wrinkle's your mouth.  
I deny that by rhyme writing I am "conceited,"  
Must I warn you again, still again repeat it,  
That what you mistake for a "humble bee,"  
May turn out a wasp, miss, and sting you some day.  
Now no more of "frogs," "bulls," "sharks" or cocks,  
Who should never crow except in flocks,  
Don't dare me, miss, to harder knocks  
Than warning your lug with a "CHRISTMAS BOX."

## THE LOAN OF A KNOCKER.

An Irishman travelling one cold night came very late to the village where he intended to put up. The proprietor of the only public house was snug in his bed, and Paddy was at a loss how to get him out of it. A thought came into his head; on the other side of the narrow street Paddy could see a large brass knocker on a door, above which was suspended a small lamp. So over he went and hammered away with all his might. The village doctor (for it was his house, soon appeared in his shirt at the window and demanded who was ill). "Sure it's not yourself, jewel or ye would not be after turning out of yer bed at this unreasonable hour of the day!" "Who is it I say?" says the doctor. "Is it yourself then?" "Devil a bit! sure it's myself that was never better or a day older in all my life than at the present, barring the want of a noggin of whiskey a warm bed." "Then what do you mean by knocking at my door loud enough to waken the dead in their graves?" "Bad luck to ye!" says Paddy, "myself's the one ye's sent there. So here goes to waken 'em, after which he commenced knocking again. "What the devil do you knock at my door for?" "Och! go to bed honey it's not yourself at all at all I want, I merrily took the loan of yer knocker to waken the landlord over the way, and who by this time was poking his head out of his bedroom window to see what the infernal row was that was going on in the street.

## Jokes, &amp;c.

**MUFFINS.**—In a new but rapidly increasing settlement in Canada West, a few years ago, the art of courtship was carried on among young people with great vigor, as generally happens to be the case in most places where men and women congregate together, but there was this peculiarity about the place alluded to, that, when a young gentleman attached himself to a young lady and became to all intents and purposes her devoted slave, attending her to sleighing parties, dancing parties, and all other parties, the young lady received the title of his "muffin," and was known as such in polite society, and as there were several young officers stationed there of the Artillery and Line it may be readily supposed that few of them were in want of "muffins." One however who was rather a stupid, capering fellow, and who had been consequently turned into ridicule by the young ladies, was boasting one day at mess of a nice "muffin" he had got hold of, "such a splendid muffin!" there was nothing he insisted in the neighborhood fit to be compared with her. A friend sitting by while the conversation was going on told him he suspected that if he had a muffin at all it must be a rag-a-muffin.

The facetious Watty Morrison, as he was commonly called, was entrusted the Commanding Officer of a regiment at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halibuts. The Officer granted his petition on condition that Mr. Morrison should accord with the first favor he asked. The favor was to perform the ceremony of Baptism on a young puppy. At the christening Mr. Morrison desired the Major to hold the dog. "As I am a minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said Mr. Morrison, "I must proceed accordingly." The Major said he asked no more. "Well then Major I begin with the usual question, you acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?" The Major understood the joke and threw away the animal. Thus did Mr. Morrison turn and laugh at the ensnarer who intended to derive a sacred ordinance.

When the body of the illustrious hero of Trafalgar was put into a cask of spirits to be transported to old England, the bung accidentally fell out, and one of his Lordship's fingers made its appearance at the opening. A seaman, who had served some years in the Admiral's ship, seized the hand, and giving it a cordial gripe, at the same time wiping away a tear that glistened on his weather-beaten cheek, exclaimed, "Hang me old boy, if you are not in better spirits than any of us."

A reverend gentleman, while walking along the canal near Rochester, came across a boatman who was swearing furiously. Marching up, he confronted him and rather abruptly said: "Do you know where you're going?" The unsuspecting man innocently replied that he was going up the canal in his boat. "No sir, you are not," continued the reverend gentleman, "you are going to hell faster than the canal-boat can carry you." The boatman looked at him in astonishment for a moment and then returned the question, "Do you know where you are going?" "I expect to go to heaven," "No, sir, you are going right into the canal," and snatching the action to the words, he took the reverend gentleman in his arms and tossed him into the water, where he would have drowned had not the boatman relented and fished him out.

The great French romance writer, Alexander Dumas, is said to be of negro extraction, of which it is also understood he does not affect to make any secret or to be in any way ashamed. A French gentleman of the old nobility, but remarkable for nothing except frivolity, was questioning him one evening at a large party on the subject of his descent, inquiring what particular shade of color his father, grandfather and great grandfather had been. All this Dumas replied to with great good humor, till his tormentor thinking at last to puzzle him asked him again what his great great grandfather was. "A monkey, sir," said Dumas getting exasperated, "a monkey; my family began, sir, where yours has ended."

## Conundrums.

- XXII. What is the moral difference between cake and wine?  
XXIII. Why do ducks take their heads out of water?  
XXIV. Why is hot bread like a charysalis?

Answer to XIX. For divers reasons.

XX. Because he does not marry a miss.

XXI. Because he first lies on one side and then on the other.

## Advertisements.

## Theatre Royal, "Thames City."

THE MANAGER of the above Theatre, having received a pressing invitation to go to Bath, &c., begs to announce to the nobility, gentry, and public of this city, that his season is closed here for a short period. When he returns he hopes to be able to astor his friends with a multiplicity of new dresses, scenes and properties, such as have never been seen on any stage in this part of the world. The play to be presented on the opening of next season will be the celebrated Comedy, in 5 acts, by Oliver Goldsmith, entitled, "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

The publication of the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced at 2 p.m., on the 23rd, and was completed at 4 p.m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

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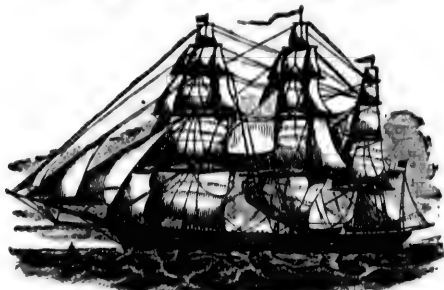
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# THE EMIGRANT



## Soldiers' Gazette,

### AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No 9.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, JANUARY 15th, 1859.

[Price 3d.]

#### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," JANUARY 15th, 1859.

LAT. 55.00 S. LONG. 63.00 W. FULL MOON, JAN.  
18th AT 11h. 48M. P. M.

THE anchor is again weighed, and we are now leaving the Falkland Islands behind us, and pursuing our course round Cape Horn for the next port our Captain may deem it desirable to put into for water, lime-juice and other provisions, before getting to our final destination. We may, however, all look forward to another two or three months in the "Thames City." Some will no doubt consider it a bore, and either wish themselves back in England or that the remaining distance may be accomplished in less time than it takes to read this; others will grumble about being so long on salt provisions, fancy they will never get to their destination, and be discontented with almost every one and everything; and again others will take it as a matter of course; having made up their minds to take things as they come, they will do their duty as it ought to be done, be always cheerful and contented, and ready to give a helping hand where required; these last we wish to encourage, and with one and all we trust that should there be any slight difference or ill-feeling now existing, which may have arisen either in the earlier part of our voyage or on shore at the Falkland Islands, it may now be forgotten, and that all will do their best to aid and assist in making the rest of the voyage peaceable and pleasant, so that each person may hereafter have the satisfaction of having in some degree administered to the general comfort and cheerfulness of all.

We are once more restored to the rolling and pitching, smoking and spitting, make sail and shorten sail, wash decks and scrape tables, lonely and monotonous life so peculiar to a sea voyage, and though there are many with whom this species of existence is preferable to the dirty, confused and tantalizing life on board a ship in harbor, there are many doubtless on the other hand to whom the sight of a pebble, the smell of a bit

of sea-weed, a cosy fire or a comfortable tea have always, and lately more than ever, afforded an amount of pleasure so great as to cause them to leave even so desolate a spot as East Falkland Island with many a grudge, and with the words "Dean's Store," "Rutter," "Cyprus's," and "Rudd" ringing constantly in their ears. We say "desolate," for, if a barren and peaty soil, deep bogs, a rugged, mountainous and rocky country, and the total absence of trees and vegetation entitle any place in the world to such an epithet, East Falkland most certainly deserves it. Everything too seemed quaint and old fashioned, from the pilot, on whose face time and exposure had furrowed wrinkles deeper even than those assigned to a charming member of our own little community, and who, with one eye gone, seemed to be making an effort to see round Cape Horn with the other,—and the American Consul, whose appearance fully justified the opinion that he was a superior kind of bum-bout man, and elicited an enquiry from a hungry friend of ours as to the number of herrings he had brought off in his boat,—down to the king-penguins on the Governor's lawn, who, with their bright golden breasts and awkward fins, stood looking at one another as if anxious to commence a conversation but unable to find any interesting topic in such an out of the way spot. Still it is an English Colony, and, spite of natural defects, we feel sure that there are many of us who, bleak and isolated as it is, derived more pleasure from a trip on shore there, where all saw English faces, English customs and English dress, and where many received such hospitality as is known only in those places inhabited by English people, than would have been the case had we put in at any foreign port on the coast of South America. Anyway our protracted stay in Stanley Harbour has been a pleasant break in this tedious voyage. It has enabled all who required them to lay in a stock of clothing and other necessities, and, although we were disappointed in our expectations of soft-tommy and potatoes, a fortnight's fresh meat and vegetables, and a change of scene have doubtless contributed in a great degree to cheer us both bodily and mentally, and to fortify us for the severe weather we may expect to encounter for the next week or two, and we feel sure that it will give us all pleasure to refer hereafter to our visit to lonely East Falkland and the kindness and hospitality of its inhabitants. Nothing tends so much to a cheerful and contented frame of mind as a resolution always to look on the bright side of affairs, and although we cannot fairly presume that more than half our voyage is over, everything is doubtless ordered for the best. If each one makes and keeps the above resolution, and does his best to be happy himself and make those around him happy, it will tend to lighten the monotony of the rest of the voyage, and to promote harmony and good fellowship among a body of men and women who have yet many years to spend together, in a country where we shall be thrown upon our own resources, and where the comfort of each and all will depend upon themselves.

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## NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

Nothing of any importance connected with Natural History having presented itself to our notice since our last publication until our arrival at the Falkland Islands, I propose giving a brief sketch of the Natural History of these Islands, founded chiefly on the observations of Mr. Darwin, Captain Fitzroy, R. N., and other naturalists. There is very little to remark on the geology of these islands. Their geological structure is very simple, the lower country consisting of claystone and sandstone, which contain fossils very closely related to, but not identical with those found in the Silurian formations of Europe; the hills are formed of white granular quartz rock. In many parts of East Falkland the bottoms of the valleys are covered in an extraordinary manner by myriads of great, loose, angular fragments of the quartz rock, forming what have been called streams of stones. The blocks are not water-worn, their angles being only a little blunted; they vary in size from one or two feet in diameter to ten or even more than twenty times as much. Their origin is attributed to streams of white lava having flowed from many parts of the mountains into the lower country, and that, when solidified, they had been rent by some enormous convulsion into myriads of fragments. The expression "streams of stones," which immediately occurs to every one, conveys the same idea. Wild horses and wild oxen are met with frequently in East and West Falkland, and these together with rabbits, which have been introduced and abound over large parts of the islands, and a large wolf-like fox, which is a peculiar species and confined to these islands, constitute the only quadrupeds native to the Falklands. Of birds there are very few varieties. There is a species of Carrion Vulture very common in these islands and more frequently seen in winter than in summer. There are also some hawks, owls, a very pretty variety of starling, distinguished by its rich, crimson red breast, and a few small land birds. The waterfowl are particularly numerous. Two kinds of geese frequent the Falklands. The upland species is common, in pairs and in small flocks, throughout the islands. They do not migrate, but build on the small outlying islets. They live entirely on vegetable matter. The other kind, the rock-geese, so called from living exclusively on the sea beach, is very common. The large species of Albatross is sometimes, but not often seen, but a smaller species known by the name of molly-mawk abounds extensively in the surrounding islets; their eggs constitute a common article of food and are very palatable. In these islands a great logger-headed duck or goose, which sometimes weighs twenty-two pounds, is very abundant. These birds were in former days called, from their extraordinary manner of paddling and splashing upon the water, race horses; but now they are named much more appropriately steamers. Their wings are too small and weak to allow of flight, but by their aid, partly swimming and partly flapping the surface of the water, they move very quickly. The steamers are able to dive only to a very short distance. It feeds entirely on shell-fish from the kelp and tidal rocks, and for the purpose of breaking them the beak and head are surprisingly strong and heavy. They are very abundant about Stanley Harbour and are exceedingly tame and fearless. But the most curious birds which inhabit these islands, and which seem to be the link connecting the feathered with the finny race, are the Penguins. Their little wings, destitute of quills but covered with stiff scaly feathers, hang down by their sides, perfectly incompetent to lift them from the ground, resembling in shape the fins of a fish, or still more the flippers of a turtle. But see the Penguin in the water: the deficiency of flight is abundantly compensated by the power and agility it possesses in this element; it dashes along over the surface in gallant style, or, diving, shoots through the water with the rapidity of a fish, urging its course by the united action of its finny wings and its broad webbed feet; then, coming again to the top, leaps over any obstacle in its course, many feet at a bound, and pursues its way. On the sandy shores or flat rocks of the Falklands the Penguins of several species assemble in innumerable multitudes for the purpose of hatching their eggs and rearing their young. The feet are placed very

far back on the body, so that the bird assumes an erect posture when resting or walking on land, and, from their posture, their colors, their numbers and their orderly arrangement, they have been compared when seen at a distance to an army of disciplined soldiers. Their habitations where they assemble for the purpose of hatching their eggs and rearing their young are wonderful to behold. We can scarcely form an adequate idea of one of the camps or towns, as they have been appropriately called. A space of ground covering three or four acres is laid out and levelled, and then divided into squares for the nests as accurately as if done by a surveyor; between these compartments they march and counter-march with an order and regularity that reminds one of soldiers on parade. The three species are named the King Penguin, the Crested Penguin and the Jackass Penguin, but their manners and habits differ but little. In our next I propose concluding the Natural History of the Falkland Islands. NATURALIST.

## Naval and Military Intelligence.

## ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

During the past week.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Jan. 12th . . .	52° 00' S.	57° 43' W.	8. 07 m.
" 13th . . .	52° 37' S.	57° 42' W.	8. 12 S. 21 m.
" 14th . . .	52° 35' S.	57° 10' W.	W.S.W. 173 m.
" 15th . . .	52° 00' S.	62° 00' W.	

To-day at noon Cape Horn bore W. by S. 187 miles.

The transport ship "Thames City," with the Columbia Detachment of the Royal Engineers, anchored in Stanley harbour, East Falkland, at 9.30 P. M., on the 28th ult., and after a stay of 15 days, during which time she was engaged taking in water and ballast, sailed at 7 A. M. on the 12th inst. for British Columbia.

By our latest intelligence from England (Nov. 9th) we hear that the ship "Euphrates" has been chartered by the Admiralty for the conveyance of stores and twelve months provisions for the detachment of Royal Engineers en route for British Columbia. She was expected to sail in the latter part of November, and Sergt. Rylatt, R. E., was to sail in the same vessel in charge of the stores and provisions, &c.

Colonel Moody, R. E., Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for the Colony of British Columbia, sailed from Liverpool in the steamer "Asia" on the 30th October. He was accompanied by Capt. W. D. Gosset, R. E., late Surveyor General of Ceylon, who has received the appointment of Colonial Treasurer.

We regret to record the death of Major General Sir William Reid, K. C. B., late of the Royal Engineers. This officer served with distinction in the Peninsular War, and has held the appointment of Governor in the Islands of Bermuda and Malta, from which latter place he returned about a twelvemonth ago, after a government of 7 years. He was chairman of the Executive Committee of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and as a scientific man has done more to develop the intricate theory of Rotary and other storms, and to establish rules in connection with the same for the guidance of mariners than any of his countrymen.

Also, of Capt. W. F. Lambert, R. E., who sailed from Southampton for China about the 20th December, 1857, in command of the 8th Company Royal Engineers.

## ANOTHER PRODIGY AT SEA.

Of all the spots on board the "Thames City" for marvellous and unusual events Long-boat Square stands pre-eminent. We have had occasion in former numbers to allude to the birth of twelve children at one time, a heart-breaking dialogue between two individuals named respectively "Sammy" and "Jimmy," winding up in the most tragic manner with the death of the latter, and sundry other little incidents that have alike excited the wonder and curiosity of all on board. But we have now to record a prodigy, in comparison with which all the preceding ones sink into insignificance; it is as follows: On Thursday morning last, in Lat. 53° 35' S. Long. 57° 45' W., a being of large stature and hairy aspect made its first appearance in that portion of the square occupied by the sheep. It was dressed in the clothes of a human being, and, as an evidence of the tender solicitude and care of its maternal relative, though what she was we cannot exactly say, it was provided with a large supply of cracknel biscuits; it rejected pap with scorn, but evinced a precocious partiality for rum, and it quite made our flesh creep to see this unnatural object pace the slippery decks with a degree of ease and freedom that made us almost incline to believe it was one of Neptune's own progeny. Still we can hardly believe that that great deity would have chosen so unwholesome a spot for the Goddess on such a trying occasion, and have finally come to

## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

the opinion that the being in question owes its origin either to an unnatural effort on the part of the hay, or to a natural effort of some one or other of the stranger sheep now located in Long-boat Square. We never heard in the whole course of our experience of a four-footed animal giving birth to a bipedal progeny, but, taking into consideration the entirely unnatural circumstances of the creature's birth, we are inclined to lean to the latter opinion, in consequence of its having exhibited a decidedly 'sheepish physiognomy on making its first appearance amongst us. At the same time we beg to welcome our new friend, and to congratulate Captain Glover and the community at large on the acquisition of a being endowed at birth with powers of walking and talking, eating and drinking, climbing, smoking and spitting never before possessed by any newborn babe in the natural world.

### AN IRISHMAN'S LETTER TO HIS MAMMA.

We have had the good fortune to pick up on the deck of the "Thames City" the following graphic description, from the pen of an Irishman, of the little incidents of our stay at the Falkland Islands, &c., and have taken the liberty of publishing it. We heartily beg the author's pardon for such unwarrantable impudence, and, for fear of disappointing his poor old mother, shall be happy to return him his letter, if he would like to go on shore and post it:

DEAR MOTHER.—Here we are at the half-way house, you may call it, on our way to the good diggins. But faith it's little I can say for the Falkland Islands, for its as rugged an as rocky an as blake as the ugliest hill in dear ould Conemara, and, barrin' a little bad turf, it hasen't a patch to cover its nakedness. Port William, where we're stoppin, is a mighty nate little place for all that, and for all the world a twin sister to Bally-cum-slatternly, barrin' there's nather whiskey still, pigs, nor polis, except a disased ould constable, that's sufferin' from what they call a sinacure: I don't know what sort of a disase it is, anyway I'm not sufferin' from it meself, for I was never heartier in all me life. Well, as I was sayin' mother, we're half way on our long journey, and musha meself wishes we wor at the tail ind of the other half, though to be sure I've seen some quare sights, such as bein' out so far at sea that we couldn't see anything at all—except sky an wathin; an seein' fishes flyin' like birds, an geese flyin' about the size of a donkey, with wings on thim as long as Tim Finnerly's mill sails; be the same token may bad luck come on him and his if he doesn't give ye a dacent price for the pig this Christmas; well, an I've seen fishes as big as a house, and spurtin' up wather like a stame ingine, an fishes they call porpoises wid snouts on thim like pigs; talkin' of pigs mother, it 'ud go to your heart to see the poor ould sow they have on board here, an the state she's in, an the jokes they passed on the poor crature a while ago whin she was in the straw; but the pig's nothin' to the hins an geese. Oh! mother, but ye should see the geese, an thim standin' on one leg from mornin' till night, an not a dacent feather on thim; be the hokey they look mighty like a thing I saw wonst at a show in Drumrig they called an ostrich, barrin' there isn't a kick in thim. But I suppose you will be wantin' to know how I passed the Christmas; well I must begin' by tellin' ye that the divil a thimbletut of whiskey crossed me lips, nor as much as the claw of a goose; though be the same token we had a very good dinner an as much grog as was good for us; an in the evenin' we had what they call a ball. Oh! may I never! if that wasn't a ball, it was exactly like dancin' on the slant of a house-top; I'm thinkin' if you just had a peep at us, you'd scarcely have thought we were in our sinases. I tried me hand at a jig, but no sooner did I lift me leg than I put it down agin two or three yards off, and thyrin' a bit of a twurl, I was landed in the lap of a lady that was reslin' herself. Toords the ind of the fun, we had the kissin' dance I think they call it; we all stood round in a ring, and one of the ladies came curtseyin' round, something like the pet horse in a circus, wid a bolshier before her, till she'd stop and kneel down before some one she liked, an then he'd kneel down on the bolshier before her an then—; but I'll tell ye no more about it, except that one came up to me an put the bolshier down, when

just as I was sayin' to meself, "divil mind ye, Pat, but yer the lucky man after all," she snatched up the bolshier an away she pranced. I didn't care at any rate to have much to do wid thim (betune me an you) for they were so mighty feard of a now, that they wor holdin' up the tails of each other's coat for fear of tussledin' on thim. I've no more to say this time, mother, except that Judy an I had some words a while ago about some shuet, but she's behaved herself purty well since. Hopin' this'll find yerself an the pig well an thrivin', I remain, your jutilful son,

SAP GREEN.

P. S.—I posted this yesterday, an as the packet sailed with it last night, I'm thinkin' its farther on its way home by this time than is yer own

S. G.

### Births.

On the 26th ult., in Lat. 51° 07' S. Long. 56° 20' W., the wife of Sapper Thomas Price, R. E., of a daughter.

On the 5th inst., at Stanley harbour, East Falkland, the wife of Sapper Thomas Gilchrist, R. E., of a son and heir.

On the 18th inst., at Stanley harbour, East Falkland, the wife of Seret. Jonathan Morcy, R. E., of a daughter.

### Jokes, &c.

A PUZZLING BALANCE SHEET.—A Scotch tradesman who had amassed, as he believed, £4000, was surprised by his old clerk with a balance sheet showing his fortune to be £6000. "It canna be," said the principal, "count again." The clerk did count again, and again declared the balance to be £6000. The master counted himself and he also brought out a surplus of £6000. Time after time he cast up the columns—it was still a six and not a four that rewarded his labors. So the old merchant, on the strength of his good fortune, modernized his house, and "put money in the purse" of the carpenter, the painter, and the upholsterer. Still however he had a lurking doubt of the existence of the £2000, so one night he sat down to give the columns "one count more." At the close of his task, as though he had been galvanized, he rushed through the streets, in a shower of rain, to the house of his clerk. The clerk's head, capped and drowsy, emerged from an attic window at the sound of the knocker, to enquire the errand of his midnight visitor. "Who's there," he mumbled, "and what do you want?" "It's me, ye d—d scoundrel," exclaimed his employer, "ye've added up the year of our Lord among the pounds!"

WEAK SOUP.—The best description of weakness we have ever heard is contained in the wag's prayer to his wife, when she gave him some thin chicken broth, if she would not try to coax that chicken just to wade through the soup once more.

KILL OR CURE.—A poor man, having a sick wife, asked a doctor if he could cure her. The doctor said he would enter into a contract with him to kill or cure for five pounds. In the course of the following week the poor woman died, and the doctor brought his bill, "Did you cure her?" said the man. "No," said the doctor. "Did you kill her then?" said the man. "No," said the doctor again. "Then I've nothing to pay you, for our bargain was to kill or cure for five pounds, and you have done neither."

RAMBLER.

WILLIE'S MUSICAL ADVENTURE.—"Meet me by moonlight alone," as Willie the gambler warbled to the old gent with a gold watch and five hundred dollars. "Come, oh come with me," sung the officer taking him to the station-house. "Welcome, welcome home," responded the turnkey on locking him up. "Go where glory waits thee," sung the Judge as he sentenced Willie to seven years and a free passage across the Atlantic. "Wait for the waggon and we'll all take a ride," hummed the officer whilst attending the arrival of "Black Maria," the prison van. "We meet to part no more," warbled the keeper, warmly grasping Willie by the handcuffs. "Home, home, sweet home," sighed Willie as he put on the zebra suit.

# THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE.

## Songs and Poetry.

### MATILDA'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO "CHARLEY."

- 1 The construction of your "Christmas box" was so very alight  
That I pulled it all to pieces in a single night,  
You naughty, wicked, foolish boy  
To send at this season such a rotten toy.  
It cost you some exertion though my pretty dear,  
So I'll repay you with a gift for the new year,  
A gift so strong that you can't break it,  
Here it is, now kindly take it.
- 2 You dolt, you dunce, to raise contention  
About that simple word "propension!"  
In it's meaning there's no wonderful immensity;  
"Propension" per "Maunder" means propensity.  
There's yet another word it's quite as famous,  
I'll apply it, sir, to you, and call it "ignoramus,"  
With "Walker" and "Johnson" you come too late,  
Like "Mrs. Caudle" they are out of date.
- 3 From you, THICK HEAD, I now demand apology,  
For daring to question my "Etymology,"  
That's a long 'un, don't be in a hurry.  
If you don't know its meaning apply to "Murray,"  
Grammar Murray I mean, not Murray Sapper,  
By jingo! that's putting on the clapper.  
With wit (ahem!) you see my verses I entwine,  
But why should I throw such precious pearls to swine.
- 4 Swine, ah! ah! you finch at that,  
Remember wasp, its only "tit for tat,"  
As regards your remark about your getting red,  
I never saw that color but in your head.  
Your feelings, dear, I don't wish to hurt,  
But the color of your face is always hid with dirt;  
My own face with good humor is always glowing,  
But yours with GRACE and sulkenness is always frowning.
- 5 You look I say (but never mind it)  
As though you'd lost some thing and couldn't find it.  
As to my wrinkles, sir, I'll let you see  
That you won't ever take a wrinkle out of me.  
So far so good—now, if you please,  
What do you mean by my CHU touching my knees?  
Such Belderdash—pray cut this caper,  
And with such babyism don't fill the paper.
- 6 Do something better, stop these rags,  
But don't fall back on goats and pigs.  
We want an article of ye profound and deep,  
And less about the butcher killing sheep.  
With pleasure on your past efforts I can't look back,  
Your best attempt was your dirge on "Jack."  
Yet stay, I'll give you your due—as it should be  
The song was decent—the air "Lanny Dundee."
- 7 These are the only two for which I give you praise,  
For a little while my own banner now I raise.  
In that thing on "Matilda," you gave me a challenge bold,  
I've answered it—pretty fairly I am told.  
Next came that abortion you called a "whipping,"  
For this trash you well deserve a dripping.  
I answer'd that in a manner, sir, most able,  
By illustrating a celebrated fable.
- 8 With my own talent I'm not dead smitten,  
But that surpasses ALL that you have written:  
Your "Hot Water" came then, quickly following,  
It was saved only by the Captain's hollering;  
I'll say no more of this, but push on faster  
To my reply called "A Mustard Plaster,"  
I own that this was not a prize,  
Although it brought the water in your eyes.
- 9 I come at last to your late attempt POOR POET,  
"A Christmas Box"—not worth a rap, away I throw it,  
Being no better nor any chance of such, I fear,  
I've given you in return "A Gift for the New Year."  
The champion I am without a doubt,  
But eye you say so, you'll hang your lip and pout;  
My blows, sir, you have most severely felt,  
I've won the fight, give me at once the belt.

### A FEW LINES TO A SWEETHEART.

The following verses were sent home from the Falkland Islands by a friend of ours, whose heart and soul are evidently in the right place.

- 1 Lizzy my love, to thee I write,  
Not less myself than thee to cheer,  
To wish to thee, my heart's delight,  
A bright and happy new born year.
- 2 And if before its close you come  
With your dear voice my dreams to cheer,  
So happy in our western home,  
We yet may end the coming year.
- 3 Twelve months since, I remember well,  
The day I passed when thou wert near,  
With words so sweet I dare not tell,  
We pledged to each the happy year.
- 4 E'en now the echo of thy voice,  
With those of other friends most dear,  
Is plainly heard, maid of my choice,  
Whispering softly "a happy year."

- 5 If thou come not, may I be above  
In well or ill to thee appear,  
Then at its end you'll say, with love,  
This was indeed a happy year.
- 6 Not thee alone, but may we both  
God's law and holy name revere;  
If thus to each we plight our troth,  
'Twill surely prove a happy year.
- 7 And let us "by submission prove,"  
Should we meet aught that's dark or drear,  
We feel He "chasten'd out of love,"  
And own it was a happy year.
- 8 With holy thoughts like these within  
Our minds through life each other cheer,  
Then at its end we shall begin  
A brighter, never ending year.

## Charades.

I'm a strange contradiction, I'm new and I'm old,  
I'm often in letters and oft decked with gold;  
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found;  
Though blind I enlighten, though loose I am bound;  
I'm always in black and I'm always in white,  
I'm grave and I'm gay, I'm heavy and light;  
In form too I differ, I'm thick and I'm thin,  
I've no flesh and no bones yet I'm covered with skin.  
I've more points than the compass, more stops than a flute,  
I sing without voice, without speaking confute;  
Though despatched to-day I do e'en last for ages,  
And no monarch on earth has so many pages.

## Conundrums.

- XXV. What is it that is white, black and red all over?  
XXVI. What did the executioner have for breakfast on the morning King Charles was beheaded?  
XXVII. Why was Lord St. Vincent equal to any two able seamen?  
ANSWER TO XXII. Cake is sometimes 'tipsey,' but wine is always 'drunk.'  
" XXIII. For sun-dry reasons.  
" XXIV. Because that's the 'grub' that makes the 'butter-fly.'

## Market Intelligence.

Since our last intelligence the markets have undergone a great change. FRESH MEAT of excellent quality has been procured. VEGETABLES have been scarce and, with the exception of Cabbage, were not to be had for money. FLOUR—The samples of Stanley Flour were indifferent and at a high figure, yet, notwithstanding, good sales were effected. CHEESE was reasonable, but the quality very poor. PICKLES, CURRIES, PRESERVES, &c., were in prime order, but at a high price; nevertheless there were many buyers. BEER, SPIRITS, WINES, &c., were in great demand, the former fetching a high price. STOCK EXCHANGE.—Little business has been done of late. Attempts were made to exchange "Sammy" and a Dutch sheep of the name of "Van-Buster" for two fat Falkland sheep, but were unsuccessful. On the proposal being made to a dealer, he immediately ejaculated, "D'ye see any green?" whereupon Samuel, who was standing by, and who by the bye has been supplied with his heart's desire, viz: a pair of green spectacles, replied pithily, that "he saw nothing else, but couldn't get a bite."

## Advertisements.

### Theatre Royal, "Thames City."

THE MANAGER, having returned from his tour in the Province, intends to re-opening the above Theatre on a scale of unparalleled splendour. He has much pleasure in announcing the re-engagement of those distinguished histrionic artists who had the honor of appearing last season. The scene department, under the direction of that eminent artist C. White, R. E., R. A., will surpass anything hitherto represented in this or any other country. The dresses are quite new and of a most costly and elegant description, whilst the minor stage arrangements are calculated to produce an effect which cannot fail to be appreciated by all who witness them.

On Wednesday, next, the 19th inst., will be produced that popular Comedy, in five Acts, by Oliver Goldsmith, entitled,

### She stoops to Conquer!

In which the whole strength of the Company will have the honor of appearing. For further particulars see daily bills.

Doors open at 6 o'clock, performance to commence at 6.30 precisely. Reserved seats for Ladies only.

The publication of THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced at noon on Thursday, and was completed at 4 p. m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

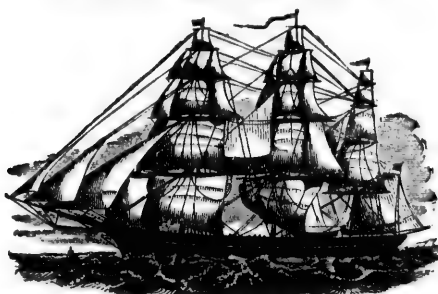
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No. 10.

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# THE EMIGRANT



## Soldiers'

## Gazette,

### AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 10.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, JANUARY 22ND, 1859.

[PRICE 3D.

**The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.**

"THAMES CITY," JANUARY 22ND, 1859.

LAT. 59.53 S. LONG. 72.26 W. MOON'S LAST QUARTER, JAN. 26TH AT 8H. 45M. P. M.

It gave us great pleasure to refer in our Christmas number to the successful birth and early career of the "Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette and Cape Horn Chronicle," and to have an opportunity of thanking those kind friends who have been the means of contributing to its welfare and prosperity. But though its success has been unequivocal, the E. S. G. and C. H. C. is not what we could wish it to be. It has certainly, and we are happy to say so, been the humble means of affording to most of us at least one hour's amusement in the week, but, as managers of so great a publication, we cannot rest satisfied with this. We wish the E. S. G. and C. H. C. to be like the comet of 1858. No fox's brush was ever hunted after, chased and cheried as was the tail of that great heavenly phenomenon. No sooner did he appear in public than shouts were heard of "Here he is again." People collected in multitudes wherever a glimpse of him was to be had, and those who were not blessed with any sort of telescope or spectacles were nightly in the habit of straining their nude optics till, to use an Irish expression, they could "hardly see for staring." Such is the sort of treatment we would like to see the E. S. G. & C. H. C. exposed to. We would have it watched, and hunted, and pointed at, and talked about, to an extent that should even make it blush. We do not mean to say that it is going down in the world—far from it—it is still, as it always has done, maintaining an honorable position, but we are not going to stop here or be satisfied with mere excellence. We wish it to shine forth brightest and most conspicuous in the literary heavens, to frisk its tail about in defiance of all the lesser constellations, and to excel in grandeur and importance every other periodical in the world, and, as a means to this end, we beg to appeal to the hearts and talents of the 31 ladies and 120 gentlemen on board the "Thames City." Talking of the ladies, it would perhaps be as well to remind some of them of their mission upon earth. "As the vine, which

has long twisted its graceful foliage about the oak and been nurtured by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is riven by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordered that woman, who is the dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart." Now though the E. S. G. & C. H. C. cannot be said to be smitten with any sudden calamity, its head droops and it becomes nigh broken-hearted when it reflects on the melancholy fact that, ever since its birth, it has received no sort of attention or kindness from any of the ladies on board. It cannot be expected to exist without having its little jokes and flirtations with the ladies any more than any other young man can, and we take this opportunity of appealing in its behalf to their tender hearts for a little love and encouragement. Married though they are, there is not the least doubt that they all of them possess, if not in unexplored regions of their trunks, at least in the fathomless recesses of their memories, songs, valentines, fragments of poetry, and even love-letters, tokens of ardent love and young affection, which would go far to support the drooping head and bind up the broken heart of the E. S. G. & C. H. C. They may say that they have lost them or thrown them away, or torn them up, or burnt them, but, with all due deference, we must beg to refute their assertions; whatever the gentlemen may do, ladies are not guilty of such weaknesses as these, and we trust to their generous and affectionate natures to aid, by the reproduction of some of these hidden treasures, in raising our weekly journal to the highest and brightest position in the literary heavens. As to the gentlemen we must plainly say that the support we have received from them has not been such as we have a right to expect from 120 minds of various degrees of literary talent. All letters for England are now written and posted, and we have resumed our sea life. The newspaper is a common fund of amusement, and as such all should, and we trust will, do their best to support it. The manager of the theatricals intends re-opening his house on a scale of unparalleled splendour, and we cannot see any just cause or impedi-

## THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE,

ment why the E. S. G. & C. H. C. should not likewise rise and shine, and to this end we appeal to all interested in our behalf to give us their warmest support. In addition to stocks of already acquired information and anecdotes, there are dozens of little incidents daily occurring which might form the subjects either for leading articles, jokes, songs, or poetry, and we can only say that, should any who are inclined that way lack the means, the opportunity or the place for writing, we shall be happy to afford them every assistance in our power.

One great excellence in the writings of Dickens is this, that, besides the delight we experience in contemplating the creations of his genius and in acknowledging the truthfulness and humour with which his numberless characters abound, we feel, in perusing every separate story, a sort of certainty of the unbounded goodness and benevolence of himself as a man. And that these are really his great characteristics is, we believe, amply borne out by all the actions of his life. Not content with joining in the ordinary courses of charity, as he has at all times been ready most liberally to do, he some time since, for the purpose of raising a fund of money to make easy the rest of the lives of the wife and children of a deceased author, proposed to read aloud in public one of his own short tales—the "Christmas Carol." All the world within reach seemed to flock to hear him, and crowds went murmuring away for want of space to admit them. So night after night, with untiring willingness, and regardless of his own convenience, the readings were repeated until at last a very considerable amount was accumulated for the object he had in view. We had the good fortune to hear him read the "Carol" on one of these occasions, and it was a scene not readily to be forgotten. Eagerness and delight were on every countenance, and the applause, as often as he stopped to take breath, was tumultuous. He had told us at the starting to lay ceremony aside and, if we felt pleased at any time, to show it freely. The "Christmas Carol" is a tale that will bear many a reading, and many a hearing also, without a chance of tiring the patience of any one, and it was with infinite gratification that we heard it once more read aloud on the troop deck of the "Thames City." This gratification we doubt not was shared by all present. The story and the language in which it is told are so perfect in themselves that it is impossible to give any portions with effect, or to point out any beautiful passages with which you are not already acquainted. Still a few words on the general tendency of the tale may perhaps, even, now not be without some slight interest. The chief figure in the matchless picture that has been placed before us is that of an old merchant whose heart and soul have become thickly crusted over with the love of wealth, who has steeled himself against all kindly affections, and shut out from his bosom every remembrance of home: but it is an old saying that "when the night is darkest daylight is near," (an adage that may perhaps give some little consolation to ourselves after beating so long about in the neighborhood of Cape Horn), so, on a Christmas eve, after being more than usually caustic to his nephew, bitter to his poor clerk, and stern and sullen to all the world, he betook himself to bed, where the goodness of God in a dream that overshadowed him touched his heart, as the rod of Moses touched the rock, and streams of living water flowed freely forth. With a spirit of good beside him he saw once more a little sister who had loved him as a child,—a trusting hearted girl whom, a few years later, he had promised to marry, but who felt that his love was fast fading and that her only hope of security was to release him from his engagement,—he saw her afterwards with a husband at her side and laughing children looking up into her face, and compared her state of happiness with his own desolation. Again and again the same comparison was forced upon him, while witnessing the Christmas party at his nephew's, and Bob Cratchet's family assembled around their Christmas dinner of sage and onions, goose and plum-pudding. He saw also what his own death-bed scene would be

if things remained unchanged. He awakes in an agony and rejoices to find that it is only the morning of Christmas day; then, with all his warnings yet echoing in his ears, but with a breast unburdened, for resolve is strong within him, he begins a new life. All this and much more, with wonderful minuteness and detail, with streaks of light falling here and there like burnished gold, is painted on the small-sized canvas of a Christmas Story Book, painted in such glowing colors, and with touches so true to life that we feel as if we were ourselves carried back on the stream of time and becoming again each as a little child—reckoning up from our earliest years our short comings and resolving, let us hope, that Christmas eves hereafter shall be seasons of cheerfulness and enjoyment, and Christmas days, as far as we are able, sacred to love and charity.

## NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

We continue our notes on the Natural History of the Falkland Islands by making a few observations on the habits of the Penguin, of which, as was before stated, there are three principal varieties in the Falklands, viz: the King Penguin, the Crested Penguin, and the Jackass Penguin. The latter has obtained its title from its nightly habit of emitting discordant sounds, which have been likened to the effusions of our humble sonorous friend of the common. This species seems to deviate from the general manner of breeding, as it burrows on the sandy hills, and is more sensible of injury than its fellows. The ground which it occupies whilst rearing its young is everywhere so much bored that a person in walking often sinks up to the knees; and, if the Penguin chances to be in her hole, she revenges herself on the passenger by fastening on his legs, which she bites very hard. Of the Jackass Penguin Capt. Fitzroy thus speaks: "Multitudes of Penguins were swarming together in some parts of Noir Island among the bushes and tussocks near the shore, having gone there for the purpose of moulting and rearing their young. They were very valiant in self defence, and ran open-mouthed by dozens at any one who invaded their territory, little knowing how soon a stick could scatter them on the ground. The young ones were good eating, but the others proved to be black and tough when cooked. The manner in which they feed their young is curious and rather amusing. The old bird gets on a little eminence and makes a great noise between quacking and braying, holding its head up in the air as if it were haranguing the Penguinnary, whilst the young one stands close to it but a little lower. The old bird, having continued its clatter for about a minute, puts its head down and opens its mouth widely, into which the young one thrusts its head, and then appears to suck from the throat of its mother for a minute or two, after which the clatter is repeated and the young one is again fed; this continues for about ten minutes." The King Penguin is by far the handsomest of the three varieties. Two very fine specimens are to be seen in the grounds of the Government House at Stanley; they are quite tame, and will not only allow people to approach them, but do not object to having their heads patted or their beautiful soft breasts stroked down. In some places these birds flock together in thousands. One colony of these birds seen by Mr. G. Bennett, on Macquarrie Island, occupied a space of thirty or forty acres in extent; and though no conjecture could possibly be formed of the number of birds composing the town, yet some notion of its amazing amount may be given from the fact that, during the whole day and night, 30,000 or 40,000 are continually landing and as many going to sea. Mr. Weddell observes of the King Penguins: "In pride these birds are perhaps not surpassed even by the peacock, to which in beauty of plumage they are indeed little inferior. During the time of moulting they seem to repel each other with disgust on account of the rugged state of their coats, but, as they arrive at the maximum of splendour, they reassemble, and no one who has not completed his plumage is allowed to enter the community. Their frequently looking down their front and sides, in order to contemplate the perfection of their exterior brilliancy, and to remove any speck which might sully it, is truly amusing to an observer. About

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## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

the beginning of January they pair and lay their eggs. During the time of hatching the male is remarkably assiduous, so that, when the hen has occasion to go off to feed and wash, the egg is transported to him, which is done by placing their toes together and rolling it from one to the other, using their beaks to place it properly. As they have no nest, it is to be remarked that the egg is carried between the tail and legs, where the female in particular has a cavity for that purpose. The hen keeps charge of her young nearly a twelvemonth, during which time they change and complete their plumage, and, in teaching them to swim, the mother has frequently to use some artifice, for, when the young one refuses to take the water, she entices it to the edge of a rock and cunningly pushes it in, and this is repeated until it takes the sea of its own accord. All the species are arrant thieves, each losing no opportunity of stealing materials during the building of their habitations, and even the eggs from each other if they are left unguarded. They are usually thought, when seen at sea, to indicate that land is at no great distance; but this indication is not always correct, for they are occasionally seen very far from any shore, and indeed, with their swimming powers, one can readily imagine that the space of a few leagues would be no object of concern. The Crested Penguin in particular lives in open sea; it has been seen some hundreds of miles from land, voyaging in pairs, male and female. So much for the birds of the Falklands. Of fishes there are very few varieties. Mullet and rock-fish are the only two kinds eaten in the Islands. The former abound extensively in the neighbourhood of Stanley Harbour, and vary greatly in size; some are very large, and resemble cod more than the ordinary grey mullet. There are very few shells to be found in the Falklands. Mussels abound in great quantities in the vicinity of the shore, and limpets, which grow to a very large size, are found on all the rocks. Fire specimens of sea-weeds are to be found, washed up by the tide, in most of the bays; the varieties however are very few in number and greatly resemble those commonly found on the shores of England and Scotland. Some which I found at Hooker's Point, a little to the south of the Light-house, are very large and wonderfully perfect. Scarcely an insect of any sort is to be seen on the Islands with the exception of a small variety of beetle, which however is not very common; this scarcity of insects is in all probability owing to the absence of vegetation. Such is a brief summary of the Natural History of the Falkland Islands; bleak and barren as they appear, a great deal is to be learned from the few animated creatures which inhabit them, and, although we may be apt to look upon many of the surrounding rocky islands as worthless and of no possible use to mankind, let us not forget that they are the resting places and form the habitations of myriads of God's creatures, as Penguins, Albatrosses and other water-fowl, thousands of whom have probably never seen a human creature.

NATURALIST.

## Correspondence.

To the Editor.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—There are, I know, few amongst us who are not fond of their pipe, fewer still are there who are capable, chameleon-like, of existing upon a r—though to be deprived of our smoke, and our being starved to death are contingencies, against the slightest chance of the existence of which the Government at home have made promises to provide amply by supplying us with tobacco and rations of every description on our arrival in the new El Dorado, tho' I must beg your readers to put a large note of interrogation in their minds against the certainty of the former being forthcoming at the expense of Her Majesty. However we will admit that we have both in our haversacks. So far, so good; but what is the good of either without lucifers, matches, or some means at hand of striking a light. It's all very fine so long as we are at head-quarters, with fires constantly burning and dry cupboards in which to keep our lucifers. An old friend of mine who used to be very fond of driving a team, i. e., four in hand, and who was, as he himself would have said in his stable parlance, fast "rising" three score years and ten, one

day said to me, "I say old fellow, I do hate your new fashioned railways. If," said he, "you get upset in a coach, why there you are! but if you come to grief in a railway, where are you?" So it will be in the Colonial life before us; while we are at head-quarters we shall be comfortable enough (after a time), but when we get our orders for a campaign in the "bush," then shall we be thrown completely, for some things, on our own resources, and have to keep our weather-eyes open, and a good look-out ahead. In your present number I propose to offer a few remarks on the ways and means of procuring light and fuel, and maintaining a fire, as, although in the teeth of every precaution fires constantly break out, yet when we want a spark, and do not happen to have our ingenious fire-making contrivances at hand, it is scarcely possible to get one. And further, though sparks of their own accord, and in the most unlikely places, too often burst out into conflagrations, yet it is a matter of no small skill and difficulty to coax a spark into a blaze. In default of lucifer matches (and in damp weather wooden ones will hardly burn) the principal means of obtaining fire are by flint and steel, a gun, or a burning glass. Every man on a bush excursion should have about him: 1st, a light, handy steel, which he can even make out of common iron by "case hardening," and the link of a chain is a good shape to be turned into a steel (the North Americans use iron pyrites); 2nd, an agate, which is better than flint, making a hotter spark; quartz and other hard stones will just make a spark; the joints of bamboo, too, sometimes contain silex enough to strike a light with steel; 3rd, tinder, of which I shall treat hereafter; and, 4th, a bundle of chips of wood thinner and shorter than lucifer matches, with fine points which he has dipped in melted sulphur, and also a small spare lump of sulphur in reserve. The cook should have a regular tinder-box, such as he happens to have been used to, and an abundance of lucifer matches. With a flint-and-steel gun, the touch-hole may be stuffed up, and a piece of tinder put among the priming powder; a light can be obtained in that way without letting it off. With a percussion gun, a light may be got by putting powder and tinder round the cap, outside the nipple, which will, though not with certainty, catch fire on exploding the gun. But the common way with a gun is to put a quarter of a charge of powder in, and above it, quite loosely, a quantity of rag or tinder. On firing the gun straight up in the air the rag will be shot out lighted; you must then run after it as it falls and pick it quickly up.

But time's up, the tea-bugle is sounding and I must obey. Next week, if you have any spare space, with your permission, I will continue the subject. Meanwhile I wish to impress upon your readers that I do not pretend to teach anything new, or wish them to believe that what I have written is original. I only want to remind them of these and other similar 'little' things, so that, when they are placed in any dilemma, they may not have occasion to say, as is often the case, "If I had but thought of that it would have all been right," or some such expression. However I doubt not that many of them will say, "What more can you expect from one who signs himself as your obedient servant,

PETER SIMPLE?

## Foreign Intelligence.

ASTOUNDING ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION IN 'BRITISH COLUMBIA' —We are happy to have it in our power to inform those of the Detachment who have children that there is some prospect of their being able to place them at school on their arrival at their destination, judging from the fact of the first report having just been received at home from Prof. Syntax, the recently appointed Inspector General of Schools in that Colony. In it, a copy of which we saw in an American paper kindly sent to us for our perusal by a friend in Stanley, he quotes the following remarkable instance of progress in spelling made by a boy who had arrived from England but about three months before. "Thomas, spell weather," said the schoolmaster, Mr. Birch, to him one day. "W-i-e-a-t-h-e-r, weather." "Well, Thomas, you may sit down," said Mr. Birch, "you may be a sharp lad, but that must have been the sort of weather you had on coming round Cape Horn."

## Songs and Poetry.

## A "BITE" FOR A "BARK."

Will you kindly inform us next week, if you please,  
If you've used up all that dirt and grose  
That flowed from your pen and aroused our fears?  
Keep it clear of your fingers—'twould smell for years.  
'Twas insult foul, and thrown at my face,  
It missed its mark,—for I feel no disgrace,  
Tho' I hit you hard, miss, I never insulted,  
I drew a true picture, nor cared what resulted.  
But it pined your vanity, that "Christmas Box,"  
When I spoke of your wrinkles and sulky looks,  
It made you sore,—twas answered meanly,  
You had ought to say but that I was uncleanly.  
Who can but smile, when a hum-skull pate  
Asserts that Walker is out of date,  
Or Johnston either,—but 'tis useless speaking,  
While such a goose insists on squeaking.  
Suppose we both learn to spell, and then  
We'll freely quote with flowing pen  
From men of fame and men of letters;  
But as yet let's leave such to our betters.  
Your impudence is quite amusing;  
You Asst!—my job was not my choosing;  
But if I write nonsense about sheep and fowls,  
It's better than your fortnightly growls;  
Cawing thou call'st it, then why neck'd head!  
Why it's wasting good paper, ink and pen;  
Cackling it must be—for may I be blowed  
If I ever yet heard of a hen that crowed.  
And an old hen too, whose voice is weak,  
It's not even a good cackle—it's but a squeak,  
When your squeak is read you dance and kick,  
When my time comes it makes you sick.  
For on Christmas Day I saw you come up,  
As one who had drank some bitter cup,  
You saw me,—tried hard—but could not rally,  
So "cast up your accounts" not far from the galley.  
'Non mi ricordo"—you will probably say,  
But others saw you as well as I,  
And I write the truth, miss, nor fear disgrace,  
But you wrote an untruth about my "dirty face."  
Tho' you are so LEARNED, and have plenty of time,  
You've never sent us aught but rhyme,  
And that's all abuse and vaunting brags  
About "blowing your trumpet" and "hoisting your flags;"  
And the "bel" you've won, miss, where do you wear it?  
Close out of sight—lest some one should tear it?  
Beneath that POLKA that so becomes you  
When Cape Horn's icy blast benumbs you?  
That polka makes you look so matronly and tender,  
Good faith! one very well might doubt your DENDER;  
At stitching too you give your fist a twist,  
It makes one stare to see your BEARD old girl.  
And at washing too, although you're nearly frozen,  
You'll wash the baby's heppins by the dozen,  
They were baby's clothes, but p'rhaps belonged to russey,  
That one from Falkland Isles you hussey.  
Call it "Pompey," the little dear, so like its mother,  
And call the next one "Caesar"—if you ever get another.  
Then, just like one another, particularly "Caesar,"  
Oh! how the little imps will fight to please her!  
How strange it is—this breach in Nature's laws,  
To send among us thus a babe with PAWS!  
And stranger still, pray do not laugh, but list' sire,  
Tho' the parent's jaws are bare, the baby's born with WHISKERS.  
I saw you bring it up, stagger along the deck,  
Black pussy in your arms, white tape around its neck,  
What you brought it for and what it did, I won't at present mention,  
To train it as it ought to go was clearly your intention.  
You say I look as if I'd lost something and couldn't find it,  
But this, like all your other blows, I scorn, nor do I mind it.  
How did you look that night when you had lost your £ s. d.?  
I'm told your well-oiled pate was like a mop upon the spree;  
The loss, miss, made you stamp and seem a little foggy,  
Now don't you go and say as how I said as you was gruggy.  
Although that night you groaned aloud, I've lost two pound eleven!  
Muzzy you must have been, miss, next day 'twas one pound seven.  
And yet you have the cheek to think I'd yield the champion's belt  
To an addle-headed muf like you, a girl who always smelt  
Of pap and plaster! no miss, spite of your hems and stitches,  
A belt like that should e'er be worn by him who wears the BREECHES;  
Not by a "DORSEY penguin" who flaps its hands and jumps,  
With trousers twisted up to show its skinny feet and stumps;  
The champion's belt on such an one would quite unseemly be,  
And, ere I say good-bye, my dear, take this advice from me,  
When next you write (tho' much I fear your brain is high done up)  
Sound not your praises quite so loud, you great conceited pup!  
The dog's no good that BARKS too much, e'en if he be the strongest,  
A little dog who only bites will surely fight the longest.

## DOING UP CONSIDERABLE SLEEP.

"Away down in Missouri" they live on the primitive system. People sleep as well as eat in companies, and in many of the hotels there are from three to a dozen beds in each chamber. On a cold winter's night, a weary and foot-worn traveller arrived at one of these caravansaries by the road-

side. After stepping into the bar-room and taking the requisite number of "drinks," he invoked the attention of the accommodating landlady with this interrogatory:—"I say, ma'am, have you got a considerable number of beds in your house?" "Yes," answered she, "I reckon we have."  
"How many beds have you about this time that ain't noways engaged?"  
"Well, we've one room upstairs with eleven beds in it." "That's just right," said the traveller, "I'll take that room and engage all the beds, if you please." The landlady, not expecting any more company for the night, and thinking that her guest might wish to be alone, consented that he should occupy the room. But no sooner had the wayfarer retired, than a large party arrived and demanded lodgings for the night. The landlady told them she was very sorry, but all her rooms were engaged; true, there was one room with eleven beds in it and only one gentleman. "We must go there then—we must have beds there." The party accordingly proceeded to the chamber with the beds and rapped; no answer was returned. They essayed to open the door—it was locked. They shouted aloud, but received no reply. At last, driven to desperation, they determined upon bursting open the door. They had no sooner done so than they discovered every bedstead empty, and all the beds piled one upon another in the centre of the room, with the traveller sound asleep on the top. They with some difficulty aroused him, and demanded what in the world he wanted with all those beds. "Why, look here, strangers," said he, "I ain't had no sleep these eleven nights, so I just hired eleven beds, to get rested all at once and make up what I have lost. I calculate to do up a considerable mess of sleeping; I've hired all these beds and paid for 'em, and hang me if I don't have eleven nights sleep out on 'em before morning."

## Naval and Military Intelligence.

## ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

During the past week.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Jan. 16th	55° 44' S.	64° 03' W.	S.W. 6W. 83 m.
" 17th	56° 50' S.	65° 57' W.	S.W. 92 m.
" 18th	58° 06' S.	67° 04' W.	S.S.W. 1/2 W. 84 m.
" 19th	57° 58' S.	68° 20' W.	W. by N. 44 m.
" 20th	57° 19' S.	68° 45' W.	N. by W. 1/2 W. 40 m.
" 21st	58° 53' S.	71° 00' W.	S.W. 3/4 S. 118 m.
" 22nd	59° 53' S.	72° 20' W.	S.W. 3/4 S. 74 m.

To-day Cape Horn bore N.E.b.N. 286 m., Cape Flattery N.N.W. about 7050 m.

Since our last we have obtained further particulars of the melancholy death of Capt. W. F. Lambert, R. N. It appears by the official dispatch of General Van Straubenzee, the Commander-in-Chief in China, that, in consequence of a flag of truce from Her Majesty's gun-boat "Starling" having been fired upon by the Imperial troops at Nantow, he sent an armed force thither to exact retribution. The fort was taken by assault on the 11th of August last, the party being led by Capt. Lambert, accompanied by Commander Saumarez, R. N. Captain Lambert was getting on the top of the wall when he received a mortal wound in the groin, owing to an accidental explosion of a fire-lock carried by one of the "Nankin's" seamen who was struggling with a soldier to be the first up the ladder.

## Jokes, &amp;c.

CHARACTERISTIC.—An Irishman, an Englishman and a Scotchman happened one day to stop at the window of a pastry-cook's shop; behind the counter was a most lovely girl. "By the powers!" said the Irishman, "let's go in and have a crown's worth, if it's only to look at her." "I've a mind to spend half a crown, though I don't want anything," said the Englishman, "for the same purpose." "Hoot non," says Sandy, "do ye no ken we might all go in, one at a time, and ask for two sixpences for a shilling!"

Mr. A., a member of the board of Councillors in a neighboring city, came home rather late one fine moonlight night. He was conscious of some oscillation in his movements, to counteract which, he walked exceedingly straight, with a stiff upper lip, and some care in wording his paragraphs. He was met at the door by his indignant spouse with the usual reprimand on such occasions. "Pretty time of night Mr. A. for you to come home! pretty time, three o'clock in the morning; you a respectable man in the community and the father of a family!" "Twint three, its only one, I heard it strike; council always sits up till one o'clock." "My soul Mr. A. you're drunk, as true as I'm alive you're drunk. It's three in the morning!" "I say Mrs. A. it's one. I heard it strike once as I came round the corner, two or three times."

## Conundrums.

XXVIII. Why is a member of the Royal Academy superior to Solomon in glory?

XXIX. Why is Joseph Gillott the cleverest man that ever lived?

XXX. Why have travellers in a desert no occasion to starve?

ANSWER TO XXV. A Newspaper.

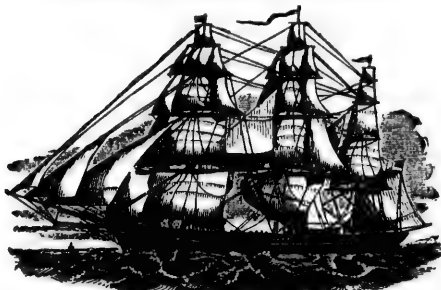
XXVI. A chip at the "King's Head."

XXVII. Because they are only 'tare' but he was a 'Tar-tar.'

LAST CHARADE.—A Book.

The publication of the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE and CAPE HORN ORIONETTE was commenced at 10. a. m., on the 20th, and was completed at 4 p. m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

# THE EMIGRANT



## Soldiers' Gazette,

AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 11.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, JANUARY 29TH, 1859.

[PRICE 3D.

### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," JANUARY 29th, 1859.

LAT. 52.27 S. LONG. 81.37 W. NEW MOON, FEB'Y  
3RD, AT 1H. 4M. A. M.

If there is one question that is more often asked and less satisfactorily answered than another on board the "Thames City" it is, "What shall we do when we get to British Columbia?" To tell the truth it is as impossible to explain this in a positive and lucid manner as it is to predict the day when we shall drop anchor in Esquimalt Harbour, but as it is at least permitted to all to think for themselves, and to form their own opinions, we, on the strength of this permission, venture to offer a few remarks as to the probable destination, occupation, and future career, of the Columbian Detachment of the Royal Engineers. First then, to judge from the authenticity of the various reports upon the subject, there is little or no doubt that gold does exist in great abundance throughout large districts of the Colony of British Columbia, and, these reports once verified, the country, like Australia and California before it, will soon be crowded with a vast and motley throng from nearly every portion of the inhabited globe, attracted thither in search of gold. The first thing to be done is to establish a capital town, accessible if possible to shipping, which, like all other capital towns, shall form the seat of Government, a place of habitation and trade, and a depot for the vast stock of stores and provisions necessary to meet the demands of so large a population. The choice of the site on which to establish this capital rests with Col. Moody, R. E., and there is little doubt that he has ere this decided on the spot, one probably on the banks of the river "Fraser." Our first business on our arrival will be to build houses for ourselves, then probably, as is the case in all places where Englishmen collect, will appear two or three grog shops, then a store or two, a Government house, a Bank, a Church, a burial ground, an hotel, a jetty, and finally a street. In due time too we shall probably have our theatre, our library, water works, gas works, docks, pavements, lamp-posts, omnibusses, and possibly even railroads and electric telegraphs, the same as in any other civilized town in England. The duties of the detachment will probably be as various as

the names of the men composing it, such as clearing and levelling ground, building, draining, road-making, surveying, digging wells, building jettys, &c. We shall also have our architects, clerks, surveyors, draughtsmen and photographers, and be, we hope, at the bottom of all the good and as little of the evil as possible that is done in the Colony. By and bye when provisions are cheap and plentiful we shall have settlers from old England to cultivate the country, whose bright and happy faces will form a delightful contrast to the care-worn, dissipated, and scoundrelly physiognomies of the gold diggers in general; and, finally, let us hope the day will come when we shall see many of the detachment, with their wives and families, comfortably settled on comfortable little farms, who, if you pay them a visit, will tell you wonderful stories of a certain passage round Cape Horn in a certain ship, how the winds blew, and the pitching of the ship stirred up their bile, how they were obliged to hold on to their teeth to prevent their being blown down their throats, how there was a squall of wind one night which laid the ship over on her beam ends, how all the women (the narrator alone excepted) were screaming out for their husbands to kiss them, quite positive that the ship was going down that very minute, and, lastly, what a lot of rows there used to be on board, and how precious glad they are that they are out of that. Unless all fathers and mothers are blessed with such good children as those of our friend "Bob Cratchit," who, as we were told the other night, stuck their spoons into their mouths, for fear they should shriek out too soon for goose, there are doubtless many occasions which call for the mild reproof, "Little children should be seen and not heard." Still there is no reason why they should not be thought of, and to judge from our column of births since our departure, it is evidently the mature resolution of the Columbia Detachment of the Royal Engineers to increase the rising generation to the best of their ability. We have children of every size and every description on board, children with names and children without names, pink children, and red children, and yellow children, and white children, children with comforters round their necks, and one child with occasionally white tape round its neck, children who can walk, children who can only toddle, and children who can do neither; children who blow their noses and children who don't blow their noses; children who are indebted for a large portion of their washing to Miss M. H., and children who do not require any washing of the peculiar nature ascribed to that young lady, children of every colour, every age and every temper, and there will probably ere long be just as many more children as different from these as these are from one another. Let us hope that there are many of us who may live to see them growing up and grown up, land-owners and house-owners, doing their duty like Englishmen and Englishwomen in every walk of life, editors of Colonial newspapers, actors and actresses, aldermen and burgesses, perhaps even Johnny Scales town-councilman, and Miss Judy the prima donna of the Italian Opera, in our future city on the banks of the river Fraser.

## THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE,

EVERYBODY has heard the old story of "Whittington and his cat," how, as he was leaving London, Bow Bells seemed to say, "Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London," how he turned back, how he gave away his cat, how the cat made his fortune, and how he eventually did become Lord Mayor of London. Now there is a young lady on board the "Thames City" blessed in the possession of an affectionate pussy, and although we cannot venture to say that the pussy will be the making of Miss Matilda Hazel's fortune, there is no doubt that as, when Whittington turned back at the sound of Bow Bells, he put his foot on the first step of the ladder of fortune, so clearly has Miss Matilda Hazel adopted the line of life for which she is evidently marked out, and one in which her talents have shone forth more conspicuously than ever since the acquisition of her little black cat. We need not say that the line of life we allude to is the stage, and truly when we look back at the performance of Monday evening, and reflect on the charming grace and modesty, the refinement, the elegance of action, and the delightful modulation of voice that distinguished the acting of this young lady in the character of "Miss Hardeastle," and remember her easy, pert and coquettish air as "bar-maid" at the inn, we cannot but regret that so much beauty and talent has been lost to the country, and confined to the small stage of the "Thames City." Pre-eminently beautiful she certainly is, charming, with her endearing smiles and occasional bursts of merriment, the hearts and eyes of the whole audience, and when we think of the pretty little foot and ankle that peeped so bewitchingly forth from beneath the folds of her elegantly braided dress, we cannot but anathematize the base villain who dared last week to speak of these ravishing charms as "skinny feet and stumps," and when we recognize the same individual in the character of "Young Marlow," our only wonder is that a being of such rare grace and beauty could "stoop so low as to conquer" a creature whom she has unhesitatingly set down as a "frog" and a "dirty cur." On the whole "She Stoops to Conquer" was decidedly a success, and one worthy of the reopening of the theatrical season. The gentlemen, taken all in all, acted admirably, and although we were disappointed with the memory of one who has heretofore promised better things, we feel we cannot speak too highly of the performance of Messrs. Turnbull and Derham, who clearly threw their whole hearts and souls into the matter, and succeeded in pleasing all who heard them. Nor should those who had not the good fortune to take principal parts be forgotten. What they did, they did well; and perhaps there were no parts of the performance that pleased us more than those where "Jeremy" declared that "although only a servant he was as good a man as anybody else," and where "Diggory," with a voice—such a voice!—a voice that seemed to come from the very bottom of the ship, (somewhere in the vicinity of the milk) expressed his fixed determination "to stay his stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry," and we beg to congratulate the manager on the acquisition of a company possessed, one and all, of such a perfection of elementary histrionic talent. Nor can we speak too highly of the new stage properties, all of which, from the dresses to the footlights, were in perfect good taste, and of the highest quality. That eminent artist, J. C. White, has clearly established, beyond a doubt, his superiority to Solomon, and we look forward with much pleasure to witnessing on Wednesday next further proofs of a talent which, with the aid of only two or three colours, in the midst of a crowded deck, and in the worst weather, succeeds in producing specimens of artistic genius, that will contribute in a very important degree to the lustre and general effect of our theatrical entertainments.

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

There is no study more interesting and instructive, and more calculated to remind us of the infinite resources and Omnipotence of the Creator of the universe, than the study of Animated Nature. In whatever direction we turn our eyes we everywhere meet the varied forms of animal life. Earth, air, water are all alike occupied by multitudes of living

creatures, each fitted especially for the habitation assigned to it by nature. Every wood or meadow, nay, every tree or shrub, or turf of grass has its inhabitants, and, even beneath the surface of the ground, numbers of animals may be found fulfilling the purposes for which their species were called into existence. Myriads of birds dash through the air supported on their feathered pinions, or solicit our attention by the charming song which they pour forth from their resting places; whilst swarms of insects with still lighter wings dispute with them the empire of the air. The waters, whether salt or fresh, are also filled with living organisms; fishes of many forms and various colours, and creatures of still more strange appearance swim silently through their depths, and their shores are covered with a profusion of polypes, sponges, starfish and other animals. Notwithstanding the immense number of animals existing on the face of the earth, we have been enabled to form a system of classification, which, by bringing together those animals which most resemble each other and characterizing them by some common point of structure, enables us to form a sort of general idea of the whole, and to remember more readily the peculiarities of each. Irrespective of the scientific classification of animals, a popular classification exists, which to a great extent coincides with it; thus we find that tolerably clear notions are entertained as to the differences between a beast, a bird, a fish, a reptile, and an insect,—these being creatures that pass constantly under our eyes; but, with respect to the lower animals with which mankind at large are not familiar, the classification of ordinary language is by no means so precise, and science is compelled to invent a system of her own. The first step which the student of Natural History takes in commencing his subject is to adopt a system of classification. Now, as I have every reason to hope that there are many who hear and read these contributions with feelings of interest in the subject, and not merely with a view of killing a little time, I have considered this a fit opportunity of bringing before your notice a few remarks on the basis of the study of Zoology, viz: "the classification of animals," which, being of a simple nature and easily understood, may induce some to enter into the subject, who have been deterred from doing so by a preconceived notion that scientific classifications are nothing but a collection of hard names, more calculated to puzzle than to enlighten the young beginner. The arrangement of the animal kingdom proposed by the illustrious Cuvier is the one generally adopted. He distributes the forms of animal life into four grand Divisions, which are again subdivided into orders, groups, and families. The first division comprises those animals which have a vertebral column or spine terminating in a skull, such as the monkey, the horse, the goose, the salmon, the boa-constrictor, the frog, the tortoise, &c. The second division comprises those animals which have no skeleton, are of a soft texture, and are sometimes covered with a strong covering or shell, such as the snail, the slug, the oyster, the mussel, &c. The third division includes those animals which are formed of a number of articulated points or rings, soft or hard, as the worm, the lobster, the spider and the small insects. The fourth division comprises those animals which have their organs arranged like rays proceeding from a centre, such as the sea-urchin, the star-fish, the medusa, &c. Thus the first division is called that of the Vertebrated animals, the second division that of the Molluscous animals, the third division that of the Articulate animals, and the fourth division that of the Radiated animals. Every known living animal, whatever be its size or form, comes under the head of one of these grand divisions, from the huge whale to the smallest microscopic animalcule, and so simple are the distinctions that the telling off of each animal to its own particular division might almost be entrusted to a child; but, when we come to the orders, groups and families, the characteristic distinctions are not so easy to discern, but require closer study and more acute observation. In our next we purpose to discuss the division into orders of the Vertebrated animals, which we shall find correspond with the popular classification before mentioned, by which beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes are distinguished from one another.

NATURALIST.

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## Correspondence.

To the Editor.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The Captain having just inspected the lower deck, down we rush to our tables like so many rabbits into their holes in a warren, and so, with the whole day before me, I hope to finish what little more I have to say on the subject of light, fuel, &c.

I come now to the means whereby light is to be obtained with the aid of a burning glass. What school boy has not considerably increased the tailor's bill of his affectionate parent by burning holes in the cuff of his jacket or the knee of his trowsers with a burning glass? The object glass (and indeed almost any other one) of a telescope is a burning glass. Some old fashioned watch glasses filled with water will answer the same purpose; if the sun is not high overhead, its rays must be glittered vertically down by means of a mirror. I have somewhere read of the crystalline lens of a dead animal's eye having been used on an emergency with success as a burning glass. It is hardly necessary for me to add that black tinder ignites much more easily in the sun than light coloured tinder.

In more than one uncivilized country fire-sticks are used by the natives, but these require a long apprenticeship to work with, and it is not every kind of stick that will do. Difficult as it is to those unpractised in the art, should a serious emergency occur, it is by no means hopeless to obtain fire after this method. Two blocks of wood are required, a drill stick, and any rude description of bow with which to work the stick. A party of men have advantages, inasmuch as the work is very fatiguing; the whole party can try in turns, and, as there is considerable knack required to succeed, it is much more probable that one out of many should succeed than that a single beginner should do so. One person works the "drill stick" with a rude bow, and with his other hand holds the upper piece of wood, both to steady it and give it the requisite pressure. Another man holds the lower piece of wood, the fire block, to steady it, having a piece of tinder ready to catch fire. Any tough, hard and dry stick will do for the "drill," but the fire block must be of wood with little grain, of a middle degree of softness and sufficiently inflammable. It is not at all difficult to produce smoke with a broken fishing-rod, or ram-rod, as a drill stick, and a common wooden pill-box, or tooth-powder box, as a fire block; walnut is good also, but deal and mahogany are both worthless for fire sticks.

The best sort of tinder is the commonest, namely, cotton or linen lighted and smothered by being crammed into your tinder box before they are burnt to ashes. Amadou, punk, or German tinder, is made from a kind of fungus or mushroom that grows on the trunks of old oaks, ashes, beeches, &c., and many other kinds of fungus, and I believe all kinds of puff balls will do. Dried cattle-dung is very useful as tinder. In all cases the presence of saltpetre makes tinder burn more hotly and more fiercely, and saltpetre exists in such great quantities in the ashes of many plants (as tobacco, dill, maize, sun-flower, &c.) that these can be used just as they are in place of it. Thus, if the ashes of a cigar be well rubbed into a bit of paper (unsized paper like that out of a blotting book is best suited, but any will do) they convert it into touch paper. Gunpowder, of which three-quarters is saltpetre, (uninjured gunpowder is as good as any for this purpose) has the same effect. If it be an object to prepare a store of touch paper, a strong solution of saltpetre in water (and let it be remembered that boiling water makes the solution forty-fold stronger than ice-cold water, and about eight times stronger than water 60° Fahr.) should be obtained, and the paper, rags, or fungus, dipped into it and hung to dry.

To kindle a spark into a flame by blowing is quite an art, which few Europeans have learned, but in which every savage is proficient. The spark should be received into a sort of loose nest of the most inflammable substances procurable, prepared before hand; when by careful blowing or fanning the flame is once started, it should be fed with little bits of stick or bark, until it has gained strength enough to grapple with thicker ones. There is an old proverb "small sticks

kindle a flame, but large ones put it out." In soaking wet weather the fire may be started in a frying pan itself, for want of a dry piece of ground.

There is something of a knack in looking for fuel. It should be looked for under bushes; the stump of a tree that is rotted nearly to the ground has often a magnificent root fit to blaze throughout the night. In want of fire-wood the dry manure of cattle and other animals is very generally used throughout the world, and there is nothing objectionable in using it. Another remarkable substitute for fire-wood is bones, a fact to which Mr. Darwin, the Naturalist quoted by our "Naturalist," was the first to draw attention. During the Russian campaign, in 1829, the troops suffered so severely from cold at Adrianople that the cemeteries were ransacked for bones for fuel.

My stock of information about Fuel is now finished, fortunately so, not only for the patience of your readers, but also for the difficulty which I should have (had I more) in writing it, from the heavy rolling of the ship and the bitter damp cold. Had we plenty of fuel and appliances we might guard against the latter, in the absence of both we must "grin and bear it," and that the putting up with these and all other like discomforts without grumbling will every day make us more callous to the inclemencies of the weather which we are led to expect we shall find in "British Columbia" is the firm belief of your obedient servant,

PETER SIMPLE.

## Naval and Military Intelligence.

## ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

During the past week.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Jan. 23rd	58° 55' S.	74° 04' W.	N.W. 1/2 N. 94 m.
" 24th	59° 18' S.	77° 00' W.	W. 1/2 N. 95 m.
" 25th	59° 00' S.	79° 53' W.	S.W. 1/2 W. 99 m.
" 26th	57° 14' S.	80° 47' W.	N.W. 1/2 W. 110 m.
" 27th	56° 13' S.	80° 40' W.	N.N.E. 85 m.
" 28th	54° 23' S.	80° 37' W.	N.W. 1/2 W. 112 m.
" 29th	52° 27' S.	81° 37' W.	N.W. 1/2 W. 122 m.

To-day at noon Valparaiso bore N.E. 3/4 E. 1245 miles.

## "RAISING A CROP OF CHICKENS."

Uncle "Dad Morton," of Vermont, tells the following story: "Them ancestors of our'n didn't do nothin' half way. But there's an awful fallin' off since them times. Why, in my time, when I was a boy, things went on more economical than now. We all worked. My work was to take care of the hens and chickens, and I'll tell yer how I raised 'em. You know I've a very thinkin' child, al'as a thinkin', 'cept when I'm asleep. Well, it came to me one night to raise a big lot of chickens from one hen, and I'll tell yer how I did it. I took an old whiskey barrel and filled it up with fresh eggs, and then put it on the south side of the barn, with some horse manure round it, and then set the old hen on the bung-hole. The old critter kept her settin', and in three weeks I heard a little 'peep.' Then I put my ear to the spigot, when the peeping growed like a swarm of bees. I didn't say anything to the folks about the hatchling, for they'd all the time told me I was a fool, but the next mornin' I knocked in the head of the barrel and covered the barn floor two deep all over with chickings."

## Jokes, &amp;c.

FRENCH BULLS.—The Irish nation have been long supposed to enjoy the exclusive privilege of making blunders. A French gentleman who lately died at Provence, whose name was M. Clante, affords an instance to the contrary, as will appear by the following anecdotes of him. He bid his "valet de chambre," very early one morning, look out of the window and tell him if it was daylight. "Sir," said the fellow, "it is so dark I can see nothing as yet." "Beast that you are," replied the master, "why don't you take a candle to see if the sun is rising or not?" He was ill with a fever, his physician forbade him the use of wine, and ordered him to drink nothing but barley-water. "That I would," said the patient, "with all my heart, provided it had the relish of wine, for I assure you I'd as soon eat beef as partridge, if it had the same taste." He paid a visit to a painter who was busy drawing a landscape, where a lover and his mistress were in conversation. "Let me beg of you," said he, "to draw me in a corner where I can hear every word these lovers are saying, without any body seeing me." At another time he desired the painter who was taking his portrait to draw him with a book in his hand which he should read out loud.

How it LEAKED OUT.—"Mamma what makes dada kiss you," inquired little Willie of his mother. "Get away you scamp or I'll box your ears." "But mamma I should like to know." "Well then child it's because he loves me; but lovey what makes you ask such a naughty question?" "Because I saw dada kiss the cook last Sunday, when you were at church, so I think he loves her as well as you." There was a fuss in the family.



# THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE.

## Songs and Poetry.

### CASTLES IN THE AIR.

- 1 The bonnie, bonnie bairn wha sits i' kin' in the aae,  
Glowerin' in the fire wi' his wee round face,  
Laughin' at the puir' lowe, what sees he there?  
Ha! the young drummer's biggin' castles in the air.
- 2 His wee chubby face, and his tousie curly pow,  
Is laughin' and noddin' to the wee dancin' lowe;  
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, an' sing his sunny hair,  
Glowerin' at the imps wi' their castles in the air.
- 3 He sees muckle castles towerin' to the moon,  
He sees wee soldiers puir' them a' doon;  
Worlds woublin' up and down bleedin' wi' a flare,  
Losh! how he looks as they glimmer in the air.
- 4 For a' sae sage he looks, what can the liddle ken,  
He's thinkin' upon aactin' like mony mighty men,  
A wee thing miks us think, a sma' thing maks us stare,  
There are mair folk than him biggin' castles in the air.
- 5 Sick a night in winter may weel mak him cuild,  
His chin upon his puffy hann will aune mak him auld;  
His brow is brent sae braid, O' pray that daddy care,  
Wad let the wean alane wi' his castles in the air.
- 6 He'll glower at the fire and he'll keek at the licht,  
But mony sparklin' stars are swallowed up by night,  
Aulder een than his are glamour'd by a glare,  
Hearts are broken, heads are turned wi' castles in the air.

### A "BITER" BIT.

JACKAB! to think to put me in the shade  
By that vulgar composition you last week made!  
For personality like that there is no palliation,  
So now for personal, but truthful retaliation.  
Your bite, whelp, ah! ah! was soon forgotten,  
You can't bite hard for all your teeth are rotten,  
Don't wince, again your feelings do I shock?  
They are very filthy, just like your smock.  
GRIEHOOP! your brains must be very slender,  
When you make such a fool's remark about my gender,  
I call you greyhound, you know what it means,  
A bound that's scrappy and has no brains.  
No doubt you thought you cut it nice and fat,  
By hitting on my tiny, little cat,  
In teaching him his duty I cannot fail,  
He spurns all CURS, when he sees you swell the tail,  
I hope, DEAR, from pussy you'll take a pattern,  
He is so clean and nothing of a slattern;  
If I required a monkey to lead upon the deck,  
I should take off pussy's string and tie it on your neck.  
And your head once within that noose of tape,  
Would give me the "tout air" of an—ape!  
A gentleman, "en passant" I call him "Terry,"  
Has an animal whom he names "Jerry";  
Like you, he scrawls on paper, sits in a chair,  
You are as like him as hair to hair.  
His visage, too, is freckled, ugly, frightful,  
But then, UNLIKE YOU, "Jerry" isn't SPITEFUL,  
"What is he?" you ask—"a baboon!" the truth I cannot smother,  
You are so like him, I could take you for his brother.  
My washing clothes you have most highly vaunted,  
Do take a lesson—I'm sure it's wanted;  
Wash did I say, I must be joking,  
First you'd better learn the art of soaking.  
If, as I, you are not clever at putting in a stitch  
I can't help that, you fiddle-fiddle, HECATE-LIKE witch,  
HECATE! this reminds me of poor Macbeth!  
Remember Macduff hunted him to death;  
Macduff am I, don't think me too precocious,  
You're Macbeth (or rather like him), you're so ferocious.  
As to my being groggy, say no more,  
Were you groggy when you went on shore?  
Another question answer with candour, sir, I say,  
Why for bent-hire tenpence only you have to pay?  
I did the thing in a far more handsome manner,  
And have to fork out SEVEN bob and a tanner.  
Booby, the night of the ball on shore,  
I had, when I started, two pounds four,  
It wasn't all my own, or no cause for sorrow,  
I was going to buy stock for others on the morrow.  
With what I spend and paid, if I remember even,  
There was in my purse when I lost it one pound seven.  
Fool! you are to quote "non mi ricordo," I am in no fix,  
Numbskull! I was never in "the forty-sixth."  
My "polks" with which you say I keep out the cold,  
Your very self by this allusion has been sold;  
In the cook-house (from cold) you are a nightly dweller,  
Sitting among the ashes like Cinderella;  
But not so pretty, you're frozen stiff, just as a dummy,  
Dried up and shrivelled, the colour of an Egyptian mummy.  
An old hex and wry-neck's am I! go hide your empty pate,  
How can my neck be wry, you ass, when I can hold it straight?  
What can it be to you, you saucy pup,  
The reason why I stick my trowsers up?  
I might ask of you without any sin,  
Why you always, like a shirt, your smock tuck in?

I was sick on Christmas day, no wonder, to see you with thumbs  
Cramming in that pudding so stuffed with plums;  
Gorging is certainly the worst of faults,  
I wish you'd eat less and not bore me for SALTS.  
With pity towards you my bowels were yearning,  
When I read your lines upon my learning,  
To the "Haut Ecole" of learning I have no pretence,  
Yet unlike you, DONKEY, I believe I've common sense;  
You have not even that, or you don't use it,  
From what you write you every day abuse it.  
I would call you Solomon, but it doesn't suit you well,  
Polecat! is far better, judging from your smell.  
I know I've sent nothing but rhyme to this journal,  
You have sent nonsense enough—most infernal!  
In writing an article I should take some pride,  
If such a noodle as you o'er the paper did not preside.  
I think by this I've shown I still OSOW—not cackle,  
My crowing is more, clown, than you can tackle,  
What's'er you do, knave, I am still the same,  
Not an "OLD HEN," but a "YOUNG COCK" that's game.

### FIRST LOVE.

The following lines are from the pen of a lady, and in thanking her for her most kind contribution, we can but express our satisfaction at finding that the few remarks we ventured to offer last week have been taken in good part, with the hope that many more will soon find an opportunity of following her example.

First love, the Eden of the inmost heart,  
Of all earth's joys the only priceless part,  
Thou bright first joy, too beautiful to last,  
To-day thou art, to-morrow thou art past;  
Leaving an impress on the inmost soul,  
O'er which in vain the tide of years may roll,  
Not dark eternity itself can 'rase  
Thy memory love, first love of early days.

How SHE TRICKED HIM.—A young lady, at a ball one evening, asked her cousin Fred "if he knew that very nice young man at the other end of the room?" "Yes," said Fred, "he is a school-fellow of mine." "I wish you would introduce me," said Miss Emma. Immediately Fred went down and requested the young man to come up and he would introduce him to his cousin Emma. "Ah!" said the young gentleman, "just trot her down he-aw." Poor Emma happened to overhear the answer her cousin received, and requested him to make a second attempt, which he did, and was successful. When the young man approached Miss Emma's seat, he was quite struck with her beauty, and was about to make an apology, but before he had time to speak, Miss Emma surveyed him from head to foot, and very smartly said to her cousin, "That will do, you can just trot him off now."

### Conundrums.

- XXXI. Why is the "Thames City" like an old cow?  
XXXII. Why is a butcher like a great continental traveller?  
XXXIII. Why is the "Thames City" in a heavy sea like the black dog brought on board at the Falkland Islands?  
ANSWER TO XXVIII. Because Solomon in all his glory was not R. A.'d (arrayed) like one of these.  
" XXIX. Because he first made people steal (steal) pens and then persuaded them that they did write (right).  
" XXX. Because of the quantity of sand which is (wiches) there.

### Advertisements.

#### Theatre Royal, "Thames City."

THE MANAGER of the above Theatre takes this opportunity of offering his warmest thanks for the liberal and substantial support given to the Columbian Theatrical Fund, which enabled him to purchase dresses, scenery and other properties of such a character that he feels assured they cannot be surpassed by any Theatrical Company in British Columbia. He sincerely trusts that it will be the means of passing many an hour in harmless amusement, and he begs to assure the subscribers that no effort shall be wanting on the part of himself and company to afford them a good entertainment. He has much satisfaction in stating that the subscriptions amounted to £13,1 0, of which £7, 8, 8, was expended for Theatrical purposes, leaving a balance in hand of £5, 12, 6 to meet future exigencies. The Manager begs to announce that on Wednesday, the 2nd Feb., will be presented that well known and justly celebrated Burlesque Tragic Opera, in one Act, by W. B. Rhodes, Esq., entitled,

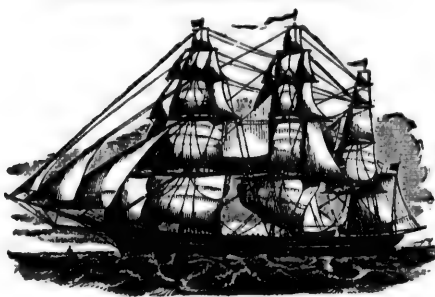
#### "BOMBASTES FURIOSO."

Artaximinos, (King of Utopia) ..... James Turnbull.  
Fusbos, (Minister of State) ..... Charles Sinnett.  
General Bombastes, ..... A. R. Howse.  
1st Courtier, ..... Lewis Hughes.  
2nd Courtier, ..... George Eaton.  
Distaffina, ..... Henry Beaucy.

After which there will be a variety of singing and dancing.  
Doors open at 6 o'clock, performance to commence at 8.30 precisely.

The publication of THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced at 10 a. m., on the 27th, and was completed at 4 p. m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

# THE EMIGRANT



## Soldiers' Gazette,

### AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 12.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5TH, 1859.

[PRICE 3d.

#### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," FEBRUARY 5th, 1859.

LAT. 39.47 S. LONG. 79.16 W. MOON'S FIRST QUARTER, FEB'Y 10TH, AT 7H. 39M. P. M.

Most of our readers must be acquainted with that celebrated book of Defoe's—Robinson Crusoe. The undoubted original of this character was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman by birth, and the Island of Juan Fernandez, in Lat. 33° 40' South and Long. 79° West about 400 miles west of Valparaiso, is where he was cast ashore. The island was first discovered by a Spanish navigator in the year 1572; it is of irregular form, from ten to twelve miles long and about six broad, its area being 70 square miles. It was in the year 1704 that Alexander Selkirk while engaged in a privateering expedition quarrelled with the Captain of his ship and resolved to leave the vessel as soon as an opportunity offered; he had not to wait long, for they shortly after arrived at Juan Fernandez, where our hero was landed with all his effects. Selkirk soon began to consider the means of rendering his residence on the island endurable. It was the month of October and the middle of spring, and all was blooming and fragrant. The possibility of starving was not one of the horrors which his situation presented. Besides the fish and seals which swarmed round the shores of the island, there were innumerable fruits and vegetables in the woods, among which was the never-failing cabbage; and hundreds of goats, skipped wild among the hills. Almost all the means of ordinary physical comfort were within his reach, and he had only to exert his strength and ingenuity to make the island yield him its resources. How he proceeded to do this; the various shifts and devices he fell upon to supply his wants, and to add gradually to his store of comforts; the succession of daily steps and contrivances by which in the course of four years and a half he raised himself from comparative helplessness to complete dominion over the resources of his little territory; and along with, this the various stages which his feelings went through from the agony and stupefaction of the first night which he spent on the

island to the perfect freedom and happiness which he ultimately obtained, we have not sufficient room to discuss in detail. It is needless to say that Defoe's narrative is almost entirely a fiction. So far as the details of his hero's daily life in the desert island are concerned, it was not visited by cannibal savages as is the case in the romance, and no faithful Friday appeared to cheer the hours of Selkirk's solitude. All these ornaments of the story the world owes to Defoe, whose object was not to write the history of Selkirk, or any other known cast-away, but to describe, by the force of imagination, the life of an ideal hero, on an ideal desert island; at the same time there is no doubt that Defoe's narrative fills up our conception of Selkirk's long residence on this island with details such as must actually be true. We may perceive by this story the truth of the maxim, that "necessity is the mother of invention," since this man found means to supply his wants in a very natural manner so as to maintain his life, though not so conveniently, yet as effectually as we are able to do with the help of our arts and society. It may likewise instruct us how much a plain and temperate way of living conduces to the health of the body and vigor of the mind, both which we are apt to destroy by excess and plenty, especially of strong liquor, and the variety as well as the nature of our meat and drink; for this man, when he came back to our ordinary method of diet and life, though he was sober enough, lost much of his strength and agility. The island of Juan Fernandez was visited in the year 1845 by H. M. S. Collingwood, when a single Chilian family constituted the whole of the resident population, who claimed the largest and readiest stream for watering. Cabbage, palms, cherry trees, and peaches were found in great abundance, and all these, with wild oats, radishes, nasturtiums, rhubarb, and strawberries, grew in wild and useless fruitfulness. Animals are abundant for such a small spot; goats, which exist in great numbers, may be seen grazing on every height, and many horses run wild; also asses, which have attained great size, and roam in fierce and wild herds. Dogs are said to be numerous and troublesome. Cats, like the dogs, now live among the rocks. Seals are nearly extirpated, but fish and crawfish are abundant. Vessels occasionally put in here for water and provisions.

## THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE,

WHAT a blessing fine weather seems to be after several weeks of cold winds, and stormy seas, and their attendant discomforts, in a crowded ship. Something of this kind was probably passing through the minds of most of us on Tuesday last, when the glorious sunshine settled, once again, all the day long upon the decks, warming the laughing faces of the children, who came swarming up, like butter flies on a summer day, from the recesses of the between-decks. The rough part of the journey we hope is over, now that the notorious Cape is past, and we may fairly congratulate ourselves that, with but little interruption, the rest of the voyage will be composed of fine weather, smooth seas, and a clear sky. It is a comfort too to think that we are nearing our destination, and we may begin to calculate, not so much the time we have been absent from England, as the number of weeks (growing shorter and shorter) it will yet take us to reach the Colony. Our newspaper, we rejoice to say, like a seasoned traveller, is getting, like the rest of us, used to sea life, and holds up his head strong and flourishing, but with great regret, we are compelled to add, that our chief contributor and main support, who from the first has been a tower of strength on our side, has been afflicted for some days past with a malady called the "mumps," a malady which interferes materially with the exercise of the faculties in general, more especially with those connected with the science of eating and drinking. We trust, however, shortly to see him again in his accustomed place, not only on Saturday evenings, but on others also, when with his hands in his breeches pockets, a short pipe in his mouth, and a Glengary cap on his head, he will appear as before, in deep conference with Sapper Scales, the recognized master of the ceremonies, respecting the order for the dances of the evening. He missed on Thursday last a rare treat in not being present to witness the delightful manner in which the burlesque of "Bombastes Furioso" was put on the stage, when the acting of all the performers, their dresses, and the scenery, brought down the plaudits of the house, and evidently gave universal satisfaction. To remind us again that our old customs in fine weather were returning, some excellent songs followed, with the recital, by Corporal Sinnett, of an old Homeric lay of the siege of Troy. This last we hope will very shortly be repeated that a fresh opportunity may be given us of admiring its incontestable beauties and merits.

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

Having in our last number described Cuvier's classification of the animal kingdom into four grand divisions, we now proceed to investigate more fully the first of these divisions, viz: that of the Vertebrated, which has been again subdivided into four orders. As the name indicates, the animals comprised in this division are all furnished with a vertebrated column, known in popular language as the spine, and an internal skeleton, or bony framework, which is covered externally with flesh and which contains the internal organs destined to perform those functions necessary to the maintenance and support of life. The distinction between an animal thus provided with a spine and one without a spine (called by Naturalists an Invertebrate animal) is very apparent. Take a cod fish, for instance, and split him open and you find a long flexible bone extending from head to tail, and composed of a number of small bones united together, around which the flesh is attached; but take a lobster and split him open in the same way, and you do not find any trace whatever of a spine or even of an internal skeleton; on the contrary, his skeleton is outside, and consists of a hard case or shell in which the flesh is contained. We have no hesitation then in placing the cod fish amongst the vertebrate animals, and the lobster among the invertebrate animals. Amongst the animals provided with a spine we find there are some which produce their young alive, and for a time suckle them; they constitute the highest order of the animal kingdom, and have warm blood. Next we find a set of animals, also warm-blooded, but who

produce their young from eggs; their bodies are covered with feathers and their limbs are adapted for motion through the air, as well as for progression on land. Then again we find some of this division of animals entirely different in structure from either of the two mentioned; these we find are so constituted that they can only live in water; their extremities are converted into fins, by means of which, together with their expanded tails, they move through the water. They are cold-blooded animals, and their skins are either naked or covered with scales. Lastly, we find a class of animals furnished with a vertebral column quite distinct from those above mentioned, both in habits and structure; they are a group of animals generally regarded with but little favor by mankind; a portion of them only are provided with limbs, and they all more or less creep upon their bellies; they have cold blood, but are constituted to breathe air. The types of these different orders are very easily recognized. In the first place, as examples of those animals which produce their young alive and suckle them, called the Mammalia, we may quote, the cat, the cow, the sheep. Those animals popularly known as Birds are included in the second order. The third order comprises the Fishes; and the fourth those animals which are commonly distinguished by the name of Reptiles. These different classes of animals differ essentially, not only in external form and appearance, but also in the structure of their internal organs: thus we find the mammalia breathe by means of lungs, which communicate externally by one opening, called the wind-pipe. Birds also breathe by means of lungs, which, however, are furnished with several apertures communicating with the cellular tissue of the body and the interior of the bones; the air thus penetrating to all parts of the body renders them lighter and capable of being supported by the atmosphere. Respiration in fishes is effected not by lungs but by a different set of organs called gills. Reptiles are furnished with respiring organs differing from both lungs and gills, and in some instances attaining an extraordinary size and occupying a considerable portion of the entire body. The heart also differs in form in these different classes; thus, the heart of mammals and birds is divided into four separate cavities; that of the fishes consists of two cavities; and that of the reptiles consists of one entire cavity only. Knowing these distinctive characteristics relative to the internal organs, we are better enabled to judge as to what division of the animal kingdom certain creatures belong whose outward appearance is at first sight very apt to mislead us. We have a remarkable instance of this in one of the largest of known animals, viz the whale, a small species of which we have of late frequently observed swimming about in the neighbourhood of our vessel. How many there are who, if asked to which division of animals this creature belongs, would not hesitate for an instant, judging from its appearance and habits, to rank it amongst the fishes. But it is well known that the whale is not a fish, and has no affinity whatever with fishes; it is just as much a mammal as the ox or the elephant, inasmuch as it has warm blood, breathes air through lungs, brings forth living young, and suckles them with true milk. It is certainly a peculiar mammal, differing from other mammals in its being aquatic and not terrestrial, but it can no longer stay under water without fresh air beyond a very short period than a man could. In a future number we hope to have an opportunity of making a few observations on the Natural History of this monster of the deep, when more will be said on this subject. In our next we purpose continuing the subject of classification by calling your attention to the different groups of animals into which the mammalia have been subdivided by Cuvier; the first group of which includes only the human species. Some naturalists refuse to allow the human race to enter the zoological series at all; whilst others hold that the highest order of the apes tread so closely upon the heels of humanity that it is not easy to draw the line between them. Physically considered, man must be regarded as belonging to the class mammalia, but any one, who will compare an Orang-Outang or a Chimpanzee with a man, will at once see that the differences in organization are sufficiently great as to warrant us in keeping him quite separate from even the highest of the lower animals.

NATURALIST.

Mr. Ed-  
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## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

### Correspondence.

To the Editor.

MR. EDITOR,—I am no less hurt than surprised at the allusions made to me in the "Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette" of the 29th January last. As regards the first part, I pass that I, as I have done many other comical references to the little black animal I brought from the Falklands—and although I have not, nor ever had, any Lord-Mayor-like ideas when I obtained him, still if the author of the article thought, or still thinks I have, he is at full liberty to do so, and I take the affair as a very good joke, and promise the said gentleman a dinner invitation as soon as I am installed in the civic chair. But as regards the succeeding part, so severe and coddling a critique I cannot allow to go by without a rather more serious observation. In personating the character of "Miss Hardcastle" I endeavored to do so to the best of my limited ability, and when I know (by reading, for I never saw them) that such celebrated actresses as the late Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Humbley, and (now in my own day) Miss Reynolds, have played the part, I felt (not being a woman) no little difficulty in undertaking it. I played the character according to my own conception, and if my imperfection afforded only a tenth part of the audience the least satisfaction I am delighted. The stage is not, nor ever will be, my business, but as a pastime among my brother amateurs, I should always have been glad to while away a few hours, either at the present or at any future time; at any rate as I do not possess either "the grace," "refinement," "beauty," "ankles," or any other qualification the author of the article in question attributes to me, I must beg of him for the future to send his heaps of *cod-iam* to some other quarter; a passing allusion to my performance would have been sufficient for my vanity, and which I should have taken as a compliment. The matter as it now stands leaves me the butt of many who are not able to refrain from insult, and whose want of sense prevents them from knowing the difference between a jocular allusion and a reality. To all such I feel it too great a trouble to further remark. I have no doubt the article was written with the idea of being both funny and amusing, but as it is addressed in direct ridicule to and of me, for the future no further opportunity will be given by me for a repetition of nonsense on the part of the writer, as henceforth the manager has it in his power to replace me (whenever he pleases) by some other "charmer," whom I am convinced will be as anxious on all occasions to acquit himself creditably, as I have been. I cannot conclude without publicly thanking those four ladies who were kind enough to make mine and the other female dresses, and to whose taste I am indebted; I would name them individually, but, as I know it would be offensive to them, I refrain from doing so. What I have written is written in sincerity; had the writer of the article No. 2 followed the same plan there had been no need of these remarks from me. I apologize for the space I have taken, and remain,

Mr. Editor, yours, &c.,

HENRY WM. HAZEL.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—We have inserted the above letter, but at the same time beg to remind Mr. Hazel that as it was his wish, in taking the part of "Miss Hardcastle," to do it the most ample justice in his power and to please all, in which effort he did most certainly succeed, so it was doubtless the wish of the author of the article in question to give pleasure and avoid offence; and we beg also to assure him that had it been for one moment imagined that the effect would have been the contrary, and the intended joke not been taken in good part, the article would not have been inserted, such being quite opposed to the rule on which the journal is conducted.

To the Editor.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As "Naturalist" has kindly promised to give some information on the classification, &c., of animals, I thought if I paid a visit to the "City" menagerie and inspected some of the animals themselves, as they are "all to be seen alive," that I might understand him all the better. I had but one hour to spare, so plunging down the first ladder

which led to the dens I came right upon "Cage No. 8." They were motley birds in this cage. One, a "mocking bird," last week he was in full talking order, and could imitate every other animal in the collection. Then there was a "cobbler," and lastly, a very fine specimen of "Mother Cary." Next came No. 10, a rare collection this; there was a sharp dog, not so old as he looks, and seldom bites; not a water dog, at least I am told he has a great aversion to water, and if there is the least sign of his having to take to it, such is his sagacity, that he collars himself with a life-buoy. Then there is a fine young hippopotamus, a west-country cock, a sandy coloured bear, and a dirty young monkey, at least so a visitor once called him. These animals are in fine training and were never known to fall out but once—the bear thought the monkey was grinning at him, and threw his feeding trough at the monkey, who threw it back and tried to scratch the bear's eyes out; the bear was about to hug the monkey, when the dog gave a bark, and the young hippopotamus growled "hot water below," and all were like lambs again. It is also remarkable how these animals agree over their meals. Next came No. 12 den, such a den of animals, a small red-maned Numidian Lion and cub, a London game cock, a live egg, a roebuck, and a Wiltshire hog; at feeding times the growling here is terrific. I was so frightened that I dare not go farther, but lower down I hear there are he-bears, and she-bears, and cubs, and welsh rabbits, and crocodiles, and cats, and fiddles, and a prick-eard' ourang-outang playing on a goose's neck. On Saturday evening last, a laughing-hyena-like noise was heard proceeding from No. 10 cage, and at first it was thought that an animal of that description was confined there, but it turned out to be a poor harmless "booby" which had escaped from the breeding cage on the opposite side of the menagerie. The next opportunity I get I intend visiting the Dove-Cote, and with your permission, will give you an account of my visit.

I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours, &c.,

NATURALIST-SECUNDUS.

### Naval and Military Intelligence.

#### ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

During the past week.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Jan. 30th . . .	50° 24' S.	81° 37' W.	N. 123 m.
" 31st . . .	46° 23' S.	82° 06' W.	N.W. 1/2 W. 63 m.
Feb. 1st . . .	46° 28' S.	81° 05' W.	N.E. 1/2 N. 170 m.
" 2nd . . .	45° 10' S.	81° 15' W.	N.W. 70 m.
" 3rd . . .	45° 20' S.	81° 50' W.	N.W. 27 m.
" 4th . . .	41° 45' S.	81° 38' W.	N.E. 215 m.
" 5th . . .	39° 47' S.	79° 16' W.	N.E. 1/2 N. 158 m.

To-day at noon Valparaiso bore N.E. 1/4 N. 546 miles.

STRICT SENSE OF DUTY.—At one of our sea-port Towns there stood—and we believe does stand there still—a fort, on the outside of which is a spacious field, overlooking a delightful prospect of land and water. At the time we were speaking of, a Major Brown was the Commandant; and his family being fond of a milk diet, the veteran had several cows that pastured in the land aforesaid; a sentry was placed near the entrance, part of whose duty it was to prevent strangers and stray cattle from trespassing thereon. On one occasion an Irish Marine, a stranger to the place, was on guard at this post, and having received the regular orders not to allow any one to go on the grass but the Major's cows, determined to adhere to them strictly. He had not been long at his post when three elegant young ladies presented themselves at the entrance, for the purpose of taking their usual evening walk, and the Marine quickly accosted them with "You can't go there." "Oh! but we may," uttered the ladies with one voice, "we have the privilege to do so." "Privilege!" repeated the sentry, "faith, and I don't care what ye have, but you musn't go there, I tell ye it's Major Brown's positive orders to the contrary." "Oh!—ay—yes—we know that," said the eldest of the ladies, with great dignity, "but we are Major Brown's daughters." "Ah, well, you don't go in there any how," exclaimed Pat, "you may be Major Brown's daughters, but you're not Major Brown's cows."

### Conundrums.

XXXIV. Why have we every reason to suppose that the Sergeant Major of the Detachment is a Yankee?

XXXV. Why is a laundress like the greatest traveller in the world?

XXXVI. Why is the "Thames City" like a fox getting fat?

ANSWER TO XXXI. Because she yields little or no milk.

XXXII. Because he's constantly all over Greece (Greece).

XXXIII. Because she is a horrible lurcher.

# Songs and Poetry.

## TO MY GOD-CHILD.

Dear little innocent, thou dost not know,  
The promises for thee I made—and now,  
That in thy coming lifetime thou shouldst be  
A child of the Almighty Deity.  
Yet I will ask that such may be thy lot,  
And show to thee my vows are not forgot.  
Thy parents too, oh! ever may they find  
Thee dutiful, affectionate and kind,  
Their's be the joys in after years to trace,  
In thee the fruits of all-redeeming grace;  
If you have this, you surely then will prove,  
Solace in their care and worthy of their love.  
I too, will ne'er forget thee, though I stray  
To other lands, and I will ever pray,  
That heav'n may bless thee with its brightest smiles.  
Little Marina, of the Falkland Isles.

## A RETORT.

A CONTRIBUTION FROM A LADY.

We are forever parted,  
But oh! may thou be gay,  
Forget the broken-hearted  
Whom sorrow wastes away.  
May the heart to whom is plighted  
Thy vows, thou faithless one,  
Love thee as did the slighted,  
In happiness here gone.  
But I will not reprove thee,  
Thy faults I all forgive,  
For I cannot cease to love thee  
Until I cease to live.  
Soon, soon hast thou forgotten  
One who prized thee more than life,  
And with constancy unshaken  
Would love thee all her life.

## "SIMPLE DRESSING."

Once gentle maid—thou'rt turning gruff,  
Thy lust indeed was putty stuff,  
'Twas poor and filthy—coarse and rough,  
And mean too.  
And is such sweetness turning sour  
From week to week—from hour to hour,  
Fast fading now—once blooming flower,  
And green too?  
What once was green is turning yellow,  
It's rotten now—what once was mellow,  
The half-dead "ball" begins to bellow,  
With spite and fear;  
The "shark" has got the hook at last,  
Her scream is heard on the blast,  
And like the "honey-moon" that's past,  
The "spice" looks queer.  
The poor wee "wren" is "peck'd" to death,  
Yet gasping still with dying breath,  
He chirps out "come forth Macbeth,"  
And show your muscle.  
And bring Macduff up here as well,  
With "troops" of imps (don't mind the smell)  
'Tuck up" your sleeves, Mac, face him well,  
And have a tussle.  
They're on the boards and now for fun,  
One armed with PESTLE, one with GUN,  
I wonder who'll be first to run  
And cry "enough."  
First blow from RED, well answer'd GREY,  
'Go it my chickens"—splendid "play,"  
'Tis hard to tell who'll win the day,  
Or who's the muff.  
But ah! the Grey is on his knees,  
That blow from Red, faith made him sneeze—  
Still he's recovering by degrees,  
He'll stand another round.  
Ah! ah! sir Grey, what are you at?  
I thought you said 'twas "lit for fat,"  
You're hitting below the "belt," you brat,  
Come, try and stand your ground.  
Come, gently, Red, don't be too cruel,  
By Jove! he's giving Grey his "cruel,"  
He's making him fizz like "patent fuel,"  
Yet still he strikes him fairly.  
Grey "naile his colours to the mast,"  
But what's the use, his strength is past,  
His sun with cloud is over-cast,  
For Red has killed him nearly.

Listen, sir! and pray don't shout,  
For Red's telling what 'twas all about,  
And bathing passers bleeding about,  
Just while he tells his story,  
You say that I eat too much "junk,"  
And like a "polecat" said I stunk,  
If I'm a polecat you're a "skunk,"  
With muzzle red and gory.

Can't you give me a harder knock  
Than writing stuff about my "smock,"  
'Tis cleaner than your "bank," old "cock,"  
My pen I can't check, miss;  
Suppose miss "trout," "cock," "bull," and "shark,"  
You rise some morning with the lark,  
And wash away the water mark  
That encircles your "straight" neck, miss.

Now if my "dirt" is so distressing,  
That I don't consider soap a blessing,  
My pate's not daub'd with "simple dressing,"  
As I saw your's, miss;  
From joking, miss, I can't refrain,  
Since you've become so very PLAIN,  
Tell us where you got that watch and chain  
You sported at the ball, miss.

You say that you have common sense,  
Why, then it then, I mean no offence,  
Pray use a little—do commence,  
And give us less de Français.  
Ere by your French your lines distinguish,  
Just try and write some better English,  
You ugly, ill-made, empty, tin-dish,  
Who would like to be thought SILVER.

"Come on" you donkey Penguin muff,  
"Come on" and write some better stuff,  
My cry shall be  
"Come on Macduff."

## PAT AS GOOD AS HIS MASTER.

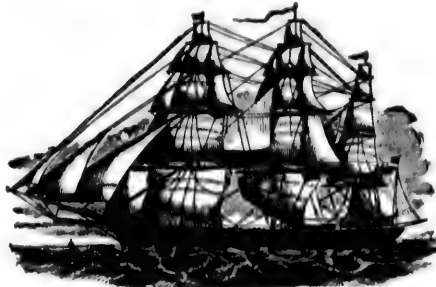
An Irishman being very hard up at home came to the conclusion that he would go to London to look for a job, which he did; but on his arrival in the great metropolis he was at as great a loss as ever how to manage. At length, after taking several round turns through the city, he was accosted by one of the "swell mob," who shouted "Halloo there." Pat turned round and asked, "Was it me yer honour was callin' to?" "Yes," he replied, "I suppose you've never swam." "Well," said Pat, "I'm livin' since I was born, and a while afore that, an' I never swum a stroke in me life." "I mean you're not long from the 'sod,'" said the swell. "Just this morning yer honour." "I suppose you want a job." "I'd rather have somethin' to eat first, for I'm as weak as a new-born child, berrin' I can keep me feet." "Well," said the gent, "come with me and you shall have something to eat," which Pat readily did. "Now," said the gent, when Pat had finished a hearty meal, "I will give you employment if you wish." "Thank ye kindly," said Pat, "after such a dinner as that I'm equal to anything, from kissin' a purty girl to robbin' the mail." About 7 o'clock that evening Pat and his new master went out for a walk; they were passing a Jew's shop, when Pat's master stopped and said: "Now Pat, this is where I intend giving you your first lesson; stand at this window, and let nothing attract your attention from my proceedings inside." Pat stood at the window as he was told; the lesson soon commenced; he saw his master examining several watches, none of which appeared to please him; the attentive and grinning Jew at length lifted from a shelf a large case containing twelve dozen of gold watches, of the newest and most fashionable description; still none of these appeared to please; at length he fixed his eyes on one that hung in the window, which the Jew quickly reached over to him, but while he was thus engaged Pat saw his master abstract two watches from the large case and put them into his pocket. The watch taken from the window appeared to please him, for he took the number, paid a pound in advance, and was quickly at Pat's side. "What do you think of that," said he. "Faith it was a dirty trick to say the best of it, be the hokery yer honour has the quickest way of MAKIN' watches ever was seen." The next evening they repaired to the same shop, the master taking the place of the apprentice on this occasion. Pat went into the shop, the Jew immediately told him he might go, for he had nothing for him. "Sure and I wanted nothin'," said Pat, "I only came to tell ye how ye lost yer watches." "How! how!" screamed the eager Jew. "Do ye mind the gintleman you sould the good watch to last night?" "Yes, yes," said the Jew. "Well," said Pat, "he stole two out of the big box full ye wor showin' him." Immediately the Jew took down the case and found Pat's information to be correct. "Now," said Pat, "he's outside the window there." "You are von honish man, jush stop here till I get him taken," he instantly leaped over the counter, ran into the street, screamed for the police, and set off in pursuit of Pat's tutor, who had by this time decided on taking a little violent exercise. Pat being left alone in the shop, took a sudden notion into his head that he would try how far he could carry eleven dozen and ten gold watches without being tired, he succeeded in carrying them all the way to the 'sod," and never heard anything more either of his master or the Jew.

QUERY.—A correspondent wishes to be informed if the vessel that was in distress the other night in the "Bay of Biscay OI" has been rescued.

The publication of the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced at 10 a. m., on the 3rd, and was completed at 4 p. m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."



# THE EMIGRANT



## Soldiers' Gazette,

### AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 13.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19TH, 1859.

[PRICE 3d.]

#### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," FEBRUARY 19th, 1859.

LAT. 21.44 S. LONG. 80.51 W. MOON'S LAST QUARTER, FEB'Y 24TH, AT 2H. 21M. P. M.

WELL, we are once more rolling and groaning along towards our destination with a fair trade wind, going too, as the Abstract of Progress will show, at a very respectable pace, with Valparaiso 900 miles behind us, and with a prospect of not more than eight weeks longer on board the "Thames City" before we arrive at Esquimalt Harbour. Valparaiso being a foreign port, general leave for the Detachment was prohibited by the Queen's Regulations, and the revolutionary state of the country was a further obstacle to their going on shore, as the Chilians hate both Americans and English, more especially when in red coats. Still, as there are perhaps many of the Detachment who would be glad to know something of the place, we will offer a short description of the most interesting points about it. The port or lower portion of the town is well built and filled with good shops and hotels, but the cluster of houses higher up on the hill which are inhabited by the native Chilians are very different in construction, being low and badly built. There are a great many European inhabitants, English, French and Spaniards, chiefly merchants and people in trade, many of whom have their houses of business in the port and live in the pretty villas that dot the heights above. Nearly everything except fruit and articles of diet is very expensive, and dollars fly about as shillings do in England, but everybody seems rich, and all, more especially the Chilians, dress in the most expensive manner. The ladies, both Chilian, Spanish and French, are many of them very beautiful, but there were few to be seen, as, owing to the disturbed state of the country, most of them had either shut themselves up or gone to their country residences. The crinoline is something really awful. Regent street can produce nothing like it, and we would advise any gentleman who may have the good fortune in future to meet one of these fair walking balloons to get well to the windward of her, unless he wants his eyes filled with an amount of dust that is anything but

satisfactory. The carriages are wonderful affairs made to hold four, but affording an almost certain prospect of at least two out of the four being pitched out at an early stage of the journey. They are drawn by two horses, who dash them along at a fearful pace over ditches, and stones, and lumps, and holes, and shake you up like the pea inside a tin rattle, till you almost fancy you are back at Cape Horn again, except that if anything it is rather worse. There are plenty of good Cafes and hotels in the port, and a very good opera, also a rail-road, and an electric telegraph. The rail is now completed as far as Quillota, (a distance of 36 miles) but, as soon as the country is once more quiet, it will be extended to Santiago the capital town and seat of Government of Chili, 90 miles from Valparaiso. The engines are from Leith and Manchester, and the labour in the workshops, which are very extensive, is carried on by European mechanics. The whole of Chili both north and south of Valparaiso is in a state of revolution. The rebels, who are dissatisfied with the present republican Government, are in possession of many of the principal towns in the country, and an outbreak was daily expected at Valparaiso while we were there. Many of the inhabitants were of opinion that our presence in the harbour delayed the outbreak, as, from all accounts, 120 well armed English troops would send as many hundreds of the rebels scudding off to the hills as fast as their legs could carry them. Those of us who did go on shore where spoken of by the rebels as being armed to the teeth, with revolvers concealed inside our tunics, and we deem it highly probable that the noble and imposing appearance of our worthy doctor in his uniform struck awe and terror into the breasts of the rebel Chilians and kept them quiet for the time being. The mountains immediately at the back of the town are part of the range of the Cordilleras, and those in the distance, which we saw for the first time on Monday, towering far above the others, with their summits covered with snow are the celebrated Andes. The northernmost of the snow-capped range visible from the bay is the volcano of "Aconcagua," the second highest mountain in the world, its summit being 23,000 feet above the level of the sea. Such is a short description of Valparaiso, and, with the hope that it may afford some pleasure to those of our readers who

## THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE,

take an interest in learning a few of the leading features of the countries they may visit, we will bid Valparaiso, Santiago, and Aconcagua good bye, and direct our thoughts to our arrival in a country where we shall be introduced to places with English names, such as Fort Langley, Fort Yale and Victoria, and where please God we shall ere long arrive and bid a hearty and by no means a sorrowful good bye to our life on board ship.

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

It was my intention to continue the subject of the Classification of Animals, but as we are now fast approaching the Equator, I wish, before we bid adieu to the Southern seas and the many objects of interest more or less connected with them, to call your attention to a few remarks on the most gigantic inhabitant of the Southern ocean, viz: the Whale. In our last number the rank and position which the Whale holds in the Animal Kingdom were pointed out, and it was distinctly shown that, notwithstanding the Whale lives in water, it is not a fish, and does not possess any affinity with fishes, but but that it is as much a mammal as the ox or the elephant, having warm blood, breathing air, bringing forth living young and suckling them with true milk. But though the Whale, like other mammalia, is formed for breathing air alone, and is therefore obliged to come to the surface at certain intervals, yet those intervals are occasionally of great length. We well know that we could not intermit the process of breathing for a single minute without great inconvenience, and that the lapse of only a few minutes would be followed by insensibility and perhaps death. The Whale however can remain an hour under water, or in an emergency even nearly two hours, though it ordinarily comes up to breathe at intervals of eight or ten minutes, except when feeding, when it is sometimes a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes submerged. Now the object of breathing is to renew the vital qualities of the blood by presenting it to the air, the oxygen of which, uniting with the blood, renders it again fit for sustaining life. But if more blood could be created than is wanted for immediate use, and the overplus deposited in a reservoir until wanted, respiration could be dispensed with for a while. This is actually what the wisdom of Providence has contrived in the Whale. A great irregular reservoir, consisting of a complicated series of arteries, which is situated in the interior of the chest and within the skull and spinal tube, receives the overplus blood and reserves it until the system needs it; it is then poured and circulates, and thus the necessity of frequent access to the surface is prevented. It is an object of importance that the act of breathing should be performed with as little effort as possible, and therefore the wind-pipe is made to terminate not in the mouth nor in nostrils placed at the extremity of the muzzle. If this were the case it would require a large portion of the head and body to be projected from the water, or else the animal should throw itself into a perpendicular position, either of which alternatives would be inconvenient when swimming rapidly, as for example endeavouring to escape when harpooned. The wind-pipe therefore communicates with the air at the very top of the head, which, by a peculiar rising or bump at that part, is the highest part of the animal when horizontal, so that it can breathe when none of its body is exposed except the orifice itself. The Whale often begins to breathe when a little below the surface, and then the force with which the air is expired blows up the water lying above it in a jet or stream, which, with the condensed moisture of the breath itself, constitutes what are called "the spoutings," and which are attended with a rushing noise that may be heard upwards of a mile. There is another wonderful contrivance connected with the structure of the air-passages well worth noticing. The wind-pipe and gullet of ordinary mammalia usually open into a hollow at the back of the mouth, the food being prevented from entering the gullet by a lid or valve which shuts down during the act of swallowing; but if such were the construction in the Whale, the force with which

the water rushes into the mouth would inevitably carry a large portion of the fluid down upon the lungs, and the animal would be suffocated. The wind-pipe is therefore carried upward in a conical form with the aperture upon the top, and this projecting cone is received into the lower end of the blowing tube, which tightly grasps it, and thus the communication between the lungs and the air is effected by a continuous tube which crosses the orifice of the gullet, leaving a space on each side for the passage of the food. The eye of the Whale is peculiarly formed to resist pressure at enormous depths, the coatings composing the eyeball being extremely thick and as dense as tanned leather. I might add other instances of the beautiful contrivance and design in the construction of the mouth, the eyes, the fins and tail, but those which have been adduced will suffice to point out to those interested in Natural History how many subjects for study and contemplation this gigantic monster of the deep affords. The subject will be continued in our next.

NATURALIST.

### Foreign Intelligence.

(From our own Correspondent.)

VICTORIA, V. I., Dec. 4th, 1858.

The steps of progress in this country are so noiseless and quiet that one is seldom aware of what will take place until it is accomplished. Since my last letter several things have transpired of importance. On the 19th Nov. Governor Douglas delivered the Queen's commission to Mr. Begbie, appointing him Judge of the New Colony, and administered all necessary oaths, &c. The compliment was then returned by the Judge, and the Governor duly installed into office. As the first day of the existence of a new Colony destined to occupy no unimportant place in the future, the 19th Nov. might have been very properly considered a fit occasion for burning gunpowder, &c., but everything was quiet here. In fact few knew anything about it until the announcement was published in the *Gazette*. The honesty of the British officials here is almost laughable to a Californian. He is not used to it, and can hardly excuse them for being so simple as to have a good fat office and not use it to make money. Another thing that astounds a Californian is to see streets and side-walks properly made, thereby preventing many a good fellow from getting a fat job in making them over again in a year or two. But what perhaps seems the strangest of all is that permanent public improvements are going on constantly all over the city, and that every man is allowed to pursue his vocation unmolested by any demand for taxes in any form. On the 25th of Nov. the sale of lots in the new town of Langley, situated on Fraser River near Fort Langley, commenced here. There is not a building of any kind on the town site as yet, it being a new location. The streets are to be 78 feet wide, running at right angles. The blocks are 76 feet by 252 feet, forming two rows of nine lots, each 64 feet by 120 feet, and leaving an alley 12 feet wide running lengthwise of the block. The Government price of a lot was 100 dollars, but some brought as high as 750 dollars. The first twenty lots averaged 355 dollars. Buildings will commence going up in Langley at once, and the Government advertises for proposals for building a church, parsonage, court house and jail. The spirits of the people in Victoria are rising very rapidly, and the large prices obtained for the Langley lots are supposed to be indicative of great future prosperity both to British Columbia and Vancouver Island. The future importance of the town of Langley is admitted by everybody. Its favourable situation on the banks of the Mississippi of British Columbia, the only known thoroughfare to a large tract of agricultural and prairie land, and advantages for trade, all conspire to render it the future New Orleans of the new Colony. A law has been passed to the effect that an "alien" can hold land only by the sufferance of the Crown, and that this sufferance will be extended for three years only, when the "alien" must either become a naturalized British subject, or sell his land to one. Governor Douglas has also issued a proclamation relative to the customs duties in British Columbia, which will for the present be collected at Victoria. Many articles are free, the duties be-

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## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

ing principally on food and drink. Victoria itself has improved immensely of late. Several fine wharves have been built and the levees lined with storehouses. Some fine brick buildings have also been erected, one of which, "The Royal Hotel," is substantially built and well patronized, though it has several rivals equally as commodious to compete with it. Fine commodious barracks are in course of erection on the border of Esquimalt harbour, about two miles from Victoria, and I believe the Royal Engineers who lately arrived from England are at present in the finished portion of them. Arrangements have been made to establish post offices at Langley, Fort Hope and Yale, and Fort Douglas, and mails will be forwarded by every opportunity. A good deal of mining is being carried on on the banks of the Fraser river, from three to six dollars per day to the hand being taken out, and the people in California begin to think the Fraser river is "not so big a humbug after all." The weather up at the diggings by the latest accounts was very inclement, but business was brisk, and a large influx of diggers and merchandise is expected early in the ensuing spring. At Fort Yale affairs are thriving steadily. There are over a dozen provision and general merchandise stores in full blast, and large arrivals of provisions are being received by every trip of the steamer from Victoria. Large quantities of land have been granted for farming purposes between Fort Yale and the Forks, and the country at Langley and up to the Chiliwack, at Sumas Lake, &c., has been taken up in large quantities, not by speculators, but by *bona fide* farmers, who are busily employed preparing the soil for next year. Diggers are working the gold all along the river bank for some fourteen miles below Fort Hope, and in many other places higher up. At the former place many are earning from six to twelve dollars a day. It is well known now that gold exists in both Vancouver and Queen Charlotte Islands. The latter especially has been found to be rich in gold-bearing quartz, and it is expected that numbers of emigrants will wend their way thither with the opening of the new year. Surely there is some gold in the country to warrant the steps the Government is gradually taking to advance civilization and enterprise. And though every circumstance has so far militated against its progress and development, time will regulate all this, and British Columbia rival Canada as an important colony, independently even of its gold interest, great though that may be.

### Correspondence.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I must say you made yerself very ready, a while ago, puttin' me in *print* without lave or licence. But as we're on board ship, where there isn't room to whip a cat, let-lone an Editor, I'll let ye off for wanst, wid this little tongue-thrashin', and to shew that I don't bear mallice here's another that you may put in print:

#### TO MY OULD MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER,—Here we are safe and sound in Valparaiso harbour, though what put it in the Captain's head to bring us in here divil a one O me knows, except it is to give the ship a rest after the tuggin' and pullin' she had comin' round Cape Horn, or p'raps he took a fit of tinderness that he couldn't get rid of until he'd give us a male of fresh mate. Its a born wonder mother that I'm in the land of the livin' at all, seein' I didn't ate a pratie for months, the divil a smell as much. The sweetest apples ever I stole out of ould Blake's orchard (and there's a heap of thim on me conscience) never tasted like the first pratie I ate in Valparaiso. Oh! mother, but thravin' is the great thing after all, I mind the time when I thought they wor all bathens out of Conemara, but faith it was a big mistake that, for though they'er very dirty lookin' *chretians* here, for all that they grow as fine praties as the best of us. Och! but sure I'm no judge of a pratie at all to what I was; well, and they have great big plums too, the size of yer fist, and things like over grown coucubers the size of yer head an' bigger; and sure its a mighty big place altogether, for we have ships lyin' all round us from all quarters, there's French, an' Dutch, an' Russians, an' Yankees,

an' Norwagians, an' Sowwagians, an' East Ingins, an' West Ingins, an' Greenlanders, an' Patlanders, an'—och! but what's the use me tellin' you, mother, that doesn't know a B from a bull's foot, but still you might shew this to little Phil Ryan, the blind fiddler, he knows *gomethry*. But I'll be tellin' ye some of the work we had comin' round Cape Horn, among the waves as big as mountains an' the wind howlin' an' schrechin' an' roarin' an' tossin' us about like a paa in a cullender. Faith they'll have good eye sight that'll ever see me comin' round Cape Horn again, unless I'm able to work my passage as a first cabin passenger or the like. But one night was the worst of all; och! but the hair rises on me head to think of it. The ship was what they call on her bame inds, wid the sailors runnin' about like maniacs, an' pullin' an' tuggin' at the ropes for the bare life; the masts bindin' like switches an' the sails in smithereens, an' the life buoys flyin' about like snuff at a wake. And down below—oh holy! the row was enough to wake the dead, only there was none to wake, though some of thim was as near dead as ever they wor in their lives before, be all accounts. The women singin' out pillilue! for their husbands, as if they thought Saint Pether wouldn't turn "the key in the lock" unless he saw the marks of a *partin' kiss*. An' the tin pots an' pans tumblin' helther-skelther from one side of the deck to the other; an' glass bottles havin' a regular fight, chasin' an' bumpin' each other from side to side, an' the wather barrels in the hold, sweet bad luck to thim! must "put in their oar" an' "pump thunder" below. The next mornin' there was as much spilt biscuit an' flour, broken pots an' pans, bottles an' jars, as would fill a pond. I wint up to one chap that I thought looked as frightened as meself, an' was just beginnin' to tell him the mortal fear I was in the night before, when he struck out an' told me "Pshaw! that was nothing, I was woke up by the noise to be sure, but I 'turned over' and went to sleep again." Well! if that isn't a "flamer," says I to meself, but I said nothin' but looked hard at him an' walked away. But faith his story was exactly the one that was in everybody's mouth, so says I to meself, Pat, ye white-liver'd spalpeen ye, ye may as well be a *haro* as anybody else, whin ye can be one so chope. I hear that there is likely to be a row here very shortly for they are talkin' about rebels an' the like; I suppose they want a repale *here* too, as well as they did in Ireland a while back; I dare say they have their "ribbon min," an' "white boys," an' "united Irishmin," an' "young Irelandmin," an' "repalers" here as well as in any civilized country. Any how I hope the row won't come on before we're off. So good bye mother, I'll write again from the "diggings" and send ye home a lump of goold as big as a *piece of chalk*, so no more at present mother, from yer lovin' son, "SAP GREEN."

WEST OF ENGLAND CIRCULAR.—Roger Giles, Surjonn, Parish Clark, and Skule-master, Reforms Ladys and Gentleman that he drass teeth without waiting a moment, blisters on the lowest terms, and fiziks for a penny a piece. He zell god-father's cordel, kuts korns, and undertakes to keep everybody's Nayles by the year: or so on. Young ladees and gentelmen larned their grammer langage in the purtiest manner—also gurt keer taken off their morals and spellin, also zarm zinging, teachin the baze vial, and all other sorts of phancy work. Queer-drills, fashingable poker, and all other contrary dances tort at home and abroad to perfackshun, perfumery and snuff in all its branches. As times be cruel bad, he begs to tell that he has jist begun to zell all sorts of stashnnerly wares, blackin bawls, hurd herins, and coles, skrubbing brushes, trakal, mice traps, brick dust, and all sorts of sweetmeats, includin taters, sassage, and other gearden stuff, also spruce, hate, zongs, hoyl, lattin, buckets, and other eatables, korn and bunyan zarve. and all other hard Waree—He also performs flea-bottomy on the shortest notice, and farthermore in particular, he has laid in a large sortment of ttype, chaina, dogs' meat, lolly pops, and other pickles, such as oyzters, windkur soap, &c. Old raggs bort and zold hear and no place heise, and new laid eggs every day by me Mr. Roger Giles.—P. 8. I teechees joggreffly, Rhumaticks, and them outlandish things.

N. B. A bawl on wenadays, when our Mariar will perform on the gartar.

# THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE.

## THE QUEEN'S PROCLAMATION IN INDIA.

On the 1st of November the act was finally consummated which transfers the Government of India from the hands of the East India Company to those of the Government at home. On that day a proclamation was read at Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, and Lahore, announcing the sovereignty of Queen Victoria throughout the whole of our East India possessions. It specified that all treaties and engagements made heretofore by the East India Company will for the future remain valid; that the religious beliefs of the people will not be interfered with; that the natives will be admitted to offices of trust and emoluments equally with Europeans, without distinction of caste or colour; and that the rights, dignity and honour of the native princes shall be respected, no further territorial aggression being permitted. The Proclamation is couched in beautiful and conciliatory language, as we hope you will have an opportunity of judging for yourselves next week, it being too lengthy to publish at full in our little journal. The native newspapers speak very highly of the royal Proclamation. The East India Company have frequently made similar promises but have failed to act scrupulously up to them, and the people of India look forward to the known honesty, sincerity and earnestness that distinguish the actions of our English Government as an augury of great future benefit to the country and its inhabitants.

## BISHOPRIC OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Rev. Henry Hills, ex-Vicar of Great Yarmouth, has been appointed Bishop of the Colony of British Columbia. He received the appointment in November, but it was not expected that he would be consecrated before Christmas.

## Naval and Military Intelligence.

### ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Feb. 15th	30° 11' S.	74° 13' W.	N.W. 3 N. 215 m.
" 16th	27° 27' S.	75° 18' W.	N.W. 3 W. 174 m.
" 17th	25° 15' S.	76° 12' W.	N.W. 142 m.
" 18th	23° 34' S.	78° 31' W.	N.W. 163 m.
" 19th	21° 44' S.	80° 51' W.	N.W. 171 m.

To-day at noon we were 2100 miles in a S.E. ½ E. direction from the point at which it is proposed to cross the Equator.

Col. Moody, R. E., with Mrs. Moody and four children were at San Francisco on the 19th Dec. They arrived on the 15th Dec. on the steamer "Sonora" from Panama, and were expected to go on immediately to Vancouver Island.

Capt. Gosset, R. E., the Colonial Treasurer for British Columbia, with his wife and child, also arrived at San Francisco in the same steamer.

The barque "Briseis" sailed from the Downs on the 27th Oct. with stores and provisions for the use of the Columbia Detachment of the Royal Engineers, with four married men of the Detachment and their families; the whole under the command of Corporal Hall, R. E.

From England. By our latest advices (Dec. 17th) the ship "Euphrates" was loading in the London Docks with stores and provisions for the Detachment, to be sent out under the charge of Sergeant Rylatt, R. E.

Her Majesty's ships "Amethyst," "Pylades" and "Tribune" sailed from China for Vancouver Island about the 20th November with parties of Marines.

By the death of Lieut. General Fanshawe, Royal Engineers, Major Gen. G. J. Harding and Major Gen. W. Douglas, Royal Engineers are promoted to the rank of Lieut. General. Col. H. J. Savage to be Major Gen. Brevet Col. H. O. Crawley to be Colonel. Brevet Major J. H. Freeth to be Lieut. Colonel. Second Captain and Brevet Major C. B. Ewart to be Captain; and Lieut. C. E. Harvey to be second Captain.

## Jokes, &c.

A JOINT CONCERN.—At Worcester there was an idiot who was employed at the Cathedral in blowing the organ. A remarkably fine anthem being performed one day, the blower, when all was over, said, "I think we have performed very well to-day." "We performed!" answered the organist. "I think it was I performed, or I am much mistaken." Shortly afterwards another celebrated piece of music was being performed; in the middle of the piece the organ stopped all at once; the organist cried out in a passion, "Why don't you blow?" At this the blower popped out his head from behind the organ and said, "Shall it be we then?"

CHARACTER.—An Irishman, an Englishman and a Scotchman, conversing together one day, proposed that they should compose a verse, each of them to contribute a line so that it should rhyme. The Englishman commenced by saying:

ENGLISHMAN—On the 12th July King William crossed the water,

SCOTCHMAN—On the 13th July there was a great slaughter,

IRISHMAN—And the 14th July was really the day after.

NELSON IN HIS CUPS.—Nelson once punished an excellent seaman for being tipsy, and told him "If ever you see me in such a state, I'll not only allow you to get tipsy, but find you in grog to do so." At Palermo Nelson gave a grand dinner, and going into his boat more than half seas over, the sailor steered about and reminded his commander of the punishment he had given him, and also of the promise he had made. Nelson at once ordered him a gallon of rum, and observed in future that he was as weak as his men, though his faults were less pardonable; "but" said he "Old English bark, if not kept moist, is sure to perish with the dry rot."

## Market Intelligence.

Our advices this week are upon the whole of a most cheering character.

FLOUR—An abundance of American Flour of first-rate quality was offered and readily bought up without reduction in price.

POTATOES & ONIONS were also sold at the upset price, the quality being tolerably good.

BUTTER—For the first time in this 'City' Limerick Butter was offered for sale, and being of excellent quality was soon disposed of, the demand being greater than the supply.

TEA & SUGAR fetched a high price, nevertheless there were many buyers. Other articles of general consumption were readily disposed of notwithstanding the prices being unusually high.

TOBACCO—We regret to learn that serious doubts are entertained of a failure in the Tobacco crops, owing, it is supposed, to its being planted below the usual depth, it is however hoped that by proper vigilance it may be raised. So great is the demand for this article that nearly the whole of the stocks of small traders in this 'City' are exhausted. If a supply is not forthcoming very shortly it is evident that manufacturers to consume their own smoke will become a dead letter; most of our sweeps are beginning to look very down in the mouth.

## Conundrums.

XXXVII. Who was the first man that obtained a free pass to the Theatre?

XXXVIII. Why is the "Thames City" like an Admiralty Chart?

XXXIX. What is the difference between the "Thames City" and Joan of Arc?

ANSWER TO XXXIV. Because he is a merry Cann (American).

XXXV. Because she is constantly at every part of the line and travels from Pole to Pole.

XXXVI. Because she is the largest round the waist and is constantly bursting her STAYS.

## Advertisements.

### Theatre Royal, "Thames City."

THE MANAGER of the above Theatre begs to inform the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants of this 'City,' that, having completed his arrangements for this season, he is enabled to offer an entertainment unsurpassed by any other theatre, and therefore trusts to merit a liberal share of their patronage.

On Wednesday the 23rd inst., will be presented that celebrated Farce, in one Act, by Charles Matthews, Esq., entitled,

"COOL AS A CUCUMBER!"

Characters:

Plumper, a returned Tourist, ..... Charles Sinnett.  
Fred, ditto, ..... Richard Wolfenden.  
Barkins, Fred's Uncle, ..... Charles Derham.  
Wiggins, Servant, ..... T. W. Mills.  
Jessey, Fred's "intended," ..... H. W. Smith.

To be followed by a laughable Extravaganza, written especially for the occasion by a gentleman of this City, entitled,

HALF AN HOUR AMONG THE NIGGERS.

Characters:

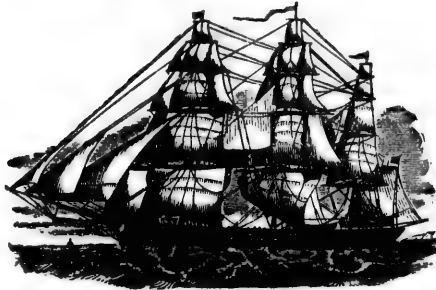
Sambo, ..... J. H. Elliott. | Bones, ..... William Edwards.  
Jim, ..... John Turnbull. | Pete, ..... H. Yates.  
Mose, ..... George Eaton. | Susanna, ..... T. W. Mills.

Doors open at 6 o'clock, performance to commence at 6.30 precisely.

Reserved seats for Ladies only.

The publication of THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced at noon on Thursday, and was completed at 4 p.m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

# THE EMIGRANT



## Soldiers' Gazette,

AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 14.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26TH, 1859.

[PRICE 3D.

### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," FEBRUARY 26th, 1859.

LAT. 10.30 S. LONG. 79.21 W. NEW MOON, MARCH  
3RD, AT 10H. 18M. A. M.

LAST week we published some very interesting details from our correspondent in Victoria, relative to the rapid progress that was being made in the new Colony of British Columbia, where we all hope before many weeks to arrive safe and sound. Some of us will never willingly take such a long voyage again, even for the sake of getting back once more to old England where every one must have some friends, whom one may frequently think of and portray to one's own imagination. It will not do for us however to give up all hopes of seeing England again, and when we come to think of the great engineering works which have already been proposed for facilitating the communication between it and British Columbia, we shall have every reason to expect that eventually those among us who do not return to England will get their friends to pay them a visit in the new country and perhaps settle there. A few remarks upon the position of British Columbia, with the present and proposed means of communication between it and England, may not be out place, and may perhaps be interesting to some of our readers. It is situated on the North West coast of North America between Lat. 55° and 49° N. the latter being the boundary line between it and the Oregon territory which was made over to the United States. At present there are three routes to Columbia and Vancouver Island, viz: 1st, by the Isthmus of Panama; 2nd, through Canada or the United States over the Rocky Mountains; 3rd, round Cape Horn. The first named route is the quickest,

occupying only 35 or 40 days. Steamers leave England for Colon, situated on the East of the Isthmus of Panama; from Colon trains run across the Isthmus to Panama, and from thence steamers go to San Francisco and up to the mouth of the Fraser river. By the second route passengers go by steamers to Quebec, and thence by railway to St. Paul's, near the head of Lake Superior, in Minnesota; from thence by the United States mail across the Rocky Mountains to the head waters of the Columbia river; at this point passengers can either turn to the right overland to the Thompson and Fraser river districts, or go down the Columbia, cross over to the Puget Sound, and across the straits to Vancouver. The third route round Cape Horn, we must all be well acquainted with, and the sooner perhaps such acquaintance is cut the better. The additional means of communication now proposed are, 1st, A railway through the British possessions in North America, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans. On the Atlantic coast of British North America we have but one safe open seaport accessible at all seasons, the rest being closed by ice for six months of the year; but that port, Halifax, (in Nova Scotia) has the finest harbour in the Atlantic, and is nearer to Europe by 400 miles than any other port in the whole continent of America. From Halifax to Quebec is 600 miles, a railway for 170 of which is now in course of construction. From Quebec there is a direct line of railway through Canada to Lake Huron, a distance of 500 miles; from this point it is proposed to extend the railway along the north shore of Lake Superior, through the Red River Settlement, along the valley of the Saskatchewan, and though British Columbia to the mouth of Fraser river. The distance from Liverpool to Halifax is 2466 miles, and the average passage by steamer 9 days. From Halifax to the mouth of the Fraser River, taking the direction of the proposed railway, is 3184 miles, and, should this line be executed, passengers will be able to get from Liverpool to Vancouver in about 14 or 15 days. Another great engineering work is in contemplation, by which steamers will be able to go from Liverpool to the mouth of the Fraser river in about 35 days, viz; by cutting a

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...Charles Derham.  
...T. W. Mills.  
...H. W. Smith.

...especially for the

NIGGERS.

...William Edwards.  
...H. Yates.  
...T. W. Mills.  
...at 6.30 precisely.

...AND CAPE HORN  
...and was completed at  
...board Front Cabin,



## THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE,

ship-canal through the Isthmus of Panama; this would obviate the necessity of vessels going round Cape Horn, and lessen the voyage about one half. Should the railway be carried out from Halifax to the mouth of the Fraser river, it will be one great step in the progress of the British Dominions in North America, and may ultimately lead to its being peopled in an unbroken chain from the Atlantic to the Pacific by a loyal and industrious population of subjects of the British Crown.

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

In our last number we offered a few remarks on the peculiar nature and structure of the Whale and its allied species, alluding particularly to the formation of its breathing apparatus, the position of the wind-pipe, the cause of the jets of water thrown out of the top of its head called spoutings, and the density of the coatings of the eye. I now beg to call your attention to the consideration of the produce of the Whale, which renders it one of the most valuable of animals, in pursuit of which scores of ships well manned and fitted out at great expense proceed every year from England, Holland, France and America. The produce of the Whale has been known to bring into Britain £700,000 in a single year, and one cargo alone has yielded £11,000. Every one is probably aware that the body of the Whale is encased in a thick coat of fat, denominated blubber, varying in diameter from eight inches to nearly two feet in different parts of the animal. It has however been only recently known that this fat lies, not under the skin, but actually in its substance. The structure in which the oil denominated blubber is deposited is the true skin of the animal, modified certainly for the purpose of holding this fluid oil, but still being the true skin. In this respect does the structure of the skin of the Whale differ from that of other animals, the object still being defence against external pressure. Taking the hog as an example of an animal covered with an external layer of fat, we find that we can raise the true skin without any difficulty, leaving a thick layer of cellular membrane loaded with fat of the same nature as that in the other parts of the body; on the contrary in the Whale it is altogether impossible to raise any layer of skin distinct from the rest of the blubber, however thick it may be; and in flensing the Whale the operator removes this blubber or skin from the muscular parts beneath, merely dividing with his spade the connecting cellular membrane. Such a structure as this, being firm and elastic in the highest degree, operates like so much India-rubber, possessing a density and power of resistance which increases with the pressure. But this thick coating of fat fulfils other important purposes in the economy of the Whale. We must remember that the Whale is a warm-blooded animal, and dependent for existence on keeping up the animal heat, although an inhabitant of the seas where the cold is most intense, and were it not for this thick wrapper calculated to resist the abstraction of heat from the body, the animal would not be kept so comfortably warm as it is even throughout the fiercest polar winters. Again, so much oil contained in the cells of the skin renders the animal much lighter and much more buoyant in the water, and thus saves much muscular exertion in swimming horizontally and in rising to the surface; the bones, being of a porous or spongy texture, have a similar influence. Besides the blubber, one species of the Whale, generally known as "the right Whale" of the seamen, furnishes an article which has been turned to various uses by mankind, and which forms an important object of the fishery; it is commonly called Whale-bone and its substance is known to everybody. Now this Whale-bone is not, as many might suppose, part of the spine or ribs of the animal, but it is a substance which enters into the structure of the mouth and jaws of this species of the Whale. Although the head of this species, commonly called the Greenland Whale, is of immense size, the mouth reaching to scarcely less than a fourth of the total length of the animal, still the gullet is so small as not to admit the passage of a fish as

large as a herring; hence its support is chiefly derived from creatures of a very small bulk and apparently insignificant, such as shrimps, sea-slugs, sea-blubbers and animalcules still smaller, called medusae, of which mention has already been made in a former paper. But how does it secure its minute and almost invisible prey? for, without some express provision, these atoms would be quite lost in the cavity of its capacious mouth, unless swallowed promiscuously with the water which would fill the stomach before a hundredth part of the meal were obtained. There is a very peculiar contrivance to meet this exigency; the mouth has no teeth, but from each upper jaw proceed more than three hundred horny plates, set parallel to each other and very close; they run perpendicularly downwards, are fringed on the inner edge with hair, and diminish in size from the central plate to the first and last, the central one being about twelve feet long. It is the substance of these plates that constitutes the whale-bone of commerce. The lower jaw is very deep, like a vast spoon, and receives these depending plates, the use of which is this: when the Whale feeds he swims rapidly, just under or at the surface, with his mouth wide open; the water, with all its contents, rushes into the immense cavity and filters out at the sides between the plates of the whale-bone, which are so close and finely fringed that every particle of solid matter is retained. The capture of these immense animals is an adventure of a most exciting nature, and attended with considerable danger and extraordinary hazard. After the huge animal is killed and towed in triumph alongside of the ship, it is secured by tackles at the head and tail and the process of flensing commences. The men, having shoes armed with long iron spikes to maintain their footing, get down on the huge and slippery carcass, and with very long knives and sharp spades make parallel cuts through the blubber from the head to the tail. A band of fat however is left around the neck, called the *kent*, to which the hooks and ropes are attached for the purpose of shifting round the carcass. The long parallel strips are divided across into portions weighing about half a ton each, and, being separated from the flesh beneath, are hoisted on board, chopped into pieces and put into casks. When the whale-bone is exposed it is detached by spades, &c., made for the purpose, and hoisted on deck in a mass; it is then split intounks containing eight or ten blades each. The carcass is then cut away, as valueless to man, though a valuable prize to bears, birds and sharks. Such is a brief outline of the Natural History of this monster of the deep, in whose structure and habits there are, as we have seen, more than ordinary evidences of that gracious forethought and contrivance, the tracing of which makes the study of nature so interesting and so instructive.

NATURALIST.

### Correspondence.

To the Editor.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In my last two letters I endeavoured to point out to your readers what simple means might be had recourse to by them, in the event of their being sent on detachment on our arrival in British Columbia, for the speedy provision of light and fuel. Then Fire! was my cry, and now I think your hearers will not deem out of place an attempt from me to teach them where, in case of "Fire," they may apply and look with any certainty for "Water." Judging from the present accounts, and the very fact of our going to the river Fraser, we may all say that there is not much chance of our finding any scarcity of water—we certainly hope not, but it does not follow that the water which may be always at hand will be fit for drinking and cooking purposes, and the hope that the few remarks that are offered with regard to the purifying muddy and putrid water will be of benefit to some few, induces me to continue the subject. Foremost of all, it should be the daily care of every traveller to make sure of getting water before he sets out for his day's journey. Of course I allude to a traveller in a strange uninhabited country like British Columbia; it will therefore be as well to commence by describing the indications which ought to guide him in his search for it. A traveller in an arid land that is visited by

occasional drainage of here and there, or, lastly, advanced, the pools of earth is still swarms. where the a ramrod of that are m point when taries fall found. F sands of ground fr stance of deceitful as are obs country v gum tree animals, a flight of most satis and other near water instinct sh and the fa often and otherwise ously eno board sh an occasi by that a ble liti a weight drippings but dripp are intole remembe vetted, a when tur ing their days the in the sa lians wh piece of from the quantiti animal t wort, ha writes o in the p quite sw tives an the plac thirst u drink ne chew a ed with water r Next we with a or salt, for carv man us

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## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

occasional showers finds his supplies in ponds made by the drainage of a large extent of country, or else in pools left here and there along the bed of a partly dried up water-course, or, lastly, in fountains. When the dry season of the year is advanced, there remains no alternative but to dig wells where the pools formerly lay. Spots must be sought for where the earth is still moist; or, failing that, where birds and wild animals have lately been scratching, or where gnats hover in swarms. It is usual, where no damp earth can be seen, but where the place appears likely to yield well-water, to thrust a ramrod down into the soil, and, if it brings up any grains that are moist, to dig. It must never be forgotten that, at the point where it is known, on searching the beds, little tributaries fall into the main water-course, the moist water is to be found. Fresh water is frequently to be found under the very sands of the sea-shore, whither it has oozed down underground from the upper country. I myself witnessed an instance of this at Port Louis, East Falkland. Vegetation is a deceitful guide, unless it be luxuriant, or where such trees are as are observed usually to grow near water in the particular country visited, as the black thorn in South Africa, and the gum tree in Australia. Birds, as water-fowl and parrots; or animals, as baboons, afford surer signs; but the converging flight of birds or the converging fresh tracks of animals is the most satisfactory of all. From the number of birds, tracks; and other signs, travellers are often prettily deceived that they are near water, but cannot find the spring itself. There is great instinct shown in discovering water—dogs find it out well, and the fact of a dog looking refreshed and, it may be wet, has often and often drawn attention to a water-pond that would otherwise have been overlooked and passed by. Cattle, curiously enough, cannot be depended on. Our temporary life on board ship has shown us that showers may be looked to for an occasional supply, and we shall not forget the service done by that awning on the other side of the continent in the variable latitudes, though more water could have been saved had a weight been put into the middle and a tub to catch the drippings from it. An umbrella reversed will catch water, but drippings from any mackintosh or water-proofed article are intolerably nauseous and very unwholesome. It must be remembered that thirst is greatly satisfied by the skin being wetted, and lives of sailors have more than once been saved, when turned adrift in a boat, by bathing frequently, and keeping their clothes damp with salt water, though after some days the nauseous taste of the salt water is very perceptible in the saliva, and at last becomes unbearable. The Australians who live near the sea go about the bushes with a great piece of bark and a wisp of grass, and brush the dew-drops from the leaves down into it, collecting in this way large quantities. In emergencies the contents of the paunch of an animal that has been shot, the taste of which is like sweet-wort, has been resorted to as a source of fluid. Mr. Darwin writes of people who, catching turtles, drank the water found in the pericardium (the vessel containing the heart) which was quite sweet and pure. Many roots exist from which both natives and animals obtain a sufficiency of sap and pulp to take the place of water. The most necessary precautions against thirst are to drink well before starting in the morning and to drink nothing all day till the halt; to keep the mouth shut; to chew a straw or leaf, or, Arab-like, to keep the mouth covered with a cloth. Tying a handkerchief well wetted in salt water round the neck allays thirst for a considerable time. Next week, with your permission, I will resume the subject, with a few remarks on purifying water that is muddy, putrid or salt, and on the construction of some rude contrivances for carrying water with which a traveller, surveyor or sportsman may take the field, &c. Believe me to be,

Your obedient servant,  
PETER SIMPLE.

### PADDY AND THE TURTLE.

In New York a man was carrying a live turtle along the street, when by came an Irishman, followed by a large dog. The countryman tried by gentle words to get the son of Emerald to put his finger into the turtle's mouth, but he was too

smart for that. "But," says he, "I'll put my dog's tail in and see what the baste will do." He immediately called up his dog, took his tail in his hand and stuck it into the turtle's mouth. He had scarcely got it in when Mr. Turtle shut down on the poor dog's tail, and off the latter started at railroad speed, pulling the turtle after him at a more rapid rate than ever it travelled before. The countryman, thinking that his day's work would be thrown away if the animal should run at that rate, turned with a savage look upon the Irishman and exclaimed, "Call back your dog!" Paddy put his hands into pockets, threw his head to one side, winked, and then answered with a provoking *sang froid*, "Call back your fish!"

## Naval and Military Intelligence.

### ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

During the past week.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Feb. 20th	19° 30' S.	83° 54' W.	N.W. 1/4 W. 204 m.
" 21st	18° 21' S.	86° 40' W.	N.W. 1/4 W. 182 m.
" 22nd	16° 51' S.	89° 16' W.	N.W. 1/4 W. 174 m.
" 23rd	15° 22' S.	91° 50' W.	N.W. 1/4 W. 173 m.
" 24th	13° 34' S.	93° 50' W.	N.W. 1/4 W. 159 m.
" 25th	11° 58' S.	95° 40' W.	N.W. 1/4 W. 144 m.
" 26th	10° 30' S.	97° 21' W.	N.W. 1/4 W. 132 m.

To-day at noon the 110th degree of Longitude on the Equator bore N.W. 1/4 W. 984 miles.

We regret to record the death of Admiral Lord Lyons, as good an Englishman and as brilliant a seaman as has lived since the days of Nelson. He died at Arundel Castle on the 23rd of November, in his 68th year, closing a career of service distinguished by talent and activity and devotion to his country and profession. His service commenced in the Mediterranean, after which he distinguished himself in the East Indies and at the islands in the China seas, and again returned to the Mediterranean in the command of the "Blonde" frigate, and was present at the blockade of Navarino. On one memorable occasion he entered the Black Sea in the first British man-of-war that ever passed the Bosphorus, and visited Sebastopol, the scene of his future glory. He was Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of Athens for 14 years, and held the post of British Minister to the Swiss Confederacy as well as at Stockholm. In November, 1853, he was appointed second in command of the Mediterranean fleet, in which capacity, as well as when first in command, the valuable and important services he rendered to his country, to which probably we owe all our successes, are well known to most of us, and earned him the peerage he so richly deserved. There are few Crimeans amongst us who do not recollect him hovering about the English lines over Sebastopol day after day on his gray pony, and we feel sure that there also few amongst us who do not regret the loss of a brave and gallant officer, who, if he had not the same opportunities as Nelson for displaying the highest qualities of a commander, showed himself throughout the war to be possessed of all the high attributes that distinguished that great Admiral, and in no instance proved unequal to fulfil the duties of the high appointment the Government thought fit to entrust to him.

### Birth.

At Southampton, the wife of Captain A. R. Clarke, Royal Engineers, of a daughter.

### Death.

On the journey from Panama to Vancouver Island, the infant son of Captain Grant, Royal Engineers.

### Charade.

There is a noun of plural number,  
A foe to peace and quiet slumber;  
Now if you add an S to this,  
Strange is the metamorphosis;  
Plural is plural now no more,  
And sweet what bitter was before.

Songs and Poetry.

A Song written and sung by Corporal John Brown, of the Grenadier Guards, when the men got some drink for the first time at Balaklava, Sept. 29th, 1854. Printed afterwards in Blackwood's Magazine.

Come all you gallant British hearts, that love the red and blue,  
And drink the health of those brave lads who made the Russians rue,  
Then fill the glass and let it pass, three times three and one more  
For the twentieth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

We sailed from Kalamita Bay and soon we made the coast,  
Determined we would do our best, in spite of brag or boast,  
We sprung to land upon the strand, and slept on Russia's shore,  
On the fourteenth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

We marched along until we came upon the Alma's banks,  
We halted just beneath their lines to breathe and close our ranks,  
"Advance" we heard, and at the word, 'cross the brook we bore  
On the twentieth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

We scrambled through their clustering grapes, then came the battle's brunt,  
Our officers all cheered us on, our colours waved in front;  
There fighting well full many fell, alas! to rise no more,  
On the twentieth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

The French they had the right that day and flanked the Russian line,  
Whilst full upon their front they saw the British bayonets shine;  
We gave three cheers, which stunned their ears amidst the cannon's roar,  
On the twentieth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

A picnic party Menschikoff had asked to share the fun,  
The ladies came at twelve o'clock to see the battle won,  
They found the day too hot to stay, and the Prince felt rather sore,  
On the twentieth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

For when he called his carriage up the French came up likewise,  
And so he took French leave at once and left them to the prize;  
The Chasseurs took his pocket-book, the Zouaves they sacked his store,  
On the twentieth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

A letter to old Nick they found, and this was what it said,  
"To meet their bravest men, my Liege, your Russians do not dread,"  
But devil them, not mortal men, the Russian General swore,  
Drove them off the heights of Alma in September fifty-four.

Here's a health to noble Raglan, to Campbell and to Brown,  
And to all the gallant Frenchmen who share that day's renown,  
Whilst we displayed the black cockade, and they the tri-colour,  
The Russian hue was black and blue in September fifty-four.

One more toast we must drink to-night, your glasses take in hand,  
And here around the festive board in solemn silence stand,  
Before we part let each true heart drink once to those no more,  
Who fought their fight on Alma's height in September fifty-four.

And now God bless our gracious Queen and all her royal race,  
And may her boys become her joys, still keep the foremost place,  
For in the van each Englishman oft saw their sires of yore,  
Brave Cambridge showed the royal road in September fifty-four.

Conundrums.

- XL. What does a man do with a scolding wife?  
XLI. Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than fools?  
XLII. Why is Annie McMurphy sure to be happy on the morning of her marriage?

ANSWER TO XXXVII. Joseph, when his brothers put him into the pit for nothing at all.  
" XXXVIII. Because she is full of creaks (CREAKS) and sounds, INLETS and STREAMS, and covered with figures.  
" XXXIX. Because one was made of wood and the other was "maid of Orleans."

THE CHEAP DINNER.

A traveller called at the London Inn, Plymouth, in Devonshire, and ordered them to get a dinner worth his money. The landlord, thinking this would be a profitable customer, set before him a most excellent repast, to which the traveller did ample justice. When he had finished the landlord presented him "little bill," and the traveller tendered her a sixpence. "How is this," said the host, "your dinner comes to fifteen and ninepence." "No," answered the other, "I expressly ordered a dinner worth my money, and I assure you this sixpence is all the money I have in the world." The landlord, finding he was victimized, thought it useless to argue the matter any further, consented to be the loser on this condition, viz: that the guest should go and cheat the landlord of the "Red Lion" (his enemy) of a dinner likewise; "My good man," said the other, "I cheated him of a breakfast this morning, and he gave me five shillings to pay you a visit."

A DUEL.

"Every bullet has its billet." Napoleon, when he was told that a cannon ball had killed a sailor who had hidden himself in a coil of rope in the hold of a man-of-war, observed, "A man can never avoid his fate;" a fact well illustrated by the following circumstance:—An Englishman, brave as Julius Cæsar, challenged a Frenchman to mortal combat. Knowing John Bull to be a dead shot, the Frenchman, being the challenged party, and having the choice of time, place and weapons, selected a *large dark apartment, night and pistols*. The seconds were to remain outside and give the word, after which each was to fire when he pleased. "Fire!" cried the seconds, when the combatants had been locked in and declared themselves ready. But no sound was heard. John Bull could find no mark for an aim; and his adversary, hearing him groping about the room, fired at random. John was safe enough now, and, after searching every corner of the room in vain for any indication of the whereabouts of his antagonist, at length exclaimed,—"Come, I'm tired of this fun, besides I'm satisfied;" and he accordingly groped his way to the fire-place and fired up the chimney. There was a shriek and a yell, and down came the Frenchman, dead as a door nail.

PADDY AND HIS BARN.

Paddy had a barn, to which the parish laid claim, inasmuch as he had for several years omitted to pay some trifle for the land on which it stood. Trustees, Churchwardens and the parish clerk failed to convince Paddy that the barn was forfeited. "By Japers!" said he, "isn't it as clear as mud that a barn which has been mine ever since it was a little shed can't belong to anybody else, and afore I'll give it up I'll to the courts and see the larned man." He went and was told that, according to law, his barn was forfeited, but, if the trustee was not arbitrary, he might give a small equivalent, get two arbitrators and an umpire, and he had no doubt this would put the matter into a train of conclusion. On Paddy's return a second vestry was called, and he was asked by the trustee what the learned man had said. "Why," said Paddy, "he told me that, accordin' to law, my barn was mortified, but, if the landherd was not an oyster man, I was to give him a great elephant, and get two farnicators and a thrumpeter. So now my friends I have, no doubt, brought the matter into a drain of confusion." Which all agreed and, rather than clear it, gave Paddy his barn.

Jokes, &c.

A QUAKER'S REPROOF.—Some time since, a man employed on a wharf in England was swearing most boisterously, when one of the Society of Friends passing along accosted him very pleasantly and said, "Swear away friend, swear away, till thee get all that bad stuff out of thee, for thee can never go to heaven with that bad stuff in thy heart." The man, with a look of astonishment and shame, bowed to the honest Quaker and retired.

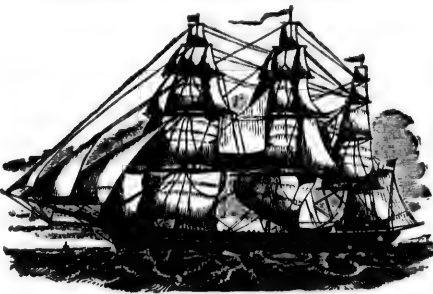
AN IRREVERENT YOUNG ROGUE.—An urchin in a country parish in Scotland, having been told by his parents to read a newspaper aloud to them, commenced to do so in the usual drawing manner of the parish school. He had not proceeded far when his mother stopped him short, exclaiming, "Ye accounral! how daur ye read a newspaper wi' the Bible twang?"

PAT'S COMPARISON.—"That's the smallest horse I ever saw," said a countryman on viewing a Shetland pony. "Indade, now," replied his Irish companion, "but I've seen one as small as two of him."

The publication of the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced at noon on Thursday, and was completed at 4 p. m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

# THE EMIGRANT

## Soldiers' Gazette,



AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 15.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, MARCH 5TH, 1859.

[PRICE 3d.

### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," MARCH 5th, 1859.

LAT. 1.12 S. LONG. 110.09 W. NEW MOON, MARCH  
4TH, AT 7H. 11M. P. M.

It is said that, in the Chilian revolution of 1851, the regular troops who were brought to fight against the rebels evinced so strong a disposition to cut and run, that their officers, instead of being in front or on their flanks leading them on, had to get in the rear of them and prod them up with bayonets, sticks, or swords, as the case might be, to make them advance against the enemy—a style of proceeding that reminds us very forcibly of the under keeper at Wombwell's menagerie, who, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, invariably rejoices in the popular patronymic of 'John,' and goes about from cage to cage armed with a long pole to exhibit the fine points of the camel-leopard, hippopotamus, &c. It would perhaps be no easy matter to get Mr. John to make his appearance on board here, armed with his pole, in the same mysterious manner as did Neptune and his trident on the occasion of our last crossing the line, but we must say that were it possible to secure his services, as well as those of his pole, for the purpose of prodding up the hearts and souls of the members of our little community, they would be productive of great benefit to us all. We were very sorry to hear that, in the early part of the week, thoughts were entertained of giving up the theatricals, in consequence of a feeling of dissatisfaction that appeared to exist generally with regard to the entertainments. Perhaps the hot weather is the cause of this feeling. Well! it is precious hot, there's no doubt of it. Even the children are bad tempered in consequence, so bad tempered that they shriek out

when one tries to make them cool by putting them under a shower bath. Or perhaps, (and this is more likely,) it is because everybody is tired of this horrid long voyage, looks with a jaundiced eye upon everything, fancies the acting is not good enough, and thinks it clumsiness when that horrid curtain sticks half-way. If this be the case we should bear in mind that our actors are all amateurs and beginners, that a perfect stage management is impracticable, that the plays have been acted but once, and that for the first time, and that really, when one comes to think of it, the acting and everything else are as good as can reasonably be expected. The idea of giving up the theatricals was abandoned on second thoughts, and we are very glad to see that there are still some who are earnest and interested in the matter, and who came forward last night boldly and fearlessly, in spite of the general feeling, to re-enact the play with which the house was originally opened, forming as it were a re-commencement of the whole and holding out an inducement to all to emulate their example. The play too was acted in pretty nearly the same latitude as on the former occasion, there being this little difference about the matter, viz: that we are now, thank Goodness, in the Pacific instead of the Atlantic ocean, and that several gentlemen were last night happily devoid of a certain uncomfortable sticky feeling about the chin and cheeks, which they must have felt on the 29th Nov. 1858. There is another little point about which a feeling of apathy and indifference seems to exist—we mean "The Newspaper"—why, we cannot tell, unless the stocks of contributors are pretty nigh exhausted, and we can hardly believe that, or perhaps it is because we have all been lately reading *real live* newspapers, or because we are getting so near our journey's end, that all thought of everything else is drowned in this one all-absorbing subject. Whatever the sources of these feelings with

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regard to the theatricals and the newspaper may be, let us hope that they may soon cease to exist, that both performers and audience will encourage the Manager of the one, and the literary souls support the Editor of the other. Our Manager is a sharp fellow, but we doubt his being sharp enough to cut himself into six or seven actors and actresses all full grown and ready dressed. An Editor too may, and ours doubtless does possess a large amount of brains, but then again it must be remembered that, besides his head and brains, the gentleman in question has two arms, and two legs, and a body, and those too of a very respectable size: in fact we must recollect that he is not *all brains*. It would seem a pity, after carrying on these two entertainments so successfully during three portions of a very long voyage, to give them up towards the close, just because everybody is hot, and lazy, and tired of sea life. Let us try and carry them on pluckily to the conclusion, and look forward to the time when we shall be able to talk, over a good fire on *terra firma*, about the whales, and the sharks, and the preserved milk, and the sea serpents, and the suct, and all the other natural curiosities met with by the passengers of the "Thames City" on a voyage from England to Vancouver Island.

#### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

In resuming the subject of the Classification of the animal kingdom, I beg to call your attention to the four orders mentioned in a former number, viz: the Mammals, Birds, Reptiles, and Fishes, into which the Vertebrated Animals are divided, and to remind you that the Mammals more generally known as Quadrupeds stand at the head of the animal creation. Now although these Quadrupeds are classed in one division, they differ vastly in appearance and habits. In one respect however they all correspond, viz: in bringing forth their young alive, and in suckling them with true milk, from which characteristic their name Mammalia is derived. The great Naturalist Cuvier, whose classification we have adopted as the easiest and most clearly understood, divides the Mammalia into eight distinct groups. Some Naturalists, as I have before stated, look upon man as the type of the highest class in the scale of animal life, and they go on to consider the tribe of monkeys as the next in the scale, but a very little reflection suffices to point out how wide is the difference between man and a monkey, independently of the immortal soul with which man is endowed, and which constitutes him superior to the beasts that perish. We shall therefore leave man out altogether in our Classification of animals, and consider him as totally unconnected with the groups into which the Mammals are divided. We commence therefore with the group of Monkeys, or as Cuvier calls them four-handed animals; these have four limbs capable of "prehension" or of laying hold of things, which also answer the purpose of progression. We all know how Monkeys can seize hold of nuts and ginger-bread with their hands, and how they can grasp a bough of a tree almost as well with their feet as with their hands; in this respect do they differ from other animals, and it is this peculiarity that gives them the name of four-handed animals. Next we have a set of animals whose jaws, teeth, and digestive organs are adapted for eating flesh, and which in a wild state live entirely upon it. These are called carnivorous or flesh-eating ani-

mals. Several types of this group are familiar to all of us, such as the cat, the dog, the wolf, the fox, and to this group belong some of the most powerful animals known, viz: the lion, the tiger, the leopard, the panther, the hyena, and the bear. The third group consists of those animals which are distinguished by a pouch or bag, in which the females carry their young while very small, of which the Kangaroo affords us the best type. In the fourth group we find a set of quadrupeds who are not furnished with back teeth, but gnaw their food with their front ones, and have in consequence received the name of "Rodents," or gnawers. The rat tribe, so familiarly known to us all, comprises more than half of the species in this group. The beaver, the squirrel, and the common porcupine also belong to this group. Then we find another group of animals entirely deprived of teeth, and hence called "toothless animals," represented by the sloth and the armadillo, animals exclusively American, and only seen occasionally in Europe in zoological collections. The sixth group comprises the largest and most powerful of all the land animals, with some of the most useful as domesticated by man. They are called the thick-skinned animals, and are represented by the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the horse, the ass, and the hog. In the seventh group we have a most extensive variety of animals, comprising various tribes remarkable for elegance of form and utility to man as articles of food and beasts of burden in climates of the most extreme heat and cold. These animals are characterised in their internal economy by four stomachs for the purpose of chewing the cud, and are hence called "Ruminants." Most of the animals of this group are very familiar to us, viz: the camel, the ox, the goat, the sheep, the deer, the antelope, and the buffalo. Lastly, we have that group of Mammalia, to which we have before alluded, which comprises the whale species, and which differ from other Mammalia, inasmuch as they live in the sea and strongly resemble fishes in their external appearance. Such are the eight groups which comprise all those Vertebrated animals which are styled Mammalia, and which, for the sake of recapitulation, I shall again enumerate as follows:—

- |  |               |
|--|---------------|
| 1st Group—Four-handed Animals,.....    | Ex: Monkey.   |
| 2nd " Flesh-eating Animals,.....       | Ex: Cat.      |
| 3rd " Pouched Animals,.....            | Ex: Kangaroo. |
| 4th " Gnawers,.....                    | Ex: Rat.      |
| 5th " Toothless Animals,.....          | Ex: Sloth.    |
| 6th " Thick-skinned Animals,.....      | Ex: Horse.    |
| 7th " Animals which chew the cud,..... | Ex: Cow.      |
| 8th " Cetaceous Animals,.....          | Ex: Whale.    |

The second order of the Vertebrated animals, viz: the Birds; are in like manner subdivided into groups distinctly characterized by their habits and external appearance, a subject which I propose to treat of in our next number.

NATURALIST.

#### Correspondence.

To the Editor.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—

On reading over the letter that I sent you last week for publication in your eagerly sought after and deservedly highly-prized journal, I regret much to find that, for a "watery" subject, the production is a "drier" one than I could have wished. I can only plead as an excuse the hurried way in which it was written, and with the hope that this will prove more interesting, will go on with my theme, "The purification of muddy, putrid, or salt water." For a copious supply of clear water, the most perfect plan, if you have the means, is to bore a cask full of auger holes, and put another small one, that lies the bottom knocked out, inside of it; then fill up the space between the two with grass, moss, &c. Now, sinking the whole in the midst of a pond, the water will filter through the auger holes and moss, and rise up clear of at least weeds and sand in the inner cask, whence it can be ladled. With a single cask, the lower parts of the sides may be bored, and alternate layers of sand and grass

thrown in layers the by hoops principle sponge and filters; pe Africa be by tying eight inc and turn trickle d made cle with the remains bleful o trid water charred are too o the charc iron into water re cient wh light a fi or can b to drop p pour, m from it. stretched the crew the Cosi water by trived w where th bottles hours. salt wat leaving barrel, in a trou the dou for the escaped bottle p build a It is nee tage an to distil sing wa altogeth any rem to sugg barrow ed stick dagger, the loos Travel, in the p The nat it just the nex torn aw depth, both h the ban withdr process ameter a to d by the is stre circles is cons of leath inside circle i corresp



## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

thrown in, till they reach up above the holes; through these layers the water will strain. Or any coarse bag, kept open by hoops, with a heavy weight inside it, will act on the same principle, but less efficiently than the casks. Sand, charcoal, sponge and wood are the substances most commonly used in filters; peat charcoal is excellent. The Northern Bushmen of Africa have an ingenious plan of partially clarifying water, by tying grass roughly together in the form of a cone six or eight inches long, then, dipping the broad end into the puddle and turning it up, a stream of partially filtered water will trickle down through the small end. Turbid water is also made clear by putting a piece of alum in it; it appears to unite with the mud and to form a clayey deposit. No taste of alum remains in the water unless used in great excess. Three thumbfuls of alum will clarify a bucketful of turbid water. Putrid water should always be boiled together with charcoal or charred sticks before drinking it, as low fevers and dysenteries are too often the consequence of drinking it indiscreetly, but the charcoal entirely disinfests it. The Indians plunge hot iron into putrid and muddy water. The distillation of salt water requires a good supply of fuel, which is too often deficient where there is no fresh water. The simplest still is to light a fire among stones near a hollow in a rock that is filled or can be filled with the salt water; then, taking a hot stone, to drop it in; the water will hiss and give out clouds of vapour, much of which may be collected in a cloth and wrung from it. In the same way, a pot on the fire may have a cloth stretched over it to catch the steam. There is an account of the crew of the "Levant" packet, which was wrecked near the Cosmoledo Islands, who supplied themselves with fresh water by means of distillation alone, and whose still was contrived with an iron pot and a gun-barrel found on the spot where they were wrecked. They procured on an average 60 bottles or 10 gallons of distilled water in each twenty-four hours. The iron pot was converted into a boiler to contain salt water; a lid was fitted to it out of the root of a tree, leaving a hole of sufficient size to receive the muzzle of the barrel, which was to act as a steam pipe; the barrel was laid in a trough made out of the trunk of a tree, hollowed out for the double purpose of receiving it and containing cold water for the purpose of condensation; and the water so distilled escaped at the nipple of the barrel and was conducted into a bottle placed to receive it. Some little thought is required to build a good furnace or fire-place in which to place the pot. It is necessary also that the fire should act to the best advantage and burn fiercely, or the pot will never boil fast enough to distil a sufficiency. The trough which holds the condensing water may be made with canvass, or even dispensed with altogether. It would be an insult to your readers to offer here any remarks with regard to digging wells; but it will be well to suggest to them that, in the absence of shovels and wheelbarrows, a well can always be commenced with a sharp pointed stick; taking it in both hands, and holding it up like a dagger, stick and dig it about in the ground, and clear out the loose earth with the left hand. Galton, in his "Art of Travel," gives an account of an ingenious method employed in the plains of the Sikhim Himalaya for digging deep holes. The natives take a bamboo, say three inches in diameter, cut it just above one of the knots, and then split the wood up to the next joint in about a dozen places. The grass is then torn away, and the hole having been completed to a sufficient depth, this instrument is worked vertically up and down with both hands. The sandy soil soon gets up into the hollow of the bamboo and spreads out the blades; the bamboo is then withdrawn, this plug of earth shaken out, and the same process repeated. Holes ten feet deep and six inches in diameter can be made in this way. I must not close this without a description of an excellent and very simple pump used by the Arabs in Algeria: a piece of leather or waxed canvas is stretched round hoops and, at the top and bottom, round circles of wood also; in short a sort of small circular bellows is constructed. In these circles are holes covered with valves of leather opening upwards, i. e., the leather is nailed on the inside of the bottom and the outside of the top. The lower circle is nailed to the bottom of the tub, and the hole in it corresponds with the feed pipe, the upper circle is attached

to the pump-handle, which works on a fulcrum in the side of a barrel. When this leather pump-barrel is collapsed, the water flows out through the upper valve into the barrel around it, when expanded water is sucked up through the tube, and an equal quantity displaced in the barrel, the discharge for the water being through a hole in the side of the barrel opposite to that in which the handle is fixed. The action of this pump, which attracted much attention in the French Exhibition of 1859, is marvellously perfect. No expedition should start without being well supplied with small water-vessels, with means of carrying at least half a gallon of water for each white man a day. Natives of different countries use vessels for carrying water made as follows: 1st. From the raw or dry skins of animals, which should be greased down the back. 2nd. The paunch, the heart-bag (pericardium), the intestines and the bladder. When used, they should have a wooden skewer run in and out along each side of their open mouths, by which they can be carried, and a lashing passed round under the skewer to make all tight. The Bushmen do this. The water oozes a little through the sides, and by its evaporation the contents are kept very cool. Another plan is, after having tied the length of intestine at both ends, to roll it up in a handkerchief and wear it as a belt round the waist. The fault of these bags, besides their frailty, is that they become putrid after a little use. 3rd. Soft wood hollowed out into buckets. 4th. Calabashes and other large fruit, as coco-nuts, &c. 5th. Ostrich eggs. 6th. Canvass bags, smeared with grease on the outside, become perfectly waterproof after a short soaking. 7th. Baskets with oiled cloth inside. And now I may say I have pumped my own well dry, in attempting to satisfy the thirst of many; in that attempt I trust I have succeeded with a few. In case of a failure, I can only refer them for further information to those who, unlike myself, can speak from personal experience in their travels and campaigns of the ways and means of getting water, as also perhaps of the great miseries and sufferings attendant on the want of it; believe me to be your obedient servant,

PETER SIMPLA.

### A QUAKER'S WIT.

A nobleman, the proprietor of large estates, was in the habit once every year of inviting his tenants, among whom was a conscientious Quaker, to dine with him. The Quaker, not anxious to brave the senseless ridicule to which members of the Society of Friends were at that time exposed, invariably declined the honour. At length his lordship pressed him, as a personal favour, to attend. On the right of the host sat the vicar, and on the left his curate. After dinner the vicar, who stuttered painfully, attempted to put a question, by way of banter, to the Quaker. The Quaker stared, but made no reply. The clergyman repeated, in the same incomprehensible manner, his query. Still the Quaker made no answer, when the curate, who was of a glib and ready tongue, interfered and said, "I do not think you understand what the vicar says." "I do not see how I should, friend," quietly replied the Quaker. "Oh," replied the curate, "he simply asks whether you can tell him how it was that Balaam's ass spoke?" "Balaam had an impediment in his speech and his ass spoke for him," was the Quaker's rejoinder.

### GOING TO LAW.

A butcher once cried upon a lawyer and asked him if he couldn't make the owner of a dog that had stolen a leg of mutton from his shop pay the price of it. "Certainly you can," replied the lawyer, "the value of the mutton to a half-penny." "Then," said the butcher, "you owe me five and sixpence, for your dog stole a leg of mutton of mine worth that amount." "Here is the money my good fellow," said the lawyer coolly, putting his hand into his pocket and giving it. The butcher was going off with a broad grin on his face, when the lawyer called him back, saying, "You owe me six and eightpence for my advice."

## Songs and Poetry.

### SHADES OF NIGHT.

- 1 Dull night has now her mantle drawn,  
And wrapped our ship in gloom profound;  
Now hushed the tumult of the day,  
And solemn silence reigns around.
- 2 No verdant wood to paint our view  
Where oft before we wished to roam;  
But planning 'mid the shades of night,  
On future joys, on future home.
- 3 The feathered tribe's no longer seen,  
From "Longboat Square" no merry song;  
No music's heard except the breeze,  
Or murmur'ing wave that glides along.
- 4 When from "watch" we are relieved,  
We soon to "Hammock Street" repair,  
Where Morpheus seals our eyes in sleep,  
Till dawns "Aurora" bright and fair.
- 5 When morn is up bright "Sol" displays,  
Rufulent grandeur o'er the acene  
Whereon, before Aurora's dawn,  
Ten thousand golden stars were seen.
- 6 Ah! night has charms and pleasures too  
Befting restless youth and age,  
And many a startling wonder shows,  
Beyond the reach of mortal age.

J. S.

### THE BASHFUL MAN.

- 1 They say I shall get over it, but no I never can,  
You've no conception what it is to be a bashful man,  
But ah! O dear! I quite forgot what I was going to say,  
But would the ladies be so good as look another way;  
I'd give, I don't know what I'd give, if it were not the case,  
But it's a fact, I cannot look a lady in the face;  
I'd rather face, I would indeed, I know that I'm a fool,  
I'd rather face a crocodile than meet a lady's school.
- 2 At parties when, like other men, I'm asked if I won't dance,  
I blush and fliget with my gloves, and wish myself in France,  
And while I'm standing stammering and hanging down my head,  
Some dandy whisler'd coxcomb leads the lady out instead.  
I did just touch a lady's hand last night in a quadrille,  
Oh goodness! how my heart did beat, it's palpitating still;  
While my young brother, fresh from school, to shew how I am teased,  
Says "Frank why what a muf you are, girls like their fingers squeezed."
- 3 How I am to get married—I shall never have a wife,  
I could never make an offer, I'm convinced, to save my life;  
There's the quizzing by the sisters, and the questions by mama,  
And the pumping that one goes through in the study by papa;  
And there's that horrid honey-moon, a journey with a bride,  
And grinning post-boys looking back, and no one else inside;  
Oh dear! the very thought of it quite takes away my breath,  
I am certain at the wedding I should blush myself to death.

### THE DERIVATION OF THE WORD "EDINBURGH."

Cain, in disgrace with Heaven, retired to Nod,  
As far as man could wish to be from God,  
Which makes some people think he went  
As far as Scotland ere he pitched his tent,  
And founded there a town of ancient fame,  
Which he from Eden, Edinburgh did name.

## Conundrums.

- XLIII. Why are letters directed to the Commander of the Detachment like ships that sail badly on a wind?  
XLIV. What is it that the longer you look at it the more it increases?  
XLV. Why should a gouty man make his will?  
ANSWER TO XL. He takes an Elixer (and he licks her).  
" XLI. Because they are broken while the other is only cracked.  
" XLII. Because she will be animated (Annie mated).  
" CHARADE.—Caree.

### PAT AND THE POST OFFICE.

The following colloquy actually took place at an Eastern post office. Pat—"I say, Mr. Postmaster, is there a letter for me?" "Who are you my good fellow?" "I'm meself, that's who I am?" "Well, what is your name?" "An' what do ye

want wid the name; isn't it on the letter?" "So that I can find the letter, if there is one." "Well, Pat Byrne then, if ye must have it." "No, sir, there is none for Pat Byrne." "Is there no way to get in there but through this pane of glass?" "No." "Its well for ye there isn't; I'd teach ye better manners than to insist on a gentleman's name; but ye didn't get it atther all—so I'm aven wid ye; devil a bit of my name Byrne."

## Naval and Military Intelligence.

### ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

During the past week.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Feb. 27th	8° 40' S.	99° 50' W.	N.W. 3/4 W. 184 m.
" 28th	6° 49' S.	101° 55' W.	N.W. 1/2 W. 169 m.
Mar. 1st	5° 20' S.	104° 50' W.	N.W. 1/4 W. 196
" 2nd	4° 19' S.	106° 55' W.	N.W. 1/2 W. 133
" 3rd	2° 30' S.	108° 48' W.	N.W. 157 m.
" 4th	1° 29' S.	109° 52' W.	N.W. 80 m.
" 5th	1° 12' S.	110° 09' W.	N.W. 24 m.

The great question that every one asks everybody is, "How long do you give her to get to Vancouver Island?" In fact this has been the great question throughout the voyage, and the long time already spent at sea, so contrary to the expectations of all, is the clearest proof how impossible it is to form a correct estimate of the length of a sea voyage. When we reach the 5th degree of North Latitude we shall be probably in Longitude 117° West, and may then fairly expect to have the Northeast Trade Wind. With this we shall steer a Northwesterly course, more or less to the Northward or Westward of N.W., according as the trade is Easterly or Northerly. We may expect to carry this wind as far as the 29th or 30th degree of North Latitude, by which time we shall probably have reached as far as 142° West. Cape Flattery is in Lat. 48° 23' N. Long. 124° 22' W.; the direct course therefore when we lose the trade will be about N. E. 1/4 N. 1450 miles. The winds, as in the Atlantic ocean, are variable and uncertain in the Northern Latitudes, but at this time of the year they prevail from the West and Northwest—so, after a day or two's calm on losing the trades, we may expect to bowl along with a leading wind and make short work of it to Vancouver Island. The distance over which we shall probably travel will be approximately about 4000 miles, so, as far as it is possible to judge, and considering that three-fourths of our voyage have been accomplished in a period of 120 days at sea, we may expect to reach our journey's end in about 35 or 40 days.

Another point about which many questions have been asked is the reason of our crossing the Equator so far to the westward, instead of having taken a more northerly and direct course on leaving Valparaiso. The reason of this is that, to the eastward of the 100th degree of West Longitude, the calms, squalls and variable weather that are peculiar to the regions in the vicinity of the Equator are here almost perpetual, and that ships crossing the Line to the Eastward of that point are often becalmed for weeks together, whereas vessels crossing in from 110° to 116° W. Long. are seldom delayed beyond a few days, and stand a much better chance of making a good voyage.

## Advertisements.

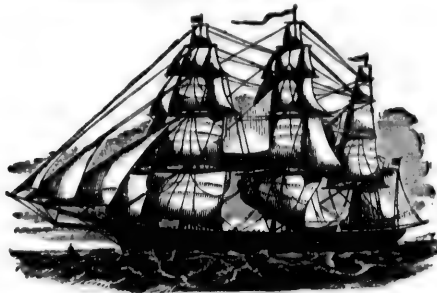
### Theatre Royal, "Thames City."

NEXT WEEK will be presented that highly interesting and laughable Farce, in one Act, by John M. Morton, entitled,  
DONE ON BOTH SIDES!

Characters:  
Mr. Whiffles, ..... Charles Derham.  
Mr. John Brownjohn, ..... Charles Sinnett.  
Mr. Pygmalion Philbe, ..... James Turnbull.  
Mrs. Whiffles, ..... John Meade.  
Lydia, ..... Richard Wolfenden.  
Doors open at 6 o'clock, performance to commence at 6.30 precisely.

The publication of the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced at noon on Thursday, and was completed at 4 p. m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

# THE EMIGRANT



## Soldiers' Gazette,

### AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 16.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, MARCH 12TH, 1859.

[PRICE 3D.]

#### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," MARCH 12th, 1859.

LAT. 7° 16' N. LONG. 115° 50' W. MOON'S FIRST  
QUARTER, TO-DAY, AT 4H. 39M. A. M.

ALTHOUGH nature has favoured the Pacific Coast of British North America in an eminent degree, with a delightful temperate climate and fertile soil, inexhaustible forests of the finest timber, rich undulating prairies, safe and spacious harbours,—the only ones, with one exception, upon a coast of 3000 miles, and which are capable of sheltering in their waters the fleets of the world—long and numerous rivers, the richest fisheries, extensive regions of coal, iron and other valuable minerals, near proximity to a good market (San Francisco), and the very centre of what must become the great highway of commerce between the Eastern and Western worlds; yet these unparalleled and natural advantages did not even attract the notice of Englishmen, much less their colonization and settlement, until there occurred one of those marvellous gold discoveries which have tended so much of late years to extend the trade and commerce of the Old World, and to raise up great and powerful nations of the Anglo-Saxon race in countries hitherto considered inhospitable and unfit for colonization and settlement by civilized men. The colony of British Columbia embraces an area of about 220,000 square miles. Its principal rivers are the Fraser, which rises in the north, and keeps a direct course through the centre of the colony for upwards of 400 miles, until at the "Forks," where it is joined by the Thompson river; it there turns to the west until it empties itself into the Gulf of Georgia. The Thompson river, which is not an insignificant stream as compared with the Fraser, rises in the east, in the

Rocky mountain range, and flows through an extremely fertile and magnificent country until it unites with the latter. It is intersected also by a great arm of the Columbia, but which has no outlet to the sea except through the territory of the United States. The Finlay river, rising North of the Fraser, keeps a southerly course until it joins the Peace river, which runs through the Rocky mountains to the east into Lake Athabaska. There are other rivers again to the northwest; the Salmon and the Simpson, which flow into the Pacific ocean opposite Queen Charlotte Island, and which island is also embraced in the new colony. There are numerous inland lakes, but none of great magnitude. The country is principally mountain and valley; the Peak and Cascade mountains running through its centre, parallel with the Rocky mountains, in a northwest course; the valleys are described by all who have seen them as rich and beautiful, and the mountain scenery as truly sublime. Sir John Richardson states that the mean temperature on the Pacific coast of British North America is about 20° higher than it is on the Atlantic coast in the same parallel of latitude. From observations made by Commodore Wilkes in 1841, "the mean standing of the barometer near Vancouver, during the day hours, for the months of June, July, August and September, was 30.32 in.; of the thermometer, 65.33. The state of the weather during a period of 106 days was as follows: fair 76 days, cloudy 19, and rainy 11. The crops of all descriptions were good, and this is the best criterion. The climate throughout the western section is mild, owing, probably, to the prevalence of southwesterly winds. Vegetation is earlier than in England. The fall of snow in the more southerly part rarely exceeds a few inches. The fig, orange, lemon, melon, vine and many other fruits proper to the tropics are the indigenous growth of the soil of this favoured shore." Lieutenants Warr

## THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE,

and Vavasour (the latter of the Royal Engineers) state: "The specimens of lead found in the mountains on the coast are very fine. The fisheries of salmon and sturgeon are inexhaustible, and game of every description abounds. The timber is extremely luxuriant, and increases in size as you reach a more northerly latitude; that in 50° to 54° being considered the best. Pine, spruce, red and white oak, cedar, arbutus, poplar, maple, willow and yew grow in this section of the country; north of the Columbia river the cedar and pine particularly becoming of immense size." Should we find these and the other accounts which have appeared in our columns prove true, we shall have every reason to trust that our sojourn in British Columbia may be a pleasant one; and to feel thankful that we were selected to take a part in the expedition for the formation and improvement of a colony which may one day turn out of so great importance to the mercantile world. At the same time we must bear in mind that the steadiness, industry and zeal displayed by each of us during the period we may be employed will be carefully noted, and will materially affect our future welfare and prosperity.

### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

In the first number of our paper I stated that it was my intention to contribute a few observations every week having reference to the Natural History of the animals we might happen to meet with during our voyage, and to the consideration of Inanimate Nature and such atmospheric phenomena as might come under our notice. For some weeks past the Animal Kingdom has engaged our attention, but it is time now that we turn from Animate to Inanimate Nature, especially as we have all had the opportunity during the past week of witnessing and experiencing the effects of one of the most appalling and most startling of Natural Phenomena. On Tuesday evening last, the 8th inst., we were visited for the first time during the voyage by a thunder-storm. Considering that it is within the tropics, and especially in these regions, known commonly as the Regions of Calms, that thunder-storms are the most frequent and at the same time the most violent, we may consider ourselves very fortunate in having so far escaped from the dreadful consequences which sometimes accompany these grand electrical discharges. Until within the last few years the phenomena of thunder and lightning were so mysterious, that the cleverest of philosophers were content to refer them to the operation of some cause utterly unknown, but in the present day perhaps no meteorological phenomena are so well understood as these. As the intimate study of Electrical Science is far too abstruse to be dealt with satisfactorily in a popular publication like ours, I shall merely confine myself to a few general principles illustrative of the nature and causes of thunder and lightning. These phenomena depend upon Electricity. Now what is Electricity? Some centuries ago it was discovered that the substance amber, if rubbed with silk or flannel, became endowed with the property of influencing the motives of certain light bodies, such as feathers, sometimes attracting them and sometimes repelling them. The ancients were aware of this fact, but there the matter dropped. About the middle of last century however the

attention of philosophy was directed to the fact, and it was soon found that the amber only furnished one particular case of a result far more general, and experiments on a large scale were conducted. It was believed that the power acquired by a piece of rubbed amber of attracting and repelling feathers was due to a certain invisible fluid, developed by the process of rubbing, to which the appellation of Electric Fluid has been given. It was further ascertained that some substances, such as copper and the metals, were not capable of being electrified, but had the power of carrying away the electricity thus excited, and accordingly the first class of substances were called non-conductors. Upon this principle the Electric Machine is constructed; a cylinder of glass is made to revolve on its axis; at one side of the cylinder is fitted a horse-hair cushion, against which the cylinder rubs as it revolves; on the opposite side is fixed a piece of metal, placed on glass legs and furnished with a row of points directed towards the glass cylinder. As the cylinder is made to revolve, it rubs against the cushion, and electric fluid is developed in the same way as it is developed in the amber rubbed on silks, and, as soon as it is formed, the piece of metal with the points is ready to conduct it away; as however the metal is supported on glass legs, the electric fluid is retained in the metal, and thus we are enabled to collect a large quantity. Now let us see what effects we can produce with this accumulated electric fluid. If we approach our finger within half an inch of the metal conductor, a spark is instantly produced, accompanied by a smart crack, and at the same time we feel a pricking sensation at the tip of the finger. If we hold a knob of metal to the conductor, the spark and the crack are likewise produced, and, if it is held there for two or three minutes, we have a succession of sparks and cracks, which get gradually weaker until they finally cease. What is the meaning of all this? It is a most difficult matter to explain properly without entering into the principles of Electrical Science; but the following remarks will I trust answer our present purpose. It is now generally admitted that there is no agent which is more universal in nature, and which extends its influence over the earth's surface more than Electricity. Everything on the surface of the earth is endowed with a certain amount of electricity, and scarcely one natural phenomenon occurs which is not brought about by electrical agency, and which does not in a greater or less degree develop this wonderful force. But the cause of the production of electrical phenomena is entirely due to one well-known fact, and that is that electric fluid consists of two kinds, or according to some philosophers, to two modifications of the same kind; they are called positive electricity and negative electricity, and generally speaking both exist in a thing, or in an individual, combined in certain definite proportions. Now when the equilibrium of these two electricities existing in one individual is disturbed by any cause whatsoever, that is, if anything tends to diminish or increase the proportions of positive and negative electricity in a thing, or in an individual, an electrical disturbance is produced. As long as the equilibrium is perfect, we have nothing to denote the presence of electricity, so that a disturbance in the proportions of the two electricities is absolutely necessary to the production of an electrical phenomenon. We have seen that friction is a means of producing electricity, as in the case of the amber and glass cylinder; we can now explain it thus: by friction the equilibrium of the two electricities in the glass cylinder is destroyed, and the production of a larger amount of one electricity than of the other is the result; this overplus it imparts to the metal conductor and it is there retained, the glass legs being non-conductors. Now the overplus of positive electricity requires some negative electricity to neutralize itself; accordingly, when you approach your finger to the conductor, it draws upon you for some negative electricity; your finger imparts it from the constant supply contained in your body, and, as it passes from your finger to the conductor, combination takes place, accompanied by a spark and slight report. But it is time for you now to enquire what has all this to do with thunder and lightning? As I before stated, the nature of thunder and lightning was unknown until the middle of the last century; but in 1752 a very simple but most interesting experiment was made by the illustrious Franklin which clearly demonstrated to the

world at that, in electricity, and reported ordinary ning are more or less turbances attention

Mar. 6th  
" 7th  
" 8th  
" 9th  
" 10th  
" 11th  
" 12th

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## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

world at large that clouds were so many electrical machines, that, in certain states of the atmosphere, quantities of electricity were formed and discharged, producing a flash and report analogous to the spark and the crack formed by an ordinary electric machine, and that, in fact, thunder and lightning are no longer mysterious phenomena, but are nothing more or less than the effects of electrical atmospheric disturbances. But I must no longer intrude on your time and attention, and shall continue the subject in our next number.

NATURALIST.

### Naval and Military Intelligence.

#### ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

During the past week.

Mar. 6th	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
" 7th	6° 41' N.	112° 50' W.	W.N. 145 m.
" 8th	1° 08' N.	114° 00' W.	N.W. 147 m.
" 9th	3° 02' N.	114° 50' W.	N.W. 121 m.
" 10th	4° 36' N.	115° 21' W.	N.W. 99 m.
" 11th	5° 44' N.	115° 40' W.	N.W. 73 m.
" 12th	6° 27' N.	115° 40' W.	N. 43 m.
" 13th	7° 10' N.	115° 50' W.	N. 49 m.

#### MARRIAGE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

So long as human nature exists there will be marrying and giving in marriage, and even among the uncivilized inhabitants of British Columbia this rite is a matter of previous negotiation, and is attended with solemnity, though certainly the picture is by no means brilliant in its colouring. When a young man has made his choice and obtained consent, the parents or other natural guardians of the girl are next to be consulted. These are to receive a certain quantity of presents; staves, axes, kettles, trinkets, &c. When the amount is agreed on, they repair to the house intended for the young couple, to which the most respectable inhabitants of the village are invited. The young man, having distributed the presents, receives, in the style of the heroes of the Homeric age, an equal, often a greater number of presents from the girl's relations. Then the bride, decorated with various ornaments, is led forth by a few old women and presented to the bridegroom, who receives her as his wife. The company, after partaking of hospitality, and wishing the young couple every happiness, a numerous progeny, abundance and peace, retire. Though the union is generally lasting, it is not indissoluble, as a man may, for infidelity, repudiate his wife, who is after that at liberty to take another husband. Polygamy is not only allowed, but it is a mark of distinction. The greater number of wives a man can maintain, the higher he is esteemed. In fact the respectability and influence of the chief depend on the number of wives, slaves, and other property which he possesses, and his election to the office depends on this qualification. Though the wives generally live in harmony together, the first wife takes the precedence of all the others, and is considered as mistress of the house.

#### SARCASTIC.

A young fellow, not quite so wise as Solomon, was eating some Cheshire cheese, full of mites, at a tavern one night. "Now," said he, "I have done as much as Samson, for I have slain my thousands and my tens of thousands." "Yes," answered one of the company, "and with the same weapon too; the jawbone of an ass!"

#### A YANKEEISM.

A traveller in the Northwest States of America, in 1855, gives an interesting account of the method of shooting the rapids of the Sault Saint Marie. He and his friends seated themselves in the bottom of a bark canoe, which was sucked into the waters, guided by a boatman at each end of the canoe. For a square mile the river presented an unbroken sheet of

foam, the waves being so high that they dashed into the canoe, which would have been upset by bad steering. The descent is accomplished in about four minutes. The steerage requires great coolness and experience, and he adds that, a short time previous to his own visit to the rapids, two Americans had ventured to descend them without boatmen and were consequently upset; the accident took place in sight of the town of the Sault Saint Marie, and many of the inhabitants were watching the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking every attempt to save them would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared, making towards the group and shouting with frantic excitement, "Save the man with the red hair;" the extra exertions which were made in consequence proved successful, and the red-haired individual in an exhausted condition was safely landed. "He owes me eighteen dollars," said his rescuer, drawing a long breath and looking approvingly on his assistants. The red-haired man's friend had not a creditor at the Sault, and, in default of a competing claim, was allowed to pay his debt to nature, and "I'll tell you what it is stranger," said an American who told the story, "a man will never know how necessary he is to society if he don't make his life valuable to his friends as well as to his-self."

#### WHIMSICAL DIALOGUE.

Traveller, "Holloa House!" Irish Innkeeper, "Sure I don't know any one of that name." Trav., "Are you the master of this inn?" Inn., "Yes, sir, please yer honour, whin me wife's not at home." "Have you a bill of fare?" "Yes, sir, the fairs of Mullingar an' Ballinasloe are next week." "I see; how are your beds?" "Pretty well I thank ye, sir." "Have you any mountain?" "Yes, sir, this country's full of mountains." "I mean a kind of wine?" "Yes, yer honour, all kinds, from Irish white wine (buttermilk) to Burgundy." "Have you any porter?" "Yes, sir, Pat's an excellent porter; he'll go anywhere." "No, I mean porter to drink?" "Oh! sir, he'll drink the ocean, never fear but he'll take all ye'll please to give him." "Have you any fish?" "Taey call me an odd fish." "I think so, I hope you are not a shark." "No, sir, indeed I am not a shark, nor a lawyer, nor any relation to such reptiles." "Have you any soles?" "For yer boots or shoes? as for my own soul it don't belong to me, it's Judy's." "Pahaw! have you any plaice?" "No, sir, but I was promised one if I'd vote for Mister O'Brian." "Have you any wild fowl?" "They are tame enough now, you may depend, for they have been killed these three days." "I see I'll have to see myself." "And welcome, sir, I'll fetch you the lookin' glass."

#### SCOTCH ECONOMY.

A Highlander, who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow, to get shaved; the barber bought one of his brooms, and, after having shaved him, asked the price of it. "Tippence," said the Highlander. "No, no," says the shaver, "I'll give you a penny; if that does not satisfy you take your broom again." The Highlander took it and asked what he had to pay. "A penny," says the strap. "I'll gie ye a baubee," said Duncan, "and if that dinna satisfy ye, put on my beard again."

#### THE PUNSTER FLOOR'D.

The celebrated punster, Dr. Mann, who was in the habit of reading when walking, once got to the middle of a narrow wooden bridge over a river, before he saw that the pass was disputed by a well known (but generally harmless) lunatic. "Who are you?" says the lunatic. "Why," say the Dr. (thinking to put him off best with a jest), "I am a double man, for I am man by name and man by nature." "Oh!" said the lunatic, "you are two men then?" "Yes," said the Dr. "Well," rejoined the lunatic, "I am a man beside myself, and we two will fight you two any day," and immediately knocked him into the river.



## THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE.

### Songs and Poetry.

As we learn that several who were absent from the Theatrical entertainment of the 4th inst. are anxious to hear the following song, which was sung on that occasion by Corporal Sinnett, we take this opportunity of publishing it.

#### HUTHICAUT'S WEDDIN'.

- 1 I'll sing ye lads a Falkland sang,  
Wi' thumpin' chorus loud an' lang,  
I'll tell ye o' the gleesome thrang  
At Huthicaut's braw weddin' O.  
The first that cam' was Georgie Cann,  
Then Osment too and Wolfenden,  
Wi' Jock McMurphy, Dick Bridgeman,  
Can't skippin' to the weddin' O.

CHORUS—There beauty's smiles baith blithe an' braw,  
Wad grace a palace, cot, or ha',  
Fair dimpled cheeks wi'out a fawn,  
At Huthicaut's braw weddin' O.

- 2 There was Morey too and Rogerson,  
And Lindsay cam' to join the fun,  
An' Smith cam' ere the feast begun,  
At Huthicaut's braw weddin' O.  
There was Normannell and blithe Woodcock,  
And Laundlers came to join the flock,  
An' Sinnett wi' his dirty smock,  
Gid faith! he marred that weddin' O.
- 3 There was short wee Flux and tall Whitmore,  
O' rantin' blades some twa three score,  
Munro and Digby, Haud and Soar,  
Can't all to join the weddin' O.  
There was White, R. A., and "Bruder" Yates,  
The bairns wha ha' the brimma' pates,  
And Howell climerin' oore the gates,  
Was no behind the weddin' O.
- 4 There was Noble too an' "Major" Green,  
Alexander, Baker and Jock Linn,  
An' Liddell too, tho' scarcely seen,  
Gin modest at that weddin' O.  
There was Harvey, Murray, Hume and Scales,  
And Maynard too wha mak's the pails,  
An' Haynes was there wha never fails  
To be at sic a weddin' O.
- 5 There was tailor Walsh an' tailor Reid,  
An' tailor Hughes an' wee Jock Meade,  
An' Layman Faith! enjoyed the feed  
At Huthicaut's braw weddin' O.  
There was Derham, Franklin, Frost and Mills,  
An' Shannon o' the whiskey stills,  
An' Shannon fra' far Limerick's hills,  
Cum' loupin' to the weddin' O.
- 6 Argyle from "Broom" an' Mould from Hants,  
An' Cockney Wood, wi' oibskin pants,  
The town was deaved wi' sangs an' rants,  
At Huthicaut's braw weddin' O.  
There was Foster, Conroy, Haig, and Jones,  
Rab Stephens too wi' giant bones,  
Ye'd laugh to hear the tal'ies groans  
At Huthicaut's braw weddin' O.
- 7 Wi' haggies an' fine eail soups,  
Wi' brandies, wines, and mint-juleps,  
Wi' gid brown ale full mony stoups  
At Huthicaut's braw weddin' O.  
Wi' ham, an' beef, an' mutton too,  
Wi' Athol brose an' Irish stew,  
Wi' pies an' pasties not a few  
At Huthicaut's braw weddin' O.
- 8 Wi' livers too an' hearts an' lights,  
Losh! how they stared to see sic sighs,  
But all set to an' crammed their kites  
At Huthicaut's braw weddin' O.  
An' then they drank to groom and bride,  
Scotch whiskey flowed like ocean tide,  
Auld Hu'lli' blushed wi' joyous pride,  
The bride was fain to reddon too.
- 9 Said van wha kenned her from her birth,  
"May she be fruitful as the earth,  
And may each little son of mirth  
Be followed by anither O."  
Says he "My bairns shall dare the seas,  
An' brave the battle and the breeze,  
Be true as steel, should Heaven please  
To bless this gleesome weddin' O."  
There beauty's smiles, &c.

### THE TRADE WIND.

Blow fresh and fair thou good trade wind,  
The breath of God, with steady force;  
Blow lovingly round brow and sail,  
And urge us on our pathless course.

To God, of whom 'tis said "He makes  
The wind his Angels," now we pray,  
Beseeching him this breath to send,  
To guide us quickly on our way.

Fresh, freshtier blow, and may God grant  
That, ere the sun's bright rim hath set  
Thrice ten times more beneath the wave,  
The cry of "Land!" our ears beset.

Yes, land at last, a bright blue bar  
Twixt crimson sea and golden sky;  
Land, with fresh streams and forests grand,  
Delightful sight to every eye.

### Conundrums.

- XLVI. What kind of sweetmeats were the most prevalent in Noah's Ark?  
XLVII. Why are fixed stars like pens, ink and paper?  
XLVIII. When may a nobleman's property be said to be all feathers?  
ANSWER TO XLVIII. Because they go to Luard (leeward).  
" XLIV. A blush.  
" XLV. That he may have his logatees (leg-at-ease).

PUZZLE.—A small wants to get to the top of a wall 20 feet in height; during the day it climbs five feet, but slips down four every night; how long will it take to reach the top?

### COURTING SCENE.

"Jonathan, do you love boiled beef and dumplings?" "Darned if I don't, Sook, but a hot dumplin' ain't nothin' to your sweet, 'tarnal nice red lips, Sook." "Oh, lor! Jonathan, do hush; Jonathan, did you read that story about a man being hugg'd to death by a bear?" "Guess I did, Stookey, and it made me feel alloverish." "How did you feel, Jonathan?" "Kinder sorter as if I'd like to hug you, e'en a'most to death too; 'tarnal nice, plump, elegant little critter you." "Oh, lor! now do go away, Jonathan." "Ah! Sooky, you are sich a slick gal." "Lor, arn't you ashamed, Jonathan?" "I wish I was a nice little ribbon, Sook." "What for?" "Cos may be you'd tie me round that nice little neck of your'n, and I should like to be tied there, darn'd if I shouldn't." "Oh, lor! there comes mother, Jonathan. Run, run, run!"

### LYING OUT.

A starving Irishman, wandering about London, came to a building bearing the inscription, "Lying in Hospital." "By the powers!" he exclaimed, "that's the place for me, for I've been lying out for a fortnight."

### Advertisements.

#### LOST.

I've lost a bunch of bright steel keys,  
A bunch that numbered seven,  
If you've found them, oh! return them please,  
You'll find reward in Heaven.  
For know your friends these keys have locked  
The lids of all my trunks;  
I lost them on the fourth of March,  
In the neighborhood of the banks.

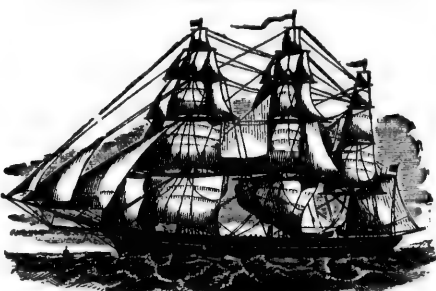
☞ If found to be given to the Editor.

#### LOST.

ABOUT SIX WEEKS AGO, the 3rd Volume of the "Illustrated Magazine of Art," bound in blue cloth, leaves gilt edged. Any person returning the same to the owner, or the Editor, will be rewarded with half a dozen cigars.

The publication of the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced at noon on Thursday, and was completed at 4 p. m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."

# THE EMIGRANT



## Soldiers' Gazette,

### AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

No. 17.]

"THAMES CITY," SATURDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1859.

[PRICE 3D.]

#### The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.

"THAMES CITY," APRIL 2nd, 1859.

LAT. 41° 47' N. LONG. 132° 13' W.

ONCE more, and for the last time, the Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette and Cape Horn Chronicle raises its voice to address the small world of the "Thames City;" addresses them too, although on the point of death, in a more self satisfied, and, we trust, a more cheerful style than it has done at any previous period of its existence, on a topic, the very echo of which reverberates in the hearts of us all, and banishes for awhile the feelings of tediousness and ennui that have now become so prevalent—a topic too which will, we hope, put all hands in a good humor who have come here to-night to hear the last dying speech of a periodical that has, let us trust, been the means of lightening the monotony of some few of the many weary hours we have spent on board, to shake it by the hand and to bid it a long good-bye, as it now does to the world, to life, to the "Thames City" and to the Columbian Rangers. Our voyage, which, as fate would have it, has been singularly protracted, is at length really coming to a close; and although it is nearly six months since we embarked, it must be confessed that we remember the old Deal boatman with somewhat the same feeling as one regards a picture of one's great-great-grandfather, and think of bitter beer and green peas as luxuries never likely to be seen or heard of again. Incredible though it may appear, and difficult as it is to realize, our salt beef and salt pork existence will probably, ere another 10 days have expired, live only in our memories, the cry of "Hot water below" have become a bye-word, the grand menagerie have been dispersed, and the animals sent to grass;

Hammock street be tenantless and in ruins, the "Dovecot" in the sole possession of emaciated bugs, and the solitary duck in the hen-coop on the poop raise his head and chuckle, as he sees the last of the great enemies of his race disappear over the side; enemies whose great object, in his opinion, during the last six months has been to endeavour to masticate the legs and wings (breasts they had not) of the deceased members of his race, but in which effort, not being men of strong dental powers, they have completely failed. Everybody will rejoice to get on shore again and stretch his legs, from the gentleman with giant limbs who rejoices in the name of "Rab" down to master Walsh, who does not yet rejoice in any name at all, and isn't likely to for some little time to come. The ladies and gentlemen, who during the last six months must have almost forgotten that they are land-crabs, will again begin to realize this important fact. Children will toddle about and wonder that "Cumbia" does not roll, and that there is no after-hatchway ladder to tumble down, nor any immediate prospect of falling overboard, and "Ponto," and the "Horrible Lurcher," and all the other dogs, will gallop about in great glee, once more revealing their tails to the world, and feeling as happy, poor fellows, as any of us. Nor must we forget the illustrious "Jimmy," who has contrived in the most unaccountable manner to prolong his existence, and become once more a sheep, and who, under the protecting arm of a musical friend, known to most of us in connection with a certain life-buoy, has every prospect of a blow-out such as has never probably been enjoyed by any of his tribe, since his forefathers landed on Mount Ararat. We have refrained thus far from making any lengthy allusion to our speedy emancipation from the salt diet, for fear the hearts of our audience might begin to beat so violently as to produce serious effects; but, if all hands will content themselves with simply allowing their mouths to water, it will give us great pleasure to dwell on the prospect of at least good fresh meat and vegetables; and, although we do not feel justified in holding out immediate hopes of great comfort, tobacco and suet will at

## THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE,

least be plentiful, and we may all look forward ere long to comfortable quarters, good rations, strawberries and cream, and a settled life. It will be a treat, too, to have something to do, after a style of existence so lazy that most of us have been too lazy even to get fat. The ladies will pick up colour, the gentlemen look less haggard, and children who never walked before toddle off on their own hook, as if they had bottled up all their toddling propensities for the last six months and had suddenly extracted the cork. In conclusion, the "Emigrant Soldier's Gazette" bids you a hearty good bye, and, in wishing every one health, happiness and prosperity in the new colony, only regrets that its term of days has expired, and that it cannot remain to share them with you. At the same time it would remind each one that, in bidding good bye to the "Thames City," and in looking back on their long sojourn together, which may it hopes be prolonged for another six years, they should remember with gratitude the Hand that has guided them in safety, and preserved them in health, throughout a voyage exceeding in distance, if not in duration, any that has ever before been accomplished by British troops.

ALTHOUGH we have just had the pleasure to record the addition to the rising generation of two fine young gentlemen, it must be nevertheless confessed that obituaries are at present in the ascendancy. The days of our voyage are high numbered, the newspaper is now breathing its last breath, the inhabitants of Poop Square are in a state of starvation, those of Hammock Street in pickle, and preserved milk and suet in an advanced stage of putrefaction. Like everything else, the theatrical season is also coming to a close, and we should deem it ill befitting the high attributes of our journal, were gratitude not numbered amongst its many good and estimable qualities, and did it not, in bidding a general farewell, remember to thank, in the name of our little world, those who have afforded us pleasure and recreation. Of all the little amusements that have assisted very materially to render our dreary voyage as pleasant as anything of the kind can well be, whether we speak of the theatricals, the dancing, the boxing, the shaving, the singing, the bird catching, or the cock fighting, the first, viz: the theatre stands forth pre-eminent. Commencing at an early stage of our voyage, it has gone on steadily and successfully, something pleasant to look forward to every Wednesday or other evening, as the case might be, and sufficiently varied in the nature of the performances to delight the most fastidious audience situated in circumstances as peculiar as our own. And although, a short time ago, every one was in such a humour that he would hardly be pleased at anything, hot and lazy, and tired of everything and everybody, the manager and his company struggled manfully against all obstacles, and have produced on the last few occasions performances that have done credit to every one connected with them. First then to the kind originator, our Commanding Officer; secondly to Corporal Howse, our indefatigable manager; thirdly to the actors, the Christy's Minstrels, the Tyrolese Minstrels, and the amateur singers and dancers, our hearty thanks are due. Nor should our small orchestra be forgotten, who by their musical genius have helped us to pass pleasantly many a dull moment, both between the scenes at our theatre, and on the quarter-deck on fine evenings. There is one little point certainly about which we have cause for regret. Last Wednesday evening a gentleman, who gave us an interesting description of the locomotive powers of a cork leg, made his debut on the stage of the "Thames City," and a most successful one it certainly was; whether Corporal John W. had been thinking how, as a youngster, he used to eat all the crust of his tart first, with just enough apple to moisten it, reserving all the cream and the best half of the apple on the side of his plate as a good mouthful for the conclusion, and

had determined to extend this principle in our behalf, we are not at liberty to state, but certain it is that his apple and cream were very good, and formed a spicy conclusion to the evening's entertainment. Finally, we feel sure that, in bidding good bye for the time being to the theatre, we echo the sentiments of the whole Detachment in thanking all concerned for the amusement they have so often afforded us, and will now content ourselves with looking forward to the time when the House will re-open once more on a better stage and in more pleasant circumstances than fall to our lot on the troop-deck of the "Thames City."

## NATURAL HISTORY OF THE VOYAGE.

Our long and somewhat wearisome voyage is fast drawing to a close, we are rapidly nearing our long wished for destination, and before many days have elapsed we may calculate on being able to bid adieu to the sea and sea-faring life, for at least some time to come. Although it cannot be denied that a six months' voyage is attended with a considerable amount of tedium and monotony, still all of us who have taken any interest in the contributions on Natural History in our paper must admit that, notwithstanding our limited resources, and isolated as we are from the rest of the world, we have subjects innumerable in the natural world which surrounds us to afford interesting study and instructive reflection to all thoughtful minds. The object of these articles on the Natural History of the Voyage has been to direct the attention of the student of Nature to the consideration of a few of the many objects of interest more or less directly connected with the sea, and, by describing the causes and effects of those phenomena which from time to time come under our notice, to lead the mind to contemplate the beauty and grandeur of the world in which we live, and to impress us with the infinite power and wisdom displayed in the miracles of nature by the Creator of the Universe. It is to be hoped that the subject has proved worthy of interest, and that not a few will be found prosecuting their researches in Natural History in the new colony to which we are bound, and which by all accounts teems with objects for the study of the Naturalist, who will undoubtedly be amply repaid for any exertions which he may deem fit to make towards acquiring a knowledge of Nature, and an acquaintance with God's creatures. As this is to be the last of our series of publications, I purpose giving a brief retrospect of the Natural History of the Voyage, alluding chiefly to the subjects discussed and enlarged upon in the several numbers of our paper. In the first place our attention was drawn to the consideration of the Trade Winds, their causes and effects, and, at the same time, that marvellous phenomenon which displayed itself so magnificently in the tropics, viz: the phosphorescence or luminosity of the sea was described and explained. We stated this marvellous appearance to be due to the presence of numerous gelatinous looking animals called Medusæ, which have the power of giving out luminous flashes, and which abound in countless myriads in most seas. A few days after the publication of this statement an opportunity was afforded of testing the luminous properties of these remarkable creatures, a few of which, having been collected in a tumbler of water, were made to emit light by agitating and stirring up the water. The general character of the Ocean, its saltness, its temperature, depth, and pressure, and the formation of waves, formed another interesting topic of discussion. An ever varied subject for contemplation was found in the description of the numerous tribes of living beings that throng the deep, from the huge whale to the luminous animalculæ. Our constant companion during the first part of the voyage, the Stormy Petrel, was one of the first of the feathered tribe which arrested our attention; then came the Sea-Swallow, two or three specimens of which through extreme fatigue fell exhausted on the deck, and allowed themselves to be unresistingly captured. As we approached the Southern latitudes the majestic Albatross, one specimen of which measured twelve feet between the extremities of the extended wings, afforded an interesting topic for contemplation, and the sagacious and no less curiously form-

ed birds, the Falkland notice. though o tion, and so barren to be. V the excep Pilot fish very few many of creation subject to connection was trace various remarks age. In one of the classed up there is pursuit of tions map attention conclusion

Sin, offering the mean ling with ventured have doubt er" stand "Thames" with his his stum that the is not ro a growl a snarl, th dons) is whereve many of fined loc and talk 'em, and longer c into snarl the worle small fo shut the feelings, they are and alth lay claim a month by junk will spec rightfull

XLIX. W L. When ANSWER T

## AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

ed birds, the Penguins, which we beheld for the first time at the Falkland Islands, were also in their turn brought under notice. The Natural History of the Falkland Islands, although only briefly alluded to, was full of interest and instruction, and served to convince us that these Islands were not so barren of animated creatures as they at first sight appeared to be. Very few fish have come across our path, and with the exception of the occasional appearance of a few Bonitos, Pilot fish, Flying fish, Porpoises and Whales, we have had very few opportunities of studying the nature and habits of many of the funny tribes. The Classification of the Animal creation into Divisions, Classes, and Orders, formed another subject treated of in the weekly contributions, and lastly, the connection between Thunder and Lightning and Electric fluid was traced and discussed. Such is the enumeration of the various natural objects which have formed the subjects of our remarks in connection with the Natural History of the Voyage. I need not say that volumes might be written on any one of them, so endless and varied are the topics which are classed under the head of Natural Science. Be assured that there is no study more calculated to cheer the life than the pursuit of Natural History, and, trusting that these contributions may have the effect of leading some of you to turn your attention to a study so attractive, I bring my remarks to a conclusion.

NATURALIST.

### Correspondence.

#### THE FAIR SEX.

To the Editor.

SIR,—Some time ago a paragraph appeared in your columns offering a handsome reward to anybody who would discover the means of preventing women from fighting with, quarrelling with, and abusing one another. Nobody has hitherto ventured his opinion on so touchy a subject. Many of us have doubtless often noticed Ponto and the "Horrible Lurcher" standing side by side in solemn dignity on the deck of the "Thames City," neither of them looking at the other, Ponto with his tail for once in his life in the air, the "Lurcher" with his stump elevated in a similar manner, and both thinking that the other is no better than he should be, and that there is not room for both of them in the "T. C." Presently comes a growl from Ponto, ditto from Lurcher, next a reciprocal snarl, then a bite, and finally a fight. So (we beg their pardons) is the case with the fair sex. Women will be women wherever they are, and when we come to consider that so many of them have been for six months cooped up in the confined locality of the Dove-cot, with nothing to do but think and talk of what Mrs. So-and-so said of Mrs. What-d'ye-call-'em, and what Mrs. Thingumigag said of Mrs. Fol-de-rol, no longer can we wonder that cooing has eventually subsided into snarling and backbiting, and that, like crinoline, the little world they live in is, after six months of it, becoming too small for them. The fact is that the ladies in question have shut the doors of their hearts for the time being to all tender feelings, determined to preserve their six months' stock till they are once more able to bestow them in the right direction, and although, rather late in the day, I by no means venture to lay claim to the reward, the whole fact of the matter is, that a month on shore, strong tea, freedom from the bile created by junk and biscuit, and restoration to conjugal affection, will speedily set them all to rights, and enable them once more rightfully to assume the epithet of "Doves."

I am, sir, &c.,

HYMEN.

### Conundrums.

XLIX. Why ought the passengers of the "Thames City" never to starve?  
L. When is an ox not an ox?

ANSWER TO XLVI. Preserved pears (pairs).

XLVII. Because they are stationary.

XLVIII. When his estates are all in on tails (hen tails).

XLIX. Because, though a hen can lay but one egg, the "Thames City" can always lay to (two).

L. When it is turned into a meadow.

### Naval and Military Intelligence.

#### ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Mar. 31st	38° 50' N.	134° 24' W.	N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. 155 m.
April 1st	40° 55' N.	132° 39' W.	N. E. $\frac{3}{4}$ N. 146 m.
" 2nd	41° 47' N.	132° 13' W.	N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. 54 m.

To-day at noon Cape Flattery bore N. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  N. 518 miles. For the information of those who are interested we may as well state that we have been 175 days on board the "Thames City," 148 of which have been spent at sea. The total of our daily runs is 17,070 miles, making a daily average of 115 miles, or about 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour.

### Jokes, &c.

SCOTTISH SQUARE MEASURE.—A public dinner in Edinburgh had dwindled away to two guests, an Englishman and an Highland gentleman, who were each trying to prove the superiority of their native countries. Of course at an argument of this kind a Scotchman possesses overwhelming advantages. The Highlander's logic was so good that he beat his opponent upon every point. At last the Englishman put a poser, "You will," he said, "at least admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland." "Certainly not," was the confident reply, "you see, sir, ours is a mountainous country, yours is flat, now, if all our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you by hundreds of square miles."

A SECRET.—"How do you do Mrs. Tom? Have you heard that story about Lundy?" "Why no, really, Mrs. Gabb, do tell—what is it?" "Oh, I promised not to tell for all the world! no, I must never tell on't. I'm afraid it will get out." "Why, I'll never tell on't as long as I live, just as true as the world. What is it? come tell." "Now, you won't say anything about it, will you?" "No, I'll never open my head about it—never. Hope to die this minute." "Well, if you believe me, Mrs. Lundy told me, last night, that Mrs. Trot told her, that her sister's husband was told by a person, that Mrs. Trouble's eldest daughter told Nichens, that her grandmother heard, by a letter that she got from her third sister's second husband's eldest brother's step-daughter, that it was reported by the captain of a clam-boat arrived from the Feejee Islands that the mermaids about that section wore shark-skin bustles stuffed with pickled eels."

VERY LEAN.—They have a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattle-snake struck at his leg six times in vain, and retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him, and when children meet him in the street they run home crying for bread.

PAT'S BELIEF.—An English gentleman, wishing to discover the religion of an Irish guide, and not wishing to put the question of faith plump to him, enquired, "Paddy, what's your belief?" To which Pat replied, "Wisha, then, upon my soul, yer honour, but I'm of my landlady's belief." "What's that Paddy?" "Wisha, an' I'll tell you; but I owe her five half years rent, and she believes that I'll never pay her, and upon my soul but that's my belief too."

### Market Intelligence.

Since our last communication things in general have been very dull. SUGAR.—There was some talk of no more Sugar coming into the market, but the growers thought it would not do, so a supply was obtained. TEA, COCOA, FLOUR & RAISINS.—Are getting very scarce, and if a fresh supply of the former and latter articles is not soon obtained the supplies will be stopped. FRESH MUTTON.—Is in great demand, but such an article is never to be seen in the markets. FRESH PORK.—There was an arrival of Fresh Pork this week of very good quality and in great demand, when good sales were effected. SALT PORK & BEEF.—The sales of Salt Pork and Beef appear to be getting stale, for all the citizens are going mad for fresh meat, which they expect to have in a few days (weather permitting). BUTTER.—Is in great demand, but it is of such an inferior quality that people will not have it at any price. TOBACCO.—The Tobacco crops are a dead failure.

# THE EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE.

## Songs and Poetry.

### A FAREWELL DITTY.

A ship once sailed on a voyage long,  
With six score soldiers stout and strong,  
With married women thirty-one,  
Thirty-four children plump and young.  
October the 9th they came on board,  
October the 10th the Pilot roared  
"All hands up anchor!" and off they go,  
To the tune of the sailors "ho heigh ho!"  
Gravesend behind, soon came the Nore,  
The Downs at last, but not before  
October the 17th fifty-eight,  
On a Sunday night and terribly late,  
Did the good "Thames City" weigh once more,  
And down the channel foam and roar.  
So they sailed along did this goodly crew.  
Some sick, some seely, some white, some blue;  
It and bye, however, they all got right;  
A paper they had each Saturday night,  
Afterwards songs in the moon's pale light;  
And oft they would dwell on their prospects bright  
In Columbia land, their destination,  
With its mines of gold for the English nation.  
Christmas day they spent at sea,  
And made themselves jolly as jolly could be;  
Three days after they made the land,  
And soon the Pilot's steady hand  
Steered them safe into Stanley Port,  
For fear they should ere long fall short  
Of water—15 days spent here,  
Where provisions of all sorts were horribly dear,  
Heigh, heigh, ho! they're off again  
To the horrible cold and the pelting rain,  
And the winds, and the sea, and every ill  
Of Cape Horn's dreary regions, till  
In 40° South the weather became  
Mild, and fine, and jolly again.  
Four days then in Valparaiso,  
Where, it's quite true, though I'm sorry to say so,  
They can't find anything better to do  
Than squabble and kick up a hullabaloo.  
Off again on St. Valentine's day;  
They crossed the Equator, so they say,  
On the 6th of March, and, doubt it who may,  
No one got drunk on St. Patrick's day.  
At length a chap, said to be witty,  
Thought he would write a farewell ditty,  
So when 17,000 miles they'd run,  
And all were happy and full of fun,  
He determined to pay his farewell debt  
To the dying "Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette,"  
And, when scarce 500 miles from harbour,  
Thus commenced his long palaver:  
Farewell to the cold and freezing blast,  
The bursting sail and quivering mast;  
While foam-capp'd waves defy the gale,  
We'll snugly sip our foam-capped ale.  
Farewell "head winds" and "quarter breezes,"  
Each puff may come from whence it pleases;  
Farewell to Cape Horn's cold and wet,  
Farewell the tropics' sun and sweat,  
Farewell the fuk'sle, waist, and poop,  
Farewell thick biscuit and thin pea soup,  
Farewell the suet, grog, and junk,  
One was weak, the others stunk.  
Farewell to the hen-coop and lonely duck,  
Farewell to Long-boat Square and muck,  
Farewell to Laundry Lane and Galleys,  
We'll cook our grub in glades and valleys.  
Farewell to sheets, and spars, and sails,  
Farewell to dolphins, sharks, and whales,  
Farewell to the rigging, farewell to the decks,  
Farewell to the hatch where we've nigh broke our necks,  
Farewell to the dove-cot, farewell to the bugs,  
And the noises that every night sound in our lugs.  
Farewell to the cabin, farewell to the goose,  
Farewell to the pantry and steward's caboose,  
Farewell to the hammocks, farewell to the clews,  
Farewell to the world-be Irish stews,  
Farewell to cockroaches and thieving cats,  
And a long farewell to those horrible rats,  
That screech and quarrel every night,  
And make one shudder and feel in a fright.  
Farewell to parades with lured necks and feet,  
Farewell to the lime-juice that's hardly sweet,  
Farewell to the water of rusty hue,  
Farewell to the "Astræa of Progress" too;  
Farewell to our everlasting view  
Of cloudy sky and ocean blue,  
Farewell to the Petrel's warning note,  
Farewell to our dreary life aloft;  
I've three good hearty farewells yet:  
Farewell to the "Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette,"  
A long farewell to the old "Thames City,"  
Farewell at last to my farewell ditty.

## HOME.

Dear loved home, tho' far I wander,  
Still my thoughts will cling to thee;  
Friends of youth, though far asunder,  
Dearer still art thou to me.  
Home alone hath peaceful pleasure,  
In that bosom there is rest;  
Thou that hold'st my heart's best treasure,  
Thou alone can'st make me blest.  
See as arm in arm delighted,  
Yon loved couple gaily roam,  
Thus have I been oft united,  
Ere I left my native home.  
Dear companions of my childhood,  
How 'twould joy my heart to roam  
Once again with thee the wildwood,  
Round my peaceful, happy home.  
She for whom I hourly languish,  
Might I hope to find her heart  
All unchanged, 'twould soothe my anguish,  
Grief from mine would soon depart.  
Dear loved home, tho' far I wander,  
Still my thoughts will cling to thee,  
Friends of youth, though far asunder,  
Dearer still art thou to me.

## AN ETHIOPIAN SERENADE.

Is there a darkey that never loved,  
Or left soft woman's sigh,  
Is there a darkey that never loved  
Soft woman's tearful eye.  
Oh! bear me to some sultry shore,  
Or to some lonely cell,  
Where comes ne'er grief nor savage roar,  
But happy darkeys dwell.

## Births.

On the 14th ultimo, the wife of Sapper John Murray, R. E., of a son.  
Lat. 10° 6' N. Long. 116° 45' W.  
On the 26th ultimo, the wife of Sapper Thomas Walsh, R. E., of a son  
and heir. Lat. 32° 00' N. Long. 137° 24' W.

## Death.

On Sunday, the 13th ult., Elizabeth, the wife of Sapper George Newton,  
R. E.

## Advertisements.

### Theatre Royal.

THE MANAGER of the above Theatre has the honour to announce to the nobility, gentry and public of this "City," that he has in rehearsal the popular Comic Drama, in two Acts, by John Maddison Morton, entitled,

#### OUR WIFE, OR THE ROSE OF AMIENS,

Which will be played on Monday evening, the 4th inst., forming the close of the Theatrical season in this "City."

#### Characters:

Marquis de Ligny, (Captain of King's Musketeers,) .....	J. Turnbull.
Count de Brissac, (his friend,) .....	C. Sinnett.
Pomaret, .....	A. R. Howse.
Dumont, .....	Hughes.
First Officer, .....	J. Digby.
Second Officer, .....	G. Eaton.
Messenger, .....	Yates.
Rosine, (Pomaret's daughter,) .....	R. Wolfenden.
Mariette, (her cousin,) .....	J. Meade.

Scene—Amiens. Period—1634.

At the close of the career of the "Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette and Cape Horn Chronicle," we cannot but feel that it has been the means of affording us all much rational entertainment and useful information. We deem it therefore a hearty pleasure, and one in which we feel sure all hands will participate, to record our sincere thanks to Captain Marsh, of the Royal Engineers, whose kind forethought supplied us with means and materials for establishing it, and, with the hope that it has attained the object of its kind originator, we bid our readers a final farewell.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The publication of the EMIGRANT SOLDIERS' GAZETTE AND CAPE HORN CHRONICLE was commenced on Thursday, and was completed at 4 p. m. this day. Published at the Editor's Office, Starboard Front Cabin, "Thames City."







MAP OF THE WORLD,  
TO ACCOMPANY  
The Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette,  
AND  
CAPE HORN CHRONICLE.

Shewing the track of the Ship  
**THAMES CITY**  
FROM  
ENGLAND TO VANCOUVER ISD.  
With a Det. of  
**ROYAL ENGINEERS.**  
1858-9

